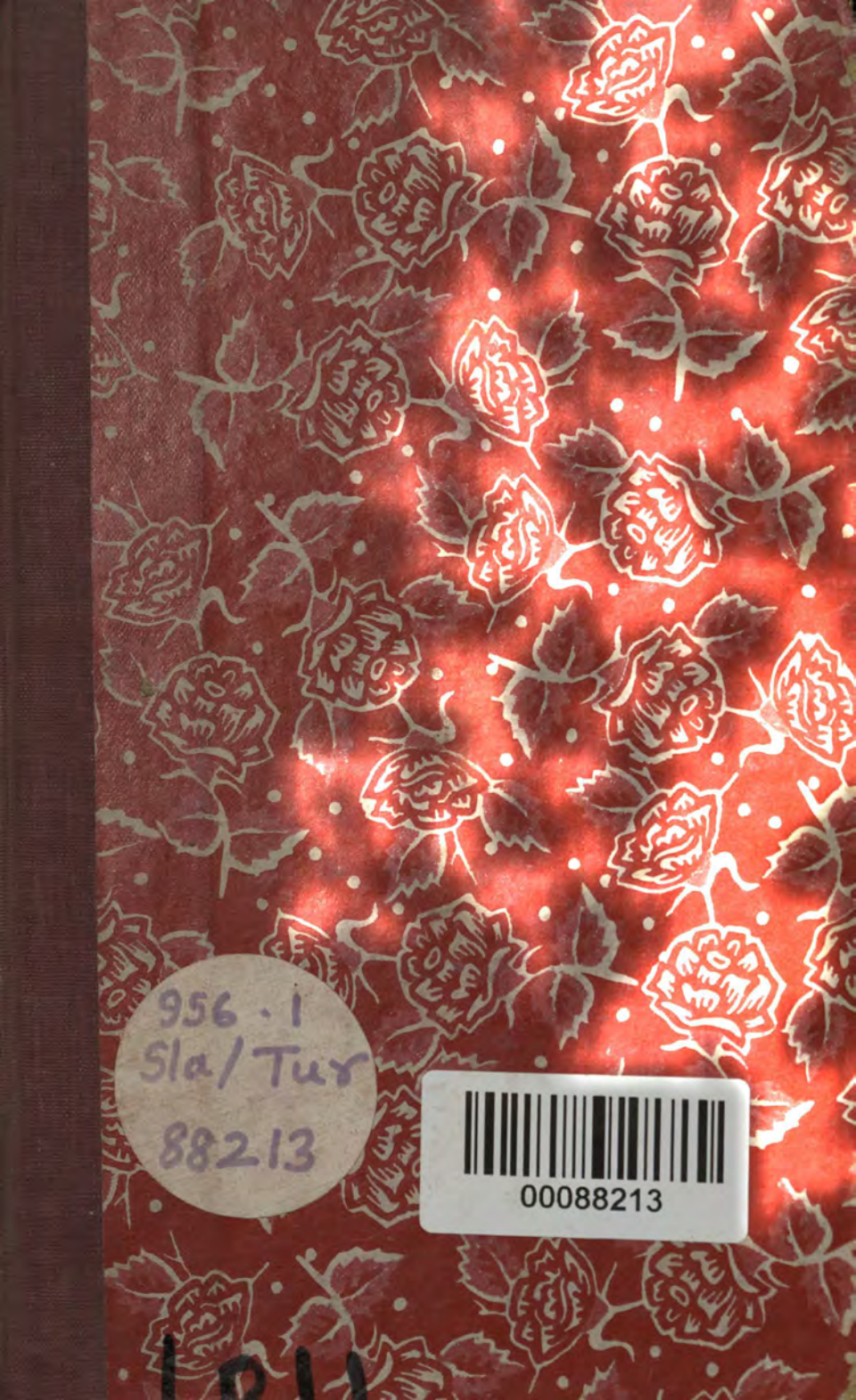
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TURKEY

GREECE AND MALTA.

BY

ADOLPHUS SLADE, ESQ., R. N., F. R. A. S.

AUTHOR OF

"RECORDS OF TRAVELS IN THE EAST."

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THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE DEDICATED,

BY HIS

AFFECTIONATE SON,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The following pages are the result of observations made by the author in the years 1834-35-36, while attached to the squadron under the command of Sir Josias Rowley, and chiefly relate to the actual state and prospects of Greece and Turkey, considered separately, and in their connexion with the policy of England and of Russia.

The allusions in the first chapter to emigration, and to Spain and Portugal, are irrelevant to the title of the work; but as connected with the author's voyage out and home, he trusts they will not be deemed entirely out of place. Many other remarks may also, he fears, be con-

sidered as having little connexion with the professed object of these pages; but they were suggested by local associations, and the author submits them to the candour of his reader.

It may also be thought that more space than is necessary has been devoted to Malta; but, in addition to the historic celebrity of that island, and its value to this country, it has peculiar charms in the estimation of every naval man, and is endeared to the author especially, as a place where he has long been honoured with kindness and hospitality. A public attack, moreover, made by a native, on the system under which the island has been governed since it has formed a part of the British empire, prompted him to offer some remarks on a question, which affects the honour of his country.

Although the form of narration has been preserved as much as possible, the author has, in order to avoid repetition, collected under one head all the remarks which he had to offer on any one subject. He mentions this in case it should be supposed that he has ventured to form decided opinions upon casual visits to particular spots. There is scarcely a place of any impor-

tance, alluded to, which he has not revisited at different periods. He may also be allowed to observe, that the Mediterranean has been familiar to him from an early age, in consequence of having served nearly all his time on that station; and although a youth may be said to remark little or nothing, still he imbibes impressions, which serve to aid his judgment in after years.

The policy, the condition, and the prospects of Greece and Turkey are dwelt on at length, first, as exciting an immediate and general attention; and secondly, because the author, having already written about those countries, felt more interested in them than he otherwise might have been. He was naturally anxious to ascertain how far his previous remarks would stand the ordeal of further experience,—how far the impressions of his first residence in the East would be confirmed by a second visit to it,—how far he should be obliged to avow with La Rochefoucault, "J'aime mieux être un homme à paradoxes qu'un homme à préjugés." His attention having been once drawn to the state of Greece and Turkey, it was comparatively easy to him to fix it again on those countries. The services in which

he was usually employed, added to the advantage of enjoying an extensive acquaintance among the varied society of the chief places in the Levant, gave him adequate and satisfactory opportunities of observation and inquiry. If he has failed to elucidate his subject, it has not been from a want of materials. Seeming contradictions may, perhaps, be noticed in the course of the work; but, if so, he begs leave to observe that in treating questions so involved as the relative position of Greek and Turk, or Oriental despotism and Mussulman freedom—each a perfect anomaly—it is difficult to avoid the appearance of inconsistency.

The statements on which the author relies for inducing the reader to concur in his views might have been made by any other persons who were on the spot. He was constantly before the public of the Levant, or with the squadron. To have perverted a fact to suit a particular view, would, therefore, have been adding folly to bad faith. It follows that the value of his opinions may be as well estimated in England as in Turkey. These explanations are not offered with the view of disarming criticism; he invites it rather on this point

—viz. his deductions—for the tendencies of Turkey and Egypt are of vast importance to England. He has discussed them without reference to party or its purposes, and simply as they appear to him to be connected with the welfare of his country.

The author cannot be ignorant that his opinions in regard to the accelerated decay of Turkey are at variance with those of many recent writers. He regrets the circumstance, for their aim is the same as his, the establishment of a check on Russia: they differ from him chiefly in the mode of effecting that desirable object. He trusts, however, that the fulfilment of some of his previous anticipations of the destiny of Turkey may be allowed to add weight to those which he now lays before the public. For example, he anticipated the revolt of Mehemet Ali, as well as its success, owing to the unpopularity of the sultan's reforms. He also ventured to infer, from the past, that Russia would, as occasion might offer, close the Euxine to foreign ships of war. He claims no merit for his discernment: many persons in the East, no doubt, in 1831, expected the same events; many also in the present day anticipate the same results, which he does, from

the actual pressure of Russia on Turkey and Persia, should our policy be persevered in. He endeavours to show that it depends on England alone to regulate the consequences of that pressure: if she entertain the idea of supporting the nominal Ottoman empire, those consequences will extend far beyond her control; but if she consent to see a portion of it given up to save the remainder, the mischief may be rendered trifling.

As the author, in common with other writers, regards the integrity of Turkey as secondary to the grand question pending between Russia and England,—as he looks on it as merely incidental to the problem whether the cabinet of St. James's or that of St. Petersburgh shall preponderate,—as he considers Turkey as only destined to be a field of battle between these rival empires,—he lost no opportunities, in the course of his late service, of informing himself of the resources of Russia, and of her means of waging war against England. Her navy necessarily, therefore, attracted his chief attention. Her vessels stationed in the Archipelago often came under his notice, and he was enabled to

see her fleet at Sevastopol. From the state of the latter, he has hazarded an opinion touching the Baltic fleet, and the results which may ensue to this country, unless we open our eyes in time to the improved state of the Russian navy.

London, June 1, 1837.

Page 221, line 3, *for* 700,000, *read* 800,000.

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TURKEY, GREECE, AND MALTA

CHAPTER I.

Wet Season—Portsmouth—London—Outward-bound Fleet—Emigrants — Colonisation — Frigate — Channel — Sea-sickness—Lisbon—Adventurers—Battle of St. Vincent—Nelson—Trafalgar—Gibraltar — Gomez — Don Carlos—Spanish Liberal—Mediterranean—Clime—British squadron—Malta.

THE winter of 1833-34 proved unusually wet. During many weeks, south-west gales blew incessantly, accompanied by rain more or less dense—but always rain. One might have fancied Portsmouth about to be cleansed of its impurities without the aid of a river turned through it. The oldest inhabitant, according to "The Hampshire Telegraph," had never witnessed such weather: a feeble argument, how-

ever, because that respectable personage generally happens to have the shortest memory.

One day, walking down the Strand, I overheard two Italians on before, commenting on the wonderful city—the Babylon of commerce—the world's metropolis. The interminable streets, the wooded squares, the fantastic architecture, the green parks, the dense thoroughfare, the ceaseless hum, the air of wealth pervading even lamp-posts and water-carts, the lovely women, the superb equipages, the excited crowds, each person hurrying on as though pursued by a demon—all by turns came in for a share of commendation, duly set off with adjuncts (in issimo) and emphasis; but at every pause, casting inquiring looks upwards, either exclaimed, "*Ma! che clima!*" Could the most Gallic disparager of everything English have said more? These three words, thus proffered, would have set off a volume of incense. We ourselves, after returning from a sunny station, have felt the same sinking of the spirits, have begun to entertain doubts of the "celestial mechanism," at the absence of sun and stars for months. "*Ma! che clima!*" What, however, I since thought,

would these fire-worshippers have said—for be it admitted, the day showed nothing uncommon —at Portsmouth, the winter of 1833-34? They would have said nought. They would have mentally recalled their Mosaic reading. They would have sought an ark of safety in some steamer, and left the devoted country.

To do so at that very moment thousands were vainly endeavouring, though differently motived, though not at enmity with the clime; and who may say the bitterness to some, the respite to others, this obstinate south-wester occasioned? to some bringing loss of property, of precious time—to others, the pain of oft-repeated "farewells"—while some might hail the breeze as friendly for giving them longer glimpses of the dear country they might never more set eyes on. Crowded with outward-bound ships, forming yet but a small portion of the detenus collected in all the ports between the Downs and the Land's End, St. Helen's, the Mother Bank, &c. presented a gorgeous spectacle, unseen since the war. Few, perchance, on board who did not regret the cloudy, foggy land they were leaving, although

destined to climes gilded with eternal sunshine, bathed with perfumed air, enamelled with rare fruits and flowers. Various degrees of persons, one common source of detention assembled together, greatly rejoicing mine hosts of Portsmouth, Portsea, Ryde, Cowes, Southampton; from the splendid exile, governor of an Indian pashalik, to the weary artisan, fleeing from workhouse prospects to backwoods' expectations. Bands of youth and beauty, aspirants for the glories of the tiger hunt, or designed for the intricacies of the counting-house, or more demurely to deck the fancy bazaar of Calcutta, were also leaguered by the elements. They might call the delay vexatious, and complaints of any kind were excusable even from purest lips, considering the "heave of the soul" amidst the heave of the sea at the anchorage—the wet row-off over the "Spit," as "Blue Peter" flew at each treacherous lull—the yet more comfortless scud on shore, steered by disappointment, under a wherry's low sail, after each unavailing attempt to get round the island. But more definite terms are required to express the condition of numerous emigrants, many with

slender means collected for a last struggle—many with sick and infant families, wanting all appliances to make a ship-life even passable; all still on the threshold of their pilgrimage at the time of its expected fulfilment: the resources daily wasting on which they had counted to build fortunes in the New World. Some of these unfortunates were compelled to lodge their valuables at the sign of the Three Balls, their watches, and even part of their apparel; others, still more reduced, landed again—where then was a haven! through want of money to purchase provisions, their original sea-stock consumed at anchor. Who can paint the extent of misery occasioned by a south-wester? To merchants, ship-owners, Indian fortune-hunters, &c. such a contrariety is only, as the Arab says, a few grits of sand in the loaf of existence; but to those who risk their all on a last card, who are removing their household gods, it is a question of leavened or unleavened bread; and we may well regret that individuals who take credit for forwarding emigration should not, as far as in them lies, ensure a prosperous voyage to the poor exile. The

season of easterly winds is notorious: why then choose the one in which every Thames waterman knows the prevalence of the contrary.

April is the most favourable month for quitting the channel: it ensures, in addition to a *fair start*, arrival at the place of destination, either Canada or New South Wales, at the fittest season: in summer at the former, during winter at the latter.

Emigration is become of such vital, such public import, interesting the peer and the peasant, the merchant and the mechanic, the younger son without fortune, and small gentry with growing families—the prizes in an over-stocked country bearing no ratio to the blanks, that it should cease to depend on the care of individuals: for, however well-disposed and philanthropic they may be, caprice, misintelligence, false zeal, will enter; much that is promised always be wanting; hopes held out remain unrealised; whereby emigration, instead of being promoted, is retarded; is resorted to as a last resource, instead of being regarded, as it should be, as a boon. Instances, for example, occur of ships that advertise to carry surgeons, sailing without one, or

one ill qualified ; others badly found are obliged to put in somewhere for repairs ; in others, as we have witnessed in the Catherine docks, the passengers are literally packed in the hold like herrings in a barrel.*

Such being the case, and the necessity of depletion daily increasing, is it not high time for government to step in and save, by the superintendence and ability of properly appointed persons, emigrants from becoming victims of speculation or ignorance? Policy and humanity loudly dictate the course. For similar reasons—the inadequacy of individual or parish exertions—the admired author of "England and the English," invites government to assume the office of public instructor; proposing a minister of public instruction, central-boards, branch committees, &c. Adopt his suggestion by all means; it is good,

* "The laws of the United States regulate the number of "passengers to the tonnage of the ship, yet this humane law "is often violated, for not long since a vessel of ninety-four "tons, left with no less than one hundred and six passengers, "bribed by the low rate of thirty francs each. The white "slave-trade of carrying emigrants to America claims loudly "the attention of philanthropists."—*M'Gregor's Note Book, Author of North America.*

it will create patronage, an object with every wise government; but, rather, apply a like scheme, in the first place, to the furtherance of emigration. The result of A B C education may be doubtful, is looked on by some as tending to enlarge the organ of social discontent; but emigration is quite certain to render the people—those who go and those who remain—practically wiser and better; give them more bread to eat in this world, and more time to prepare their souls for the next.

Education with the many is regarded as a means, often fallacious, of improving their physical condition: emigration effects that without going through the previous stage. Which is more generous? to offer a man the means of *living*, or to teach him to write—his wants? Which would the generality prefer? the full-blown-ness of unlettered wealth, or the penury of Butler—the wretchedness of Camoens? Increase the amount of subsistence in a country by diminishing the mouths to partake thereof, we shall cease to be shocked by the sanguinary *emeutes* of Paris and Lyons—we shall see Agitation's rod fall to the ground. Poor-laws

are confidently looked to as the panacea for Ireland's woes; but alone they will be ineffectual. With an improvident gentry and a people steeped to the neck in beggary, they will only prove mischievous to the former, without aiding the latter. But remove one layer of misery by emigration, and then their action will be felt on the soil. A sum equal to one-fifth of the amount given for the purpose of transferring the negro from his master's whip to the magistrate's lash, preparatory stage, I fear, knowing his habits, to entering the condition of his freed countrymen at Sierra Leone*—the *far niente* of the African—the state of brute indolence, would, judiciously employed, restore Ireland to a healthy condition, fit to be operated on by legislation. I may be wrong, but I have sometimes thought the millions voted over the Atlantic might have been as usefully laid out nearer London. They might not have created so much

* After working a given period on government account, the recaptured slaves are located free. Immediately their habits of industry take wing. Provided they procure yams and a little maize they seek no farther. The remainder of their lives passes, with few exceptions, in listless indolence.

noise in the world, but they would have laid a great deal of clamour. Never mind; the example is good, to a certain extent. The national debt will not notice a slight addition to its bulk. Ought we not to do as much for our own people as for the subjects of the Ashantee king, or of the sultan of Bornou?

Not merely English,—emigration is also an European question. Every great country teems with population, the greater part in a wretched struggle with want from infancy until death. Nearly one fourth of the burials at Paris, for example, are undertaken by charity. If ever a cause existed for uniting Christendom,—an object to sanctify the League,—it is colonisation. Worthy of the intellect of the age, it would dim the glories of all other eras, because its aim would be the *people's good.* Once before, and once only, a common purpose, the recovery of Palestine, united the sovereigns of Europe. Myriads of their subjects perished in the attempt. What fruit remained, unless, as historians say, emerging from the darkness of the middle ages be thereto attributable? But emigration, conducted on broad principles, would lead myriads to life;

and though not called holy, the land of promise would be thrice holy, in fact, by giving food to the hungry, and rescuing numbers yet unborn from crimes solely engendered by poverty.

With a direction for his energies, and an object whereon to build a hope, the destitute youth would, unless peculiarly ill disposed, avoid misdeeds, self-prompted, nor fall into the snare of temptation held out by the veteran offender. As great as the gain to himself, would be the profit to the country. Mark!—the expense incurred in apprehending, trying, convicting, imprisoning, *degrading*, and transporting one convict, would send out three free persons ready to bind themselves for a period, at limited wages, who might otherwise become, through want, the inmates of a jail.

In the year 1834, 4,652 convicts and 1,491 free persons landed at Sydney. A proper arrangement would have reversed the numbers. With opportunity to emigrate, four-fifths of those convicts would have hailed the new country with light hearts and unshamed brows, and at *one-third the cost* to the mother country. It is easier and cheaper, we may be sure, to anticipate crime, by

removing the cause, than to check it by a police, or to punish it afterwards.

The pilgrims found their supporter—devoted Gerard Tunc! The Indians had their advocate —excellent Las Casas. The Africans gained a friend—amiable Wilberforce. Shall the pauper be less regarded? Is his position superior? Is his merit less? For the interests of the first, states were unsettled. For the cause of the second, humanity at large was invoked. For the sake of the third, Great Britain has shook in her remote halls. Beware of the fourth. It will work its own redemption; with blood, unless timely cared for. Already nearly every country in Europe fosters a servile war in its bosom; armies are maintained no longer to repel enemies, but to suppress domestic insurrection. O for a Peter the Hermit, to preach conviction to all hearts! O for an Urban, to turn the feeling to account! Trifling would be the revenue requisite to set flowing a tide from Europe. Half the sums now spent in desultory emigration would, directed by fixed laws, under responsible officers, produce equal results. We should not have to grope in darkness for rules to guide us: they

already exist, in nearly a parallel case, in the ordinances and regulations of the Knights Hospitallers, for the conveyance and accommodation of the sepulchre-bent wayfarers, during and after the pilgrimage. For this purpose the "order" assigned houses (commanderies) in different ports, as Seville, Marseilles, Tarento, Messina, Naples, &c. in which pilgrims, from whatever part arriving, in any mode, were received and maintained until the departure of a ship. In the mother establishment of St. John at Jerusalem the same solicitude awaited them; caring either for their settlement in the Holy Land, or if disappointed, enabling them to return home. How simple! yet how admirable! Change 'pilgrim' for 'emigrant;' change 'commandery' for 'colonial hotel,' at the out-port; change the 'house of St. John at Jerusalem' for a 'central establishment' in the colony, and we have the framework of the machinery. New Holland should receive the out-pourings of civilisation, on account of its climate, its extent, the paucity of natives, and its productiveness. Thus started, the colonial stream would flow on healthfully,

devoid of care and anxiety, while various inducements, and the personal convenience attached, would give an air of freedom to the painful step of severing from old ties, which it is now far off possessing ; the mother country, be it remembered, gaining doubly all the while by increased consumption of her produce abroad, and decreased poor-rates at home. Wishing to emigrate, a person would direct his steps to the nearest 'colonial hotel,' with a pass from his clergyman ; there remain till a ship sailed, employing the interim in improving his art, or in learning one. Agents would be ready to welcome him in the colony, and save him the embarrassment incident to a stranger. Not only the poor, but under such auspices, assured of aid and upright counsel, many families living on the continent on genteel pittances, would gladly exchange their unprofitable, anti-national existence for an improving state, with a prospect for their sons, under native laws, among their countrymen. The trouble, and vexation, and chicanery, and loss, attending want of practical advice, and first proceedings in the 'new country,' deter many from emigrating. Defraying half, or even

all the passage of such, might prove wise economy: two years' residence in the colony, consuming English articles, employing English people, would repay the amount. All expended in France or Italy is pure loss.

At length the weather changed, yet doubt still mingled with hope, for thrice previously a similar change had occurred, deceitful, alluring each time some hapless vessel to put to sea. Twenty-four hours were allowed to elapse. Then fore-topsails loosing, and signal guns booming over the water, denoted the supposed duration of fair wind. 'Farewell' was the word. The lieutenant-general destined for Bombay, went out in the port-admiral's yacht, wherries skimmed along the waters in every direction, white handkerchiefs waved, some as a last sign to friendship, others to inspirit the breeze; and before noon either route to the westward presented a gliding panorama—a proud sight of five or six hundred vessels, English built, and English manned, and English freighted, bound to all parts of the world; forming but a quarter of the number which the same breeze would start on their course.

One ship alone remained at Spithead—one frigate occupied the anchorage, where erst a hundred warlike keels used to vex the tide, and scare away the herrings. No simple cruiser this! A flag at the fore denoted her high mission; the flag of one, whose name, long dear to naval annals, Fame still wider spread with a loud blast from the Indian seas. Let none blush, whose fate bowed to his on that occasion, or deem their present honours lightly won; more distinction is gained in striking to some men, than in conquering others.

I had long wished to know this distinguished individual; to see the chief actor of a scene which, commencing with disasters unexampled,*

* Stationed with *six frigates* to blockade the French naval force, and keep open the passage for the army, on the way from India to attack the Mauritius, Captain Josias Rowley, of the Boadicea, found himself *alone* at the end of a week. Four of his frigates got on rocks under a battery, and were destroyed; the *fifth*, "the Africaine," ran between two French frigates, and remained a prize. In this crisis many officers would have thought they did well in effecting an escape: not so Rowley. He knew that on his efforts depended the safety of the army hourly expected to heave in sight. The French kept the sea, looking out for the rich

ended with success the most complete; which, if acted on a European stage, would have ranked in the public eye, as in naval estimation, among the brightest efforts of genius and perseverance combined. My good genius, as the Turks would say, favoured me. The day he came down to hoist his flag, I met him at the table of the port-admiral.* The acquaintance, there commenced, ripened, I am proud to say, into friend-

prize, not thinking of the Boadicea. Already they had taken the Ceylon frigate, with the General-in-chief, Abercromby, on board. Not long did they enjoy their triumph. Seizing an auspicious moment, Rowley left his harbour. He captured the French commodore in the Venus, retook the Ceylon the same day; then returning to port, he fitted out his prizes, manned them with merchant sailors and soldiers; again went out, blockaded the remainder of the enemy's frigates, and kept the road open for the transports. Every man of that army would have followed unsuspectingly the fate of their general, but for the enterprise and talent of Captain Josias Rowley. A brother officer on the spot, shortly afterwards, whose life has been since written by Captain Henry Smyth, R.N., termed it in his note book, a *neat affair!* and no more sayeth he thereon. What could have been Captain Beaver's idea of a *brilliant affair!* a *splendid result!* For details see Naval Chronicle, James' Naval History, Brenton's Naval History, and Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels.

* Admiral Sir Thomas Williams, G.C.B.

ship. That hour began three years of interesting service under his honoured command. Pleased to think some trifling knowledge of the Levant might be more usefully employed out there than at Portsmouth, he flatteringly invited me to accompany him. He erred, I fear, in thinking he detected merit, but such was his intention, and to it all praise be given. I hesitated not. I felt regret in quitting the banner of Sir Thomas Williams—I felt regret in parting from messmates with whom I had lived as a brother; but my spirits revived with the prospect of revisiting the scenes of my earliest impressions—the glowing shores and purple isles of the Mediterranean.

Early, before the sun rose, Sir Josias left the still sleeping harbour—England's pride! France's envy! His matinal progress duly reported disturbed our candle-light farewell breakfast in the Victory's wardroom. "Away there, gigs!" Good-bye, Watkins!* Good-bye, Fisher!† Good-bye, Richards!‡ May we meet

* Commander Thomas V. Watkins.

† Rev. George Fisher, who acted as astronomer to the Arctic expeditions.

‡ Lieutenant Charles Richards, another of Captain Parry's enterprising companions.

again, and pass another year as happily! With my little cabin-boy, and my Newfoundland pups, I rowed after the barge.

Arriving alongside at the same time, my four-footed dependents entered uninterrogated, with the admiral's effects. Supposed to be his, as I afterwards learnt, they were allowed to occupy a berth between two guns near the cabin. Everybody admired them, praised their beauty, their docility. Their heads were patted; their coats were smoothed; their bark was pronounced musical. Chicken bones and soaked biscuits regaled their palates. Alas! in a few days, the error was discovered, and with it poor Victor and Zingaro were found to be very disagreeable yelling curs. "Could not possibly allow the admiral to be disturbed by their noise;" and the rest of the voyage they kept company in the galley, enjoying a perpetual sea-water drenching. My darlings! did your instinct point out the frown of power? I repaid ye your sorrows. I allowed ye to grow fat and sleek, running about among the oranges and pomegranates of San Guiseppe. I then took ye to Constantinople to be admired by all; there left ye in the

enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate* at Therapia; Victor sharing the sofa of Percy Doyle; Zingaro gracing the kennel of his Excellency Lord Ponsonby. I hope, ere long, to have your fore paws on my shoulders again, and see your honest tails wagging with joy, at the sight of your old master.

At eight o'clock, January 31, 1834, the "Endymion" weighed anchor. She might as well have left it hooked to the bottom. The old enemy had returned. After beating against a heavy sea all day, we bore up for St. Helen's: the poor merchantmen scudding in before us, some with broken spars, or rent sails, others more damaged by collision in the night.

We remained not to condole with them. Three weeks were thus added to the eighteen already ridden out at the anchors of impatience. We left them the next morning, and sometimes gaining, sometimes losing, continued for several days, to try the qualities of the frigate. All on board wished to bear up, save the admiral. Nursed on the element, he knew the frigate could beat down channel, and she did so. A brave one she was; had once been deemed fast, making the fortunes of all her captains in the

war, but age tells on ships, as well as on other living creatures.

Commanded by the gallant Henry Hope, she brought the "President" to bay, in 1814, after an arduous pursuit, in which the skill displayed by the one, equalled the gallantry of the other, in holding on his course before a vastly superior force. Far be it from me to wound any American's vanity, by averring the "Endymion" would have captured the "President," unassisted by the "Statira," to whom Commodore Decatur nominally struck; nor do I lose sight of the moral effect on the American crew of the impossibility of escape from a squadron of frigates, following her like a pack of hounds. But certainly the "Endymion" alone crippled the chase; and we all know the chances of a sea-fight, even though her consorts had not come up. We may be satisfied. We need not blush for America's trophies, save one. O name her not! When ever before, I ask, in what war, did twenty-four pounder frigates exult in the capture of eighteen pounder frigates? Yet this is the triumph of our brother: all he can boast of. Even though were it otherwise, still need we not be downcast. Is he not of the same

blood? Speaks he not the same tongue? Let us be grateful for the lesson he taught us, nor forget that perseverance and determination will, in time, match any proficiency.

Sensations on leaving England are sensibly affected by the wind. No class of people, except "travelling gentlemen" and convicts from the hulks, quits it with pleasure: we nauticals, when unexcited by war or prize-money, especially dislike the "outward-bound;" nor does repetition sweeten it. With a brisk gale, however, and a flowing sheet, a *couleur de rose* tinges the atmosphere. Chests, trunks, bags, and all the innumerable *et ceteras* of a newly-fitted-out ship, slide into place at once; hammocks swing fairly; guns and bulk-heads creak less; decanters do their duty; sheep and poultry ba-a and cackle cheerfully. The speed, outstripping the white-crested horses of the deep, is exhilarating. Scarcely are the white cliffs merged in thin air, than milder climes, may-be the golden pines and luscious bananas of Madeira, greet the sight. But when foul winds, which no practice renders tolerable, blow, every evil for two or three days is aggravated ten-fold. Discontent is audible. The captain is sulky at the bad

start; the master is crabbed, because the sun will not come out; the lieutenants question the utility of idlers. No one looks comfortable; feeling so, out of the question. Confusion grows inherent. Glasses seem only made for breaking; soup for spilling; cots for wetting. Poor midshipman's boy! if ever an evil spirit from another world were put on earth for penance, thou art he; thou canst not please, thou must not rest, thou may'st not complain. Nor is this all: standing in for the land on one tack, you see the towns, where you have danced, flirted, and what not; the hills, over which you have rambled. While wishing your heart out to be ashore, lo, "Aboutship!" and plunge!—her head dives right under water, on the other tack, nearly driving the said heart out of your mouth in reality.

Avaunt! fell prostrater of all ranks and conditions of life! confounder of priest and doctor! who thinks of heaven or earth, of pill or penance, thou near him? Talk of radicalism! What wand equals thine, thou nauseous leveller? Genius, strength, beauty, sink before thee. Master and man lie down together in their filth;

the maiden almost forgets her sex. Confusing all thought, concentrating all energies in loathsome contemplation, thou makest the lover forget his vows, the lawyer his brief, the diplomatist his intrigue, the gamester his martingale. Avaunt! I shudder at the recollection of thy power in that dire moment when the boatswain —even he pitied the unheeded boy, lying on the deck, took the quid from his own mouth. Poor Pipes! Humanity guided thy hand; but the odour of thy cursed intended remedy, for no further went it, nearly destroyed the embryo love in my young fancy of a nicely-curled, taper-rolled cigar.

Sea-sickness, *parlando con rispetto*, is curious, inasmuch as it never kills; notwithstanding it be the only disorder which renders a person totally careless of life. Pigs are martyrs to it. Jews and Mussulmans, therefore, have more reason than appears on the surface for abstaining from swine's meat. Shipwrecked persons, reduced to eat of their companions, have likened the taste to pork. Dissecters admit the similitude. Indisposition, from over-eating, is a common failing with them. They catch the measles.

And, to crown all, the nasty things are sea-sick. We often object to carry pigs in "men of war," whether influenced by the above cause—the odious comparison—or no, I will not pretend to say. Some officers have a horror of them; and they have been of sufficient importance to form the subject of a general "order." One of the "Memos" of a noble admiral, not many years since commanding in the Tagus, ordained the slaughter forthwith, or disembarkment, of all pigs in his squadron. What a valid argument in the middle ages for Judaism! he must have been convicted.

But the malady has an advantage, in the heavenly sensation which follows. The Roman who offered rewards for a new pleasure, should have sailed on a cruise from Bahia in rough weather. The sudden return to usual health, after so complete a prostration, mental and physical, is wonderful. Ever again to hold up one's head, seems impossible; yet revival comes with the first breath of the land-breeze; recovery follows ten steps on shore; and beef-steaks are relished half an hour after the very thought of viands caused a death-like faintness to invade every sense. Hence, the known absence of danger, arises the

indifference so commonly displayed to the sufferers; whether in the person of a Frenchman, who resigns himself to a night-cap and *eau de vie;* or of a lady *en bon point* expecting dissolution at each 'scend of the vessel; or of an Englishman who walks about heroically, disdaining to give way, his cheeks varying in shade like a chameleon's skin, till at length, colourless, visions of the fall of Niagara cross his eyes. There is a laugh for every contortion, a hand for the falling, but a sigh for no one. Of all mortals, none are so truly deserving of pity, as the midshipman just launched on his watery career. All horrors he could ever have dreamt of crowd on him at once, all comforts wanting he ever was accustomed to. Where the ready footman, his mother's maid, the white-wine whey, the warmed bed, the bland doctor? During the war, by the accounts transmitted to us, he must have reversed the baptismal engagement, and have borne the weight of his God-parents' sins; so little was he cared for, — hard beef, mouldy biscuit, and rum, his food; a cold watch to walk, and a wet hammock to sleep in; one bully, perhaps, on deck, a dozen probably in the berth.

Keenly did a gallant admiral, in the House, mock the pseude-philanthropy, which obtruded the sad condition of convicts on their passage, by pointing out the condition of his own sons, as midshipmen. Just was the sarcasm. Putting on one side the difference of station and habits, —a world of difference, in fact,—no convict on board ever yet fared so hardly as midshipmen in former days. Now the case is otherwise: a new school has arisen; and we, brought up in it, not hardened by unnecessary privations, can feel for our successors in the steerage. Nevertheless, owing to various circumstances, the first days of salt-water are usually sad; leaving, in some, impressions never to be effaced. In this, however, our down-channel "beat"—hard work it was,—"carrying on" day and night, with the headlong plunge, making all of wood and iron in the bark quiver, and the deep deep lurch, as if she never would right again, now thinking of Plymouth Sound, then anew holding on stoutly, no particular specimen of juvenile misery occurred. Little K—— certainly felt rather unhappy; and would sooner have been, whence just transplanted at the age of twelve,

with all his brogue and naïveté fresh about him, floundering in old Ireland's biggest bog. Holding a shilling in one hand, grasping a stancheon still more firmly with the other, I observed him at the foot of the companion-ladder one morning, not certainly admiring the "arc," describing by the main royal mast in the heavens, or the bright tops of the waves, ever and anon soaring high above the bulwarks, and seeming, at each roll of the frigate, as if about to drop into her, but evidently in dire want, by the way he eyed every passer-by. "Oh!" he said, "I am only watching for some good-natured-looking man to come this way, and I will give him this shilling"—holding it up—"for a glass of water." "Peter Simple," just out, was on board. Never mind, my boy; we have all been Peter Simples in our time,—if not in deed, in thought. But though his little heart sank that day, there was that in him which promised a good face for the more serious storms of life, unless the baneful, heart-burning poison, "slow promotion," should wear away his zeal.

At length, we weather Ushant. Beautiful Endymion! eleven knots by the glass. O

the rapture of a fair wind! It repays the toil and turmoil of previous foul weather. How gracefully she parts the waves! How buoyant is her march! How proud her stoop! How joyously foam the waters on either side! How radiantly the many-coloured wake sparkles! Like an Arab steed, she bounds along, untiring, unchecked by rein; and, like a child on the desert horse, a boy may steer the gallant ship.

Another day—"blow, blow, thou lovely breeze!" the eleventh since we left St. Helens.

Land appears in sight, far off, but distinct; a fine range of hill, with a sombre appearance as of trees and verdure. Rapidly we pass. Beautiful Endymion! twelve knots by the glass!

Lisbon! we owe thee much. Thy Vasco de Gama explored *for us*. Thine Albuquerque conquered *for us*. Thy choice wines are drank *by us*. On thy lines of Torres Vedras hinged the glorious career of *our* Wellington. Such recollections! national, spirit-stirring! who—what has replaced them of late? Can the same page hold them? Alas! for civilisation, when the modern brothers can occupy its attention. Alas! for its intelligence, when the soul-awakening

names of Jerusalem, of St. Jean D'Acre, of Damascus, of Issus, traversed by the victorious Ibrahim, could fall unheeded on the ear. Intent on the wishes of Louis Philipe's son in law, on the rights of Donna Maria, on the siege of Antwerp, and the blockade of Oporto, who cared if the Egyptian watered his cavalry at the fountains of Scutari, or the Muscovite quartered in the palace of the Ottoman? They say the Czar has a horror of liberal opinions. Verily, if so, he is ungrateful; for to them he owes the succumbence of Turkey, the uncontrolled range of the Euxine; for owing to their influence on the mind of Europe, we could only spare one frigate in the Mediterranean, from our squadrons off the coasts of Holland and Portugal, while his fleet *in the Bosphorus* dictated the closing up of the strait.

Be he who he may, let any prince now establish a claim to the crown of a small state, with only a point of truth on which to raise an inverted pyramid of pretensions; let him preach liberality, careless of his sentiments; let him promise a constitution, forgetful of his actions; he may raise a loan and collect an army from

all parts. His success being the security for his supporters, he need not doubt their fidelity. Though his opponent have the nobility, the clergy, the peasantry of the country on his side —he will be outvoted; though poison be mixed for him, as it were, and blades whetted by the party-writers of the day—he will find no pity. The motley crowd opposed to him shall be called "the nation;" their leaders be considered sole judges of the question.

We have established a fearful precedent. Greece, Belgium, Portugal, Spain, will rise up in judgment before us, should revenge unfurl the green standard in Ireland. And shall the O'Connell be denied the sympathy accorded to the Mavrocordato, to Pedro, and others? Forbid it equity! and will not the elect of Europe, the apostles of civil liberty, brought up in those schools of toleration, the camp and the fleet, equally obey his summons, allured by the spoil of a wealthy church, the estates of a proscribed *noblesse,* the *eclât* of a popular crown? Will there be no tongues of mockery saying to us, "You compassionated the heroic Poles, the enslaved Greeks, the

oppressed Belgians, the priest-ridden Portuguese, the benighted Spaniards; why should we be deaf to the groans of the patriot Irish, remain quiet spectators of their glorious struggle? Will no nation be found to fight the battle of Navarin for the Irish? There will. Not on the ocean, though. No, *we* will take care of that; but ——. Would not Russia, on the same principle, be justified, in war, in launching the privateers of Europe, the slavers of the West Indies, against our trade? Would not that be a fair reading of Canning's celebrated speech?

More, much more, than the condottieri of the middle ages accomplished, will the adventurers of the nineteenth century effect. Confined to Italy, the operations of the former extended no farther than settling the disputes of a Visconti, and a Sforza, of a Medici and a Leo; but the efforts of the latter are felt over many countries, and affect national interests. Look, it behoves you well, sovereigns, to this feature of the times, this system of extra-national warfare. Tolerate it in one country, ye invite it to your own. The same sword will serve all masters; and gold be equally acceptable whatever be the image stamped thereon.

Honour to the adventurers! They have played a stirring game the last twenty years; they have made goodly progress since the hour when the profession was only followed by young fellows, "to work unable, to beg ashamed," who could not afford to live as gentlemen, but who had souls to die nobly. Without them the South American States would not be in the enjoyment of constitutions and debts; young Otho would still be learning to ride and waltz; Donna Maria might still be sighing for husbands. Since then their prospects are changed. Titles and honours wait on them; respect at home, consideration abroad. At first, diplomacy slighted, disavowed them; yet profited by their pioneering: now it uses them as direct instruments, as an ingenious mode of carrying on war in a season of profound peace; backing them, right ably too, with Protocols and Demonstrations. Like travellers, they are of many hues. Some buckle on the sword to gain an uniform, others to win a cross: one goes for notoriety, another dreams of fame: this hero seeks excitement, debts impel a second: Romantic yearnings after the vague urge on this youth, his friend

goes to cure a heart-ache. But all, once entered the fraternity, become imbued with one spirit, and are electrified by the same chain of generous impulses. Public devotion takes place of individual selfishness. Sacrificing dearest prejudices, they scruple not, for the honour of the name, to transfer their allegiance from a republic to a despot, and *vice versa*. Good husbands, and affectionate fathers, they will, at the risk of being called mercenary, stipulate for a round sum to be lodged in safe hands, before joining the blessed cause; and even go so far as to barter their country's honoured commission to enable them to serve. Single-minded and eager to be of service, they will restrain their diffidence, and accept the command of regiments, though brought up to the sea; or become members of a Junta, though ignorant of the language. Unlike other great bodies, no tone of jealousy disturbs their harmony, but friendship and mutual charity unite all parties. Such a spirit of self-abnegation—witness Oporto! such an instinctive sense of discipline—witness Saint Sebastian! such a high feeling of humanity—witness Evans' manifests!—are worthy of

the age we live in. Hail! adventurous brotherhood, of whom I, from a certain escapade in the East, may call myself an humble member, would it were in my power to ornament this page with some of your names, so as to give it a better chance of floating a few days on the surface of the stream of oblivion; but memory fails my pen at this moment. Hail, however, Cochrane! Hail Sève!* Hail Fabvier!† Hail Napier! Hail Church! Hail Guise!‡

* * * * *

Rapidly we speed on our course. That evening, at seven o'clock, February 14,—memorable anniversary!—we pass close by the rocky, steep, cavern-indented Cape St. Vincent. What a magnificent surf breaks over it in a westerly gale! It must at times sprinkle the monastery on its brow, where the jaw-bone of the pilot of Prince Henry's first discovery ship is preserved. We gazed on the scene with deep interest. We saw

* Soliman Pasha, in M. Ali's service.

† Noted in the Greek war of Independence.

‡ Killed, as Commander of the Chilian squadron, by a shot in the Bay of Callao; formerly a Commander, R. N.

the spot where Nelson's genius first shone with a steady blaze. Without his manœuvre, not one of the enemy's ships would have struck her colours on that day. No; not one. Still pursuing close order on the starboard tack, although the Spaniards were broken, dispersed, fleeing, the English fleet conformed to all the rules of the art, when the greatest art consisted in a neglect of them. At the termination of the intended evolution, tacking in succession, Admiral Cordova would probably have been out of its reach. But Nelson saw the error, bore up out of the line, seconded by the Culloden, Captain Trowbridge, arrested the sternmost ships, and was in action *one hour* before any ship which had obeyed the commander-in-chief's signals could support him. Then came up the Blenheim, and the Excellent, Captain Collingwood. Thus instructed, by his junior's devotion, of the uselessness of caution, we might have expected to see the commander-in-chief follow up the blow, by the capture of the greater part of the confused, panic-stricken Spanish fleet; but no,—the ships stopped, engaged, and captured by Nelson, remained the sole prizes of that day. How capricious is fortune! Eight

years later, Sir Robert Calder incurred censure for achieving little less against, be it observed, a really gallant foe. Less conspicuous was the talent which showed Nelson the decisive moment, than the moral courage which enabled him to despise the bug-bear, responsibility. What thought he of a court-martial,—of the frowns of authority, when his country's interests, and the honour of his profession lay at stake!

Nor was Lord St. Vincent ungrateful. He repaid the debt, by giving Sir Horatio, in an independent command, an opportunity of showing fertility in resources, perseverance in enterprise, and finally of seating himself, August 1, 1798, by a "conquest" as unrivalled as unexpected, as admired as *ill rewarded*,* on the pinnacle of nautic fame.

But Cape St. Vincent witnessed another fight, gives title to another Briton. Shall the Battle of Lagos be forgotten?

Can other be said? It required three battles,—such battles!—the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar—to gain Nelson the rank which one action, the one above mentioned, gave Sir John Jervis. Never was an earldom so hardly won.

Next, making land in the vicinity of Cape Spartel, we see a snow-covered range in the distance; on the shore, a castellated town, with minarets; and the next day find ourselves gliding in, on the tribute due by ocean to the Mediterranean—on that stream, innocent cause of many theories on under-currents, evaporation, &c. We have railed against them, when obliged to lie to, losing a fair wind, to make experiments two hundred fathoms deep with Dr. Wollaston's water-bottle. The mild serenity of the weather, and the beauty of the scenery, made us feel, after our stormy passage, as though on an enchanted mirror, as we literally slided along, no ripple on the water indicating our progress, which was only visible by the changing features of the land. We all stood on deck, sunning ourselves, and enjoyed the scene much.

Stay! what charm rivets our eyes, on yonder low, bleak, reddish sanded cliff? Why gaze we so intently on that white tower glittering on its edge, and soaring over the waters as though it were a sea-king's tomb? Spirit of Nelson! we see thee; we see thy locks waving in the breeze; we see thy mutilated form rise above the Cape;

we see thee hover over the fatal wave; we still hear thy dying voice, latest inspiration of genius, exclaiming, "Anchor, Hardy! anchor!" Prophetic words! obeyed, twenty gallant prizes would have escorted home the Victory!* We looked on Trafalgar's Cape—we sailed by Trafalgar's shoals.

Reckon the consequences of a reverse, then say what naval fight can compare with Nelson's last. Some writers, Rear Admiral Ekins to wit, undervalue the science of the engagement, saying, it opened under circumstances which a skilful foe would have turned to a sure account. What does this mean or prove? Simply that Nelson laid his plans on the scale of his enemy's incapacity, as his former chief, Sir J. Jervis, ought to have done. And, on this principle, "breaking the line," hitherto our right arm,

* Mr. Collingwood, if I remember right, endeavours to prove, as editor of his noble father-in-law's correspondence, the judgment of not anchoring: the weather being too bad. Even three hours at anchor would have been invaluable to disabled ships, in facilitating the erection of jurymasts, and the repairing of rigging. They might then have cut their cables, if they feared to lie off a lee-shore. Under sail, some of the ships could not repair their damages.

because the enemy knew not how to meet it, ought to be, and will be, in a future war, turned to the discomfiture of the party adopting the manœuvre. With his ships in hand, and trained to fight both sides, a skilful admiral, in the opinion of many, would seek to have his line broken, as a guarantee of success. Suppose the ten or twelve French ships, cut off at Trafalgar, to have laid by, and come down after the action, on our disabled ships and their prizes, struggling with the bad weather which followed, would they not have proved unwelcome guests? Might they not, well handled, have ruffled many of the lame ducks? A sea-fight has the peculiarity of allowing the inferior force to inflict a more than corresponding damage. A frigate, for example, engaging two others, will, of course, be cut to pieces; but ought she not also to put her opponents *hors de combat* for some time—make them dread the heaving in sight of any other single ship? Nelson commit an error! He never committed but one,—that of Santa Cruz. A brave man's error! The sickening thought of retreating without having struck a blow.

Few things are finer than the vestibule to the

strait. On the one hand, the country of Romance; on the other, the land of unknown interest. Spain is beautiful, and its beauty is enhanced by association; each hill, each vale, recalling chivalry and song—the Christian and the Moor—the errant-knight and the faithful squire. Mauritania has no such accessories; nor does she require them. Mantled in dusky grandeur, fit barrier to confine ocean to a narrow channel, she commands admiration for herself. As a range of finished sculpture, she stands unrivalled. Peak soars above peak, each inwrought and fretted; cape juts outside of cape, each rounded and distinct; hill rolls beyond hill, each varied and wooded; till Abyla's umbrageous sides and pinnacled brows, very spots for monkeys and parrots to gambol and chatter in, rising above a gauzy mist, cut the eastern sky.

Calpe! where art thou? Anon we'll see thy bristling, trophied heights. From the other side we may see them sixty miles off. Go where we will, in every clime, the flag we bear is met by one as glad. Go where we will, our ears drink in native sounds. Go where we will, our feet press British soil. Rome, in all thy glory,

when Italy flowered as thy garden, and Africa teemed as thy granary, we need not envy thee! Cold is the Briton who feels not enthusiasm,—who feels not his blood thrill, with the consciousness of his birthright. Go to the extremities of the earth, there is his country. Go to the uncut forests of the new world, there is his country. Go to the antique monuments of Asia, there is his country. Go down to the isles of the ocean, where rolling farthest and widest, there is his country. Let the nations deem us proud: can we help it? We need not show it: but can we avoid the feeling? They called the old Roman proud: a king was no match for a Roman citizen's daughter. Have we not equal reason? See Britain's grandeur,—the perfection of arms, arts, and commerce, floating on every wave, engraven by victory on every shore. See across the Atlantic,—that free and mighty state sprung from her loins! See on the other side of the globe,—that infant country growing also into power, to revere her laws, to speak her language, to cherish her memory! What an earnest of immortality! of an immortality beside which that of the "eternal

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city" shrinks. The essence of *her* duration lies in the works of man, in his prejudices, in his genius. *Ours* will be independent of human volition; will stretch beyond the boundary of time. Even so: when accomplished the mystery of creation, and earth, again losing its equilibrium, turns round another axis, its waters flowing towards a new equator, it is probable that the wreck of mankind, spared to people a new world, will speak English; perchance, and the press favours the hope, enough will be saved to enable them to trace their origin. By way of accounting for the early perfection of the Greek tongue, irreconcilable with the known march of language, a conjecture has been hazarded of its being a remnant of the civilisation of antediluvian times. If such may be trusted in for the past, have we not good reason to anticipate a similar chance for the future? Consult the map, consider the position of the countries in which English is spoken, and—cease to doubt.

Like a water-column, offspring of the clouds, or a fairy temple, built on the waters, Tariffa Lighthouse, marking Europe's southern point, appears at a distance. Memorable as the land-

ing-place of the Moorish chieftain Tarif from Tangier, at the head of the first division which set foot in Spain; whence, the same day, July 10, 710, he marched to Algeziras, seat of the traitor count who lost his country for revenge, yet gained for her, in the sequel, the Alhambra, and the Cordovan cathedral.

Thence, over a ridge of verdant hills, appears the naked, craggy summit of Gibraltar. We round another point, and, at once, the stupendous rock is disclosed—in solitary grandeur, in lonely might! It seems to turn from Spain with an air of melancholy defiance. Striking is the effect from every side; but, if you would view it in perfection, ride round the sanded bay towards Algeziras. Stop at a ravine one mile short of the town; turn your horse and light your havannah. Did we not deem it magnificent, my friends? with a carpet of brown cloth, called the Neutral Ground, spread at its foot, and the moon suspended like a silver lamp over it. Whether owing to its peculiarly stern formation, or to the events attached to it—for here Al Tarik wove the first mesh of the net which soon overspread all Spain, save where a few mountaineers,

as now in the Basque provinces, fought for liberty and heaven—for liberty is the enjoyment of your desires, and heaven the dictates of conscience; for here a handful of British sailors planted a blush for ever on the cheek of Spanish royalty; for here De Crillon's banner paled: but certainly Gibraltar is one of the few objects I know of which equals previous expectations. See in what fine relief it stands out from the snowy range, tinged by the declining sun, of Sierra de Ronda! Presently a flash lit up, for a moment, a dark angle of the rock, and a wreath of light smoke curled into the air, but not a gun or an embrasure could we see. Another report, and several more, broke the still vesper hour. Mellowed by distance and the water, they reached our ears like the dying strains of a bassoon. The garrison was saluting the vice-admiral's flag. We passed rapidly through, equidistant between it and Ceuta, and as night closed in we were sailing on the classic sea.

I have heard persons, who have seen both, prefer the galleries of Gibraltar to the famed caves of Elephanta.

Changed was its placid aspect when next we

passed that way. Three years later, we found the rock in excitement: the artillery standing to their guns; a regiment picketted on the Neutral Ground; one of his majesty's sloops discharging broadsides of round and grape at a parcel of raggamuffins marching on Algeziras, who nevertheless feared not to walk into the water and return the fire with musketry. Gomez silenced her by threatening to burn the town if another shot were fired.

What a turn in Fortune's wheel! In Feb. 1834, we left Don Carlos scarcely spoken of, his cause considered ridiculous: in Dec. 1836, we find one of his generals encamped within a league of Gibraltar, after marching unopposed, and levying contributions through the whole of Spain. On the news of his approach from Malaga, the inhabitants of St. Roque bolted, to a man, under our lines. A party of his Lancers chased in some English officers of the garrison from ten miles out. Gomez disowned the act, but enjoyed the joke. He sent in to know if the governor would protèct the rebels, and to ask leave to buy provisions in the town. Sir A. Woodford replied in the affirmative to the first,

in the negative to the second demand. Gomez's enemies termed him a brigand, but they must accord him talent. He was then about forty-five, with gentlemanly manners. Having failed to raise the country, shows, they say, the unpopularity of his master: the passiveness of the people may also be assumed as a standard of the queen's influence. They seem balanced. Both are in a false position at the extreme ends of the same line. Don Carlos is too deeply committed with the religious orders; Christina injured her cause by declaring war, *to the larder*, against the priests. Respecting existing rights, as justice demanded, and making spoliation prospective, she might have secured the neutrality of the clergy; trusting, safe in their own persons, to some change hereafter to benefit their order. So Don Carlos, to rule in Spain, must choose a *juste milieu* between them and the people, yield so much of the former rights as may satisfy the enlightenment of the latter. In the meanwhile, the country will go on from revolution to revolution till some man of commanding talent appear. The constitution of 1812 is the horse on which two or three more ephemeral ministries

will ride into power. Each finding the impossibility of ruling with such an instrument—a two-edged sword without a handle—will endeavour to subvert it, may succeed for the moment, to be turned out by the next intriguer who can hold it temporarily. In the end, the mob, instead of shouting "Death to the ministers," will religiously cut their throats.

"Spain," observed the Duc de Rivas to us the other day, "requires an *enlightened despotism.*" I fancy he meant to say, a sovereign who would keep *his* party in and prevent *emeutes.* Just turned out by it, he expressed horror of the constitution of 1812. As minister of the interior, his first intimation of the revolution of La Granja, effected by the violence of a few soldiers under Serjeant Garcia, acting on a woman's timidity, was conveyed by loud shouts under his window of "Death to the ministers." The Duke rung his bell. "What does that mean?" he inquired of his secretary. "It means that your excellency is no longer minister." Pleasant! "Death to the Duke de Rivas," still louder shouted, confirmed the announcement. There was no time to lose. Burning some papers, he

threw on his cloak, slouched his hat, slipped out by a back door, slid through the crowd, shouting with them, "'Death to the Duke de Rivas," and so reached the British embassy. He remained there fifteen days, and then escaped under a feigned name to Portugal. He reached Lisbon in time for the constitution of 1821. That not suiting his taste any more than its brother of 1812, he came on to Gibraltar to await the course of events, under the protection of his old friend Sir Alexander Woodford, whom he had known at Malta, during his former banishment as Senor Saavedra, his elder brother then living. He resided at Malta, an exile from Ferdinand's resentment: he sought Gibraltar to escape the people's wrath. Who was right? His excellency attributed opposition on the part of an influential diplomatist at Madrid to the ministry of which he was a member, on account of a pension of six hundred dollars per month to the Marquesa —— being stopped. Very indiscreet! Monsieur le Ministre de l'Interieur. The pension ought perhaps never to have been granted, but once granted, should have been respected. Of course, Mr. —— knew nothing

of the affair, but he might listen to remarks, embittered in consequence, from the indignant fair one.

Accomplished but not profound, clever rather than talented—the duke owed his misfortune to his name and family. Adapted to grace a court in quiet times, he failed on taking office amidst the storms of party. Ignorance of Senor Garcia's scheme showed incapacity. As minister of the interior, the echo of the lowest sound at a spot like La Granja, where every step may be marked, every face noted, should have reached his ear instantly. With the shadow of an efficient police, every person's thoughts at La Granja should have been known, much more his actions. If I might hazard an opinion upon a subject I have only glanced at, I would ask, if the British Legion would not have rendered more service at Madrid? Of what utility, we might ask, was its presence at St. Sebastian, when a few discontented soldiers at the capital were able to upset the government? Might it not have been prudent to invigorate the heart before meddling with the extremities? By its means, might not the Queen's government have

had power to suppress sedition at home, and bring the disaffected to punishment? And would not that power have awed the generals into doing their duty? Dread of a Paris reckoning sharpened the wits of the French revolutionary generals.

M. de Rivas of course represented himself as an ill-used, unfortunate man, and expected much commiseration. So they all do. I doubt if they deserve any, however. On taking up such cards now-a-days, a man should resolve to win his game or perish. He has no right to flee; he should die at his post: and thus resolving, many more chances would arise in his favour; for the importance of the stake would stimulate his energies, and keep his faculties on the alert. At present, the fear of death, and the mode of escape, absorb most of his reasoning powers. Who commiserates on principle the emigrant noblesse of France? By remaining, a man may save part; but in fleeing, he throws all away—honour, hope, and the welfare of his family: for what? to save his own paltry life. This is the truth in a few words.

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Morning found the Endymion making pleasant way along the Spanish coast. Although in February, the sun shone warm; the westerly breeze came mild and balmy; the sea lay smooth and sparkling as Geneva's lake. Even the long ranges of snow on our left seemed only painted for the occasion. This union of winter and summer, this contact of ice and melting suns, usual in the Mediterranean, is enchanting. But herein lies the danger of the climate. Let the sun be obscured by clouds, and the wind blow over those delusive mountains, you may fancy yourself at once fifteen degrees farther north. A change on the stage from an Italian garden to a Swiss scene is not more sudden. Hence the Italian proverb warns people not to adopt light clothing before June. With incipient consumption, quit the Mediterranean at once, and you may cure it; with the malady confirmed, seek it rather, and you will die easier. You will enjoy air and sunshine and flowers till the last moment of your existence. You may breathe away your latest hours in a vine-trellised, sheltered balcony, instead of gasping them out in a stove-heated apartment.

As we sailed along with studding sails out on both sides, we observed another vessel coming right towards us, equally with all sails set. We turned our glasses anxiously on her as the herald of a Levanter. No doubt the stranger cast equally anxious glances at us. We approached within half a mile, still not a sail lifting on either side. It was an interesting moment. We began to think the two winds would actually clash, when the stranger shortened sail, and braced up on a wind.

We had gained the day. At all times losing a fair wind is annoying, but thus to see it, as it were, snatched away, would almost warrant pointing a gun at the winner. Excepting her, and the homeward-bound Malta steamer, I do not remember any other vessel. We passed close by the shore, where—

" Giace l'alta Cartago ;"

where, as the poet truly says,

" appena i segni
" Dell' alte sue ruine il lido serba."

We passed near the lofty isle of Pantellaria ; we made the grey rocky western cliff of Gozo,

(Saint Demetrius,) the evening of March 4th, and next morning, thirty days from St. Helens, we hove to off Lavalette to await the approach of a squadron coming out of the harbour. Three first rates, the Britannia, the St. Vincent, the Caledonia, with the Malabar and the Talavera, ranged round us. How diminutive we felt amids those leviathans! We were surprised, dismayed; we feared orders might have come overland, or by a steamer, to force the Dardanelles, or take Candia, or perform any other little feat of the sort; in which case our admiral might have to play second fiddle. But Sir Pulteney Malcolm was only intent on a little excursion. He led the squadron away to the westward, leaving his successor to enter the harbour alone. He returned in a few days. On the 24th of March he gave up the command, and sailed for England in the Barham, leaving behind him a popular name with all classes on the station.

CHAPTER II.

Valette—Harbour—Feats of swimming—Memorable siege—Sir Alex. Ball—Naval Governors—Lords of Admiralty—St. John's Church—Tombs—Madame de Rohan—Election of Grand Master—Anglo-Bavarian tongue—Bishop of Malta—Sir Walter Scott—Pictures—Palace—Maltese Galleys—Galley-slaves.

DESPOTISM, I may observe, often walks hand in hand with the gaiety of the lower classes; because, having no right, she feels the wisdom of conciliation, in order to check the aspirings of the rich. Witness the Roman mob—*pro panem et circenses:* it was Nero's safeguard. Witness the endless carnivalry of the ocean-born city: it saved the Council of Ten. And are not the Lazzaroni the best supporters of Neapolitan royalty? Witness the light-hearted subjects, till lately, of the famed christian band, of that brotherhood uniting in one person the habits

of the monk and the warrior, the tastes of the Scythian and the Sybarite. Not more contrasted are its lively streets, with the yawning ditches of the place. Not more contrasted is the placidness of its harbour, with the frowning battlements reflected in it. Not more contrasted are the smiles of its dark-eyed damsels, with the embrasures grinning defiance at every angle.

No acquisition could have proved so valuable to England. Position, town, harbour, industry, all perfect. Taking possession of Malta might be compared to a man espousing a widow with a good house ready furnished.

The harbour is in miniature, but unique. Fit for a nautilus shell to sail in, it has depth for first-rates alongside the quays. Land-locked, your colours fan the colonnades in the "Galley" Creek; so close, you may sketch the escutcheons of various knights on the walls. The rocky promontory, Mount Sceberras, site of Valette, forms two ports, each again subdivided. The suburb cities, Vittoriosa and Sanglea, intersect the one to the south-east, and dispose it admirably for the accommodation of war and commerce, for arsenals and warehouses, for the con-

struction of a dry dock ; * while the lesser port, Marsamuscetto, to the north-west, is equally adapted, by projecting points of rock, and by the isle of Constance, on which stands Fort Manuel and the Lazzaretto, for the exigencies and annoyances of quarantine ; the latter, in justice be it observed, existing in a far less degree at Valette than in any other port in the Mediterranean, with infinitely less cost to the sufferer.

Sailors love the place : returning to it from a cruise, is like returning home. Expressly calculated for our wishes, our follies, our wants, all enjoy it, from the captain down to the cabin-boys. Balls are gay, dinner-parties are numerous, horses are fleet, wine is cheap, grog is plentiful, fruit is abundant, the police is civil, the soldiers are friendly, the ship lies near the shore. " Welcome." is audible, is legible, is

* A dock was commenced, but remains half-finished, having been abandoned on account of expense. A slight sum would complete it. For want of one, we are obliged to send home every ship which gets ashore with the slightest damage, as we are not allowed now to " heave down." The inconvenience to the service may be conceived.

tangible. The spectators on the lines smile on us while sailing in under their trophied ramparts. No sooner is the anchor dropped, than bands of music come alongside, a graceful custom peculiar to Malta—delightful, encouraged formerly by the Marquis of Hastings, who loved to row about the harbour, among the shipping, on summer nights, in an illuminated barge, followed by music in another boat. Then tradesmen flock off — anything we please, all for credit. Then appear the cheerful washerwomen, chiefly soldiers' wives. Then come the swimmers, disporting under the stern for hours, and diving after bits of money thrown overboard. Watching their address as they follow a shining sixpence down five fathoms deep, we begin to credit the wonderful tales of Nicolo Pesce—he who swam with despatches from Palermo to Naples—he whom love of gold chained to the bottom off Cape Passaro.* Men, women, and children, all swim like fish, as many of us know—as Mr. —— ascertained to

* He brought up the gold cup once. The emperor filled it with doubloons, and dropped it overboard again. Nicolo appeared no more.

his cost and confusion a few years back. Left ashore by oversight, he engaged a boat with four men to row after the transport, homeward bound with a division of his regiment. The men bent their backs and stretched their arms manfully, but the transport continued to steal away before a light breeze, yet so slowly as to keep up the hope of catching her. Perceiving this at length, some miles out at sea, the men rested on their oars. Vexed out of the power of calculation by the loss of passage and separation from his baggage, the officer could not mark the increasing distance. He drew and threatened. In this dilemma any other boatmen must have submitted to row on till black in the face, or have knocked their "fare" down with a stretcher. The Smaitches took a wiser course. They dropped their oars, jumped overboard, and swam away; leaving our hero like, as the song says, "Sir John Strachan—with his sword drawn —waiting for the Earl of Chatham." There he remained, meditating on the uncertainty of human affairs, till a fisher-boat returning from Sicily chanced to perceive his distress. She would not, however, touch him, fearing he might

be a plague-infected subject dropped from some vessel; but fastening a rope to his boat towed him into the Quarantine Harbour.

The accomplishment is also of historic celebrity, and mainly contributed to save the city during the famous siege in 1565.—As follows: Foiled in various attempts to storm the works of Vittoriosa, his bravest troops daily falling by the swords of the doomed defenders of St. Elmo,* Mustapha Pasha, imitating Mahomet the second's feat at Constantinople, dragged a number of boats over-land, from Marsamuscetto to the great harbour, with the view of attacking the Sanglea (Isola) in its south-west face. The weakness of the fortifications, commanded also by the Turkish battery on the Corradino hill, and the facility of approach by water, assured the success of the plan. Fortunately, an officer of rank in the vizier's army, Lascaris, descended from imperial

* Finding their post untenable, the Knights of the garrison prayed to be removed. La Valette felt the value of an example. He reminded them of their oath, to die for the "order," and that the time was arrived to show their devotion. They required no further exhortation. They took the sacrament, and next morning all fell in the breach.

blood, but converted in childhood to the Mussulman faith, gave notice of the fearful project. Either repenting, or moved by admiration of the Knights, Lascaris left his tent and descended the hill to the spot where the present custom-house stands, and thence* made signals with the shawl of his turban for a boat. Ere one could be sent from the opposite side, some janissaries observed his motions. Lascaris knew his merciless fate, "impalement," if retaken; he therefore plunged in under a shower of arrows, and attempted to swim across. His strength failed, he was sinking, when the Chevalier Savoguerra, who had first noticed him by the richness of his attire, saved a life so important to the "Order" by means of a couple of swimmers. When renovated, he was conducted to the Grand Master. La Valette at once perceived the hopelessness of the cause should the enemy reach the town as proposed, and to prevent him ran a stockade of piles and chains from Isola point to the Corradino. Surprised at the anticipation of his project, but no ways

* The "water-gate" leading to the Custom House is still called "Lascaris' gate."

discouraged, the pasha sent his swimmers (for in those days a natatic brigade formed part of every Ottoman army) with hatchets, to cut an opening, through which boats might pass. He was met in action as promptly as in scheming. De Monte, admiral of the galleys, finding musketry of no avail, despatched similarly a party of swimmers. Naked and armed with cutlasses, they soon reached the stockade, and there a combat unparalleled ensued: the Turks holding on by one hand, or swimming, and defending themselves with their axes; the Maltese playing round like sword-fish, and dealing as severe blows. In the end, the Mussulmans fled, after losing half their numbers; pursued by the victors to their own shore, who then swam back in triumph across the harbour, upbearing their wounded companions. Still determined, the pasha on the following night attempted to destroy the barrier by fastening hawsers to the piles; but as soon as his people began to heave on their capstans, the Maltese, on the alert, again swam to the spot, and easily severed the strained ropes. We may readily credit these traits of courage and address;

for who could have viewed unmoved, or refused to second, the almost superhuman efforts of the knights? Even the women were seen, during that memorable siege, on the ramparts in the midst of the affray, refreshing the combatants, succouring the wounded, defending their honour and religion with a fearlessness imitated by the wives and daughters of the Parisians during the "three days"—with a devotion shown by the Polish heroines in the late glorious struggle; and a company of two hundred *boys*, we learn, diverted by their skill, and their tiny shouts of "St. John," the long-sustained and murderous attack of Isola Point by the Algerine allies, under Candelissa, the Greek renegade, who himself quailed to a stone from one of their slings: an attack as singular and picturesque as formidable, for boats of music and flags covered the harbour as the troops rowed over from the marina, preceded by a barge full of Imams and Santons, chaunting the glory of Mohammed, and imprecating Christ: "all of whom," sayeth the chronicler, "were religiously destroyed."

In consequence of the aquatic and nautic turn of the Maltese, sailors are decidedly the

favourites over all classes of English. In consequence, Sir Alexander Ball, to whose memory they erected a conspicuous monument near St. Elmo, ranks as their favourite governor. Malta has been fatal to its chiefs. Maitland and Hastings, also Sir Henry Hotham, sleep on its lines: the two former still—no credit to their heirs—unmemented by stone or tablet!* Vice-admiral Freemantle's monument is there; and Sir Robert Spencer's name, by royal order, designates the bastion whereon he lies. Also the most noble Signor Angelo Emo, admiral of the Venetian squadron which passed the winter of 1791—92 at Valette—Venice then at war with Tunis—died in the harbour, and was interred with great pomp in Vittoriosa. Alas! *we* are fallen from our high estate. Where a captain ruled superior, an admiral now holds an inferior post. Where Captain Ball, R.N. sat in the governor's chair, another captain of equal rank fills the subordinate and ur becoming situation of harbour-master,—to anchor a few merchantmen, and settle disputes between watermen and bumboat people.

* Quere. Did not Lord Lauderdale inherit £60,000 or £70,000 from his distinguished brother?—Ed.

Is this just? Is this complimentary to the first service in the world? Have we not often smiled at Portuguese admirals? at Chilian commodores? at Haytian excellencies? Why? Because of the discrepancies between the title and the command. By depriving rank of dignity, the dignity which position gives, we strike a severe blow at discipline. French naval influence is on the ascendant. We see, at one time, one admiral, minister of marine; another admiral, ambassador; another admiral, with the portfolio of the "Interior." When shall we behold our admirals ministers, ambassadors? Echo answers, "When?"—they are not even deemed qualified to be "First Lord"—as common prudence would dictate. How much longer will people admire this anomaly? We allude not to individuals, or say that a landsman cannot give satisfaction. We should in that case be unjust; for did not Sir James Graham deliver us from the navy-board, the friction of which, an admiral, being used to it, might not have perceived?—for have not some of the few promotions of late been marked by a regard to claims? We only exclaim, in common we believe with all the navy,

against the principle, as one injurious to the service, and prejudicial to the state. Why will not the "House" pass a vote that the First Lord shall be a sailor? Or let it preserve consistency, and declare the incompetency of a soldier to be commander-in-chief of the army. Another military state is also just to its navy,—will not "throw dirt" on it, by under-placing its principal officers. Cronstadt is *governed* by an admiral; Nicolaef is *governed* by an admiral; Sevastopol is *governed* by an admiral.

And why, I ask, should not Malta be governed by a naval man? Is our navy less talented than the French navy? less educated than the Russian navy? Did not Sir Alexander Ball's firmness and good sense save us the trouble of a recapture, by refusing, on his own responsibility, to give the island up to the Neapolitan commissioners appointed to receive it, in virtue of the truce of Amiens; putting them off under various pretexts, in order to give ministers time to rescind their order? Malta is a naval station; for such it was retained, for such it is valued; and if ever its resources are called forth, the equipment or refitting of a squadron is always the

occasion for so doing. Knowing the wants, and tastes, and prejudices of the service, a naval governor would infinitely more advance the public interests. Under a naval governor, the island would not have remained long without a dock. Once in possession, the navy should have held firm. But, "a rope of sand—"

"Indeed!" observes a plumed aide-de-camp—"is that the way you arrange it?—perhaps you think also a couple of naval lieutenants should sit at the ends of the table, as aide-de-camps, and do ball-room duty." Umph! "Perhaps you would have a commander to perform the delicate functions of military secretary, arrange exchanges, accommodate mess differences, &c."—No, we might retain a soldier for that service.—"Perhaps you would also make a purser act as commissary."—Why not?—"Go away, you have been brought up in the cockpit: you do not know what you are talking about. Good! a Benbow or a Trunnion for governor! This comes of having a sailor king; you gentlemen think you are up to anything now."

If anything particularly excites our pride at

Malta, it is the polished, spotless, gentlemanly appearance of the sentries: foreigners wonder at it. If anything particularly excites our pity, it is the Passion-week exhibition of sinners robed and masked in white, dragging chains, fastened to their ankles, through the streets. If anything particularly excites our ridicule, it is the bestowal of the badge of St. Michael and St. George: nothing but giving the grand cross of it at length to the chief secretary to government, saved the credit of the "distinguished order." If anything particularly excites our irritability, it is the ceaseless, stunning din of bell-metal, during a sirocco. If anything particularly excites our admiration, it is the church of St. John.

Even though, standing beneath the dome, mausoleum of Michael Angelo's genius, you have revelled in the contemplation of St. Peter's shrine, wrapped in ecstasy at the long array of *chef d'œuvres*, so numerous and so varied, blending in one harmonious whole, grandeur tempered by proportion, you will be yet highly gratified. At least I was. Perchance I judged too favourably, for I often saw the edifice with friends whose taste and sense of the beautiful

"gilded sunshine," and "added perfume to the rose." Nature may be studied, is often best enjoyed, alone, our perceptions of her expanding in solitude, but art requires the interchange of feeling, the companionship of ideas, to derive all the pleasure it is capable of bestowing. Tread lightly! The pavement is sacred. Composed of the tombstones of knights, of the finest marbles, of exquisite polish, each tablet is a picture in itself, representing separately the arms and style of its possessor, and forming, in their united effect, a rich mosaic expanse. No English name, the church being built since the Reformation, appears among the trophied brotherhood. Fitting canopy to so rare a ground, the ceiling is entirely painted in fresco, representing the acts of the patron saint. Thus, whether in humility you cast down your eyes, or raise them up with exultation, they equally repose on excellence. The artist, a Calabrian priest named Mattia, seems to have exhausted himself in this great work, unequalled in extent, and, for its size, unrivalled in execution. His other pictures show no great merit. The martyrdom of St. John, by M. A. Caravaggio, is the best

in the church. The grouping is strictly oriental, but the mode of decapitation, the same observable in the painting on the same subject in Nôtre Dame, is too savage, more suited to the Tower axe than to the refinement of eastern sabreing. The headsman is a good figure, and light is happily thrown on the prostrate head by means of a red sash. A colossal group above the altar, by a native, of Christ's baptism, is tolerably executed; but more remarkable for being carved out of one block. The artist *felt* his task. The saint's countenance breathes the expression of happiness. The look of subdued exultation with which he bends over our Saviour shows the heart's triumph, its aspirations of hope stilled in the deep stream of contentment.

Monuments of grand masters, and of knights grand crosses, executed in Italy, ornament the pillars of the nave, and the oratorios. Generally speaking, too much charged with accessories for our modern ideas, they display more of the wealth than the taste of the "order." Little dancing angels, round-bellied cherubs, Hopes, Victories, Fames, Griefs, swords, pikes, cannons, oars, sail wetters, &c., are in great pro-

fusion. But as fine polished marbles abound, many of the columns and tablets beautifully variegated with rare coloured specimens, and marble having the property of looking noble in all shapes, the effect on the whole, in addition to individual excellence, is admirable,—bizarre but feudal, and strictly in tone with a monkish knighthood. The bronze bust of Manuel Pinto is perhaps the best effort of art. The tomb of the grand master, Ralph Cotoner, is the most elaborately worked. Two figures support it, the one a Turk, the other an African. The former is expressive: the face denotes suffering; the high shaven forehead betrays a mind which endureth much yet scorns to complain, a noble being stricken by misfortune yet resigned to fate. You see in him a captive, whose thoughts are far off amongst affluence and friends. The other figure is a brawny, crisp-haired, thick-lipped, contented looking negro; satisfied with his lot, so as he be fed, and made happy by a day's idleness occasionally. Beneath the monument, in another chapel, of the grand master De Rohan, lies a WOMAN. I cannot enter into Byron's feelings when he thanked God because Newstead had

never belonged to a priest, to a lawyer, or to a woman; but it cannot be denied, a female is misplaced in St. John's. Why? Is woman's soul less spiritual than man's?—does she not at times play as lofty a part on the world's stage? fills she not as bright a page in its annals?—is she not equally endowed with the divine attribute, genius? Yes: but explain it who may. Would ye put an ordinary man in a burial-place of distinguished women? One would willingly have interred there a maid of Orleans—a Margaret of Anjou—a Flora M'Ivor—an Emily Plater * but Rohan's niece † could have no claim to the honour.

* Born in 1809, of a noble Lithuanian family, Emily Plater, at the commencement of the late Polish struggle for independence, raised a regiment of cavalry at her own expense. Attired in uniform, and attended by her maid, as aide-de-camp, she fought at its head throughout the war. She then retired into Prussia: there died, after ten months, overcome by her country's misfortunes.

† Coming to reside in the island after it became ours, the Countess De Rohan received the attention due to the sister of the distinguished grand master who died in 1797, leaving as a legacy, unheeded by his successor, a warning of French designs, and on her daughter dying in Valetta, Sir Thomas Maitland laid her at her uncle's feet.

With such a place to lie in, sweetening death, with such companions of the grave, with such eloquent memorials of their glorious "order," how could the last knights be so dastardly? Standing among the tombs of St. John's, we scarcely believe in the tale of their degradation. Their shameful capitulation crosses the mind like a dream. To have fought and died amongst their heroic predecessors should, methinks, have been esteemed happiness. Sad termination of six centuries of never-equalled enterprise. We who wander over the Mediterranean, swarming with the spectres of their deeds, mourn deeply over their wreck. Yet Malta exists in all her battlemented pride. And Rhodes—spirit-stirring name!—contains that in her crumbling remains to make one weep at the thought of all of great and glorious, there acted, being scarce remembered. L'Isle Adam! must thou sleep the death of one who only tilled his lands?—must never children lisp thy name?—Is thy fame so low, we must turn over leaves to find it, or seek it on moss-covered walls? It should be a household tale. And La Valette! stern old man! filling the trumpet of Fame at the age of

flannel and easy chairs, more cruel is thy fate! —more studied thy neglect! Thy city stands, but whoso entering it thinks of thee? Thy tomb is there, but whoso dwelleth within its walls—and there are warriors and ladies too—go visit it?

Twelve grand masters repose in a vault beneath the altar. You feel not elevated on hearing this one built the palace, or that one raised up the cathedral, or a third planned the gardens of St. Antonio, or a fourth brought water along an aqueduct. But stay: bow to the remains of l'Isle Adam! bow to the remains of La Valette! Though dusky are their sarcophagi, they shed light on all around. A marble statue decorates the lid of the sarcophagus of the heroic defender of Rhodes. A figure in bronze represents his companion in fame. Alas! they are all but forgotten. We descend by a dirty stair into this chamber of the dead; a fellow, with a glimmering candle, enabling us to see something, but not to move clear of rubbish on the flooring. Dust shrouds the groined roof; cobwebs occupy the carved angles; neglect, perhaps worse, defaces the monuments.

Poor l'Isle Adam! his statue wants a nose. "*E vero, signore,*" observed the fellow with the dip, looking sapient; "*tutto finisce anche il marmo,*" and no farther went *his* thoughts. To whom is the blame? to the clergy, or to us? I fain would lay it exclusively on the former. But can I? If they will not, we might. Though not Catholics, we are Christians—though not knights, we may be knightly. We ought to tread with reverent steps the hallowed pavement of St. John's.

The grand master's vault should be kept as a choice sanctuary, clean, polished, and odorous. A clear lamp should constantly burn in it; an ebony stair should lead to the entrance; a garmented priest should be the guide; and La Valette's cap, preserved in a church at Vittoriosa, should be suspended over his coffin.

St. John's presented a rare *coup-d'œil* at the election of a grand master, an event usually preceded by a vast quantity of intrigue, which, if his illness were tedious, disturbed the pillow of the departing chief. Little occasion had he for a confessor to declare the truth: the clamours of venality generally preceded the bell

tolled for the agony. Clothed in armour, but unarmed, the knights, according to nationality, sat in their respective chapels, decked out for the occasion in all the gorgeous finery, in jewellery, plate, and tapestry, carried off since by the French, which the fourth wealthiest church in Europe could display. Such candelabras! such robes for the Virgin! such jewels for the saints!—the remembrance brings tears into the eyes of the old chaplains of "the order." High mass was said; then, adopting innumerable precautions to prevent collusion, two members were chosen by ballot from each "tongue;"* two additional being drawn indiscriminately from the whole number assembled, to represent the English "tongue,"—sixteen in all. Before proceeding to business, the stout knights banqueted together, in token of good feeling, at tables spread in various parts of the church; one in the centre, more elevated than the others, for the electors. The latter then retired, but as the votes were usually agreed beforehand, they seldom kept their

* Two for France, two for Auvergne, two for Provence, two for Castile, two for Arragon, two for Italy, two for Portugal.

brethren long in expectance of the auspicious choice. That of the talented Rohan was indeed auspicious and grateful: the people cheered, almost carried him from his house to the church, and their shouts afterwards and the bells soon conveyed the tidings of his election to Gozo. Thus ever the downfal of a state is sure to be preceded by a promise of duration.

So averse were the 'order' to any change, even in formula, that until 1782, near two centuries and a half after the secession of England in consequence of Henry VIII. liking the Temple and the Hospital property, two members thus represented the ancient tongue. The ancient British 'hotel' was still preserved, remains in part to this day. Strada Britannica retained, still retains its name. The 'English chapel' in St. John's still bore witness to respect for old usages. In that year, the 'order' received an accession by the Elector of Bavaria applying the revenues of the Jesuits in his dominions, 170,000 florins annually, to the erection of one priory, one bailship, and twenty-eight commanderies. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the ebbing state of the treasury, the order would

not consent to an innovation, refused to admit the addition of a Bavarian branch, unless under the appellation of Anglo-Bavarian tongue; and, on the elector consenting to this arrangement, the grand-master, adhering to the very letter of form, wrote to the king of England for his adhesion; reminding him very prettily of the honourable connexion formerly existing between his nation and the 'order,' and of the attachment of the latter, shown in various ways, as he pointed out, to the memory of their union. To which, of course, George III. returned a gracious answer. A knight grand cross, I forget his name, gave up his splendid hotel, since called the "Auberge de Bavière, for the use of the new, or rather resuscitated tongue, with which the priory of Poland, also newly created, and held by Prince Poninsky, shortly afterwards united itself.

But though nobly worshipped in his favoured shrine, a thousand bold hearts always ready to bleed in his cause, St. John is less a favourite with the Maltese than St. Paul, to whose shipwreck and escape the island owes its early and lasting renown. Everywhere he is visible.

The cathedral at Civita Vecchia is his. Valette has a noble St. Paul's. Many casals (villages) have St. Pauls. On the road leading to Mafra, a country-seat of the governor, various statues of the saint point their right arm towards the bay, known by his name. The bay, a pretty inlet of the sea, occasionally used as an extra quarantine station, is a great lion for strangers, and one of our pleasant excursions on horseback; but we dare not affirm it, from the vague description "where two seas meet," to be the identical scene where Paul bid them be of good cheer, for no lives should be lost. Regarding the position of Melita, doubts are entertained. The two chapters in the Acts relating to it are delightfully obscure. Some identify, on what showing I know not, the Euroclydon, before which the good ship drove, with a south wind: therefore she could not drive west. Again, "they were driven up and down in Adria:" there they struck soundings, there they made land. Nevertheless, I argue in favour of our Melita, in preference to an obscure islet in the Venetian gulf, albeit it harbour no venomous creatures, as the place where "he shook off the beast into the sea, and

felt no harm :" and my reason is, a conclusive one on consideration, that he left Malta afterwards " in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered in the isle."—Probably laden with corn, the said ship, in her voyage to Puteoli, found Malta, as it is now, a convenient refuge against the north-west winds, which even in these days detain merchantmen bound to Italy sometimes half the winter; on no account could she have entered the Adriatic. The Euroclydon must have signified the sirocco, which often blows hard the commencement of winter. We may readily believe, without derogating from the apostolic character, that the " citizen of Tarsus " knowledge of nautical geography might have included Melita in Adria.

Considering the saintly reputation of the island, and its having been so long governed by the chosen defenders of the " Sepulchre," we need not be surprised at a certain twinge of conscience in the Maltese about Protestant rulers. The feeling declares itself in various ways, generally good-humouredly ; and is pleasingly shown by the interest taken in English catholics. I remember how the deportment of Lady Barbara

Ponsonby, during Passion-week, of 1835, edified them. The circumstance of the governor's sister-in-law assisting openly at mass, would have gone some way to stifle a revolt, had one been on the tapis. The common people think we are destined to a hotter place than Malta in the dog-days; not easy, you would think, to find: but the clergy are well disposed, and appear grateful for our extreme tolerance. Some foreigner, writing of England, said that in proportion as the English are free at home are they despots in their colonies. In regard to religion, he might reverse his judgment. Malta, to wit: where, not only protecting the religion of the island, we are negatively tolerant in not displaying Protestantism. We have no church, (a room at the palace serving the purpose,) nor does the secular dress of a couple of resident clergymen, aided occasionally by men-of-war chaplains, excite remark. Nor do we refrain from insulting our own religion—quere? to conciliate the Catholics? Nov. 5, 1835, for example, we saw an effigy of a divine, instead of Guy Faux, *with "Archdeacon Ryder" painted in legible characters on the forehead, and "Rathcormac"*

on the breast, suspended in the garden of one of the high officers of the crown : there it remained all day by the road-side, duly explained to the Catholic spectators, and at night evaporated in a bonfire. Affirmatively, we honour their processions in many ways. We fire salutes on certain saints' days, careless of our artillerymen's consciences.* We give the bishop military honours, and *offer* him the second place at the council-board. I say *offer*, because, as the seat is spread over with the catholic oath, he would not accept of it. He expressed himself ready to swear allegiance, respect for the temporalities of the Anglican church, &c.; but the words by which he would bind himself to abstain from weak-

* In 1826, Messrs. ——, of the artillery, refused to fire a salute in honour of a saint's day. They were tried and cashiered for disobedience of orders. Admire the inconsistency of religious zeal. These officers in the course of their profession, would have pointed their guns on crowds of innocent people ; would have directed their mortars to a besieged place, knowing the chance of every shell to kill a woman or a child ; to invade the chamber of the dying ; to intrude on the sanctity of the dead ; yet their consciences forbade their firing for a harmless ceremonial ! !

ening the Protestant religion, staggered him. In vain we represented the oath as a mere expedient, to enable Catholics to sit in parliament, scarcely considered binding on them. His conscience revolted at the hypocrisy. As a true Catholic, he could not swear to such a clause; as an honest man, he could not take the oath with a mental reservation. He might also fear a loss of respect with his flock if he were known to enter into a compact with heretics. Thus situated, he begged the local government to refer the question to the Vatican; in the recesses of which it remains. For my part, as no Protestantism exists in Malta to weaken, I thought the condition harsh and ill-judged. The objects of the council are purely local: religion forms no question between the government and the people: it raises no party in the state: Why, therefore, tax a man's conscience with a needless and unpalatable declaration, uttered often in the spirit of insincerity.

Reader, allow me to introduce you to Don Francisco Caruwana, the spiritual ruler of the "Maltese nation," as well as titular Archbishop of Athens. You will admire a fine old gentle-

man, seventy-four years of age, with a handsome and intelligent countenance. You will be pleased with a specimen of the finished, agreeable manners of the old school. You will keenly relish his classic virtuoso converse, better enjoyed in the little picture-hung, book-ornamented cabinet, overlooking the sea, where he usually sits, than elsewhere; still more enjoyable if seasoned by the racy energy of his reputed successor, our amiable and excellent friend, the Archdeacon Lanzon. We often saw them. In conformity with his usual practice on all occasions, a practice too seldom imitated at Malta, I regret to say, and to which may be mainly attributed a certain ill-feeling towards the English, Sir Josias Rowley made a point of calling on the bishop each time the squadron returned to port. The effort was trifling, but the effect lasting. The prelate felt the unprecedented attention on the part of the naval commander-in-chief; and the people, as he walked down the streets in his quiet, unpretending way, to salute their pastor, respected him more than if troops lined his passage, and the air rang with salutes. The haughtiness of the knights, I would hint, can-

not be alleged as an excuse for a want of courtesy towards the natives. Besides, we should remember that the knights formed part of the first noblesse of Europe. Human nature is ever the same. With the generality of mankind, it makes all the difference whether a noble or a commoner throw the stone. The bishop invariably returned the visit in due form; rolling up to the Admiralty House in the antiquated chariot, dressed in his robes of purple silk. If his garden produced particularly fine fruit, he sent it to his friend, the vice-admiral; and earliest flowers found their way to Strada Mezzodi. One time, he begged his acceptance of a splendid peacock, "to walk about the Caledonia's quarter-deck." The gay bird of course was welcomed, but its intended destination, on our quarter-deck, became exchanged for the countless gardens of Argoti—Sir Josias' country-house. Proud of Great Britain in many respects, and ready to relate anything to our advantage, monseigneur dwelt with pleasure on the kingly act of George IV., immortalised in Catholic countries, by "emancipation—in deputing Sir T. Lawrence to take the likeness of Pius VII., to place

at Windsor among the sovereigns of Europe; but, in showing his visitors a print from that admirable painting, he takes care to remind them of the royal robes, in which his Holiness is drawn as prince of the Roman States; feeling, though not expressing it, the inconsistency that would appear if the pontifical garb were exhibited in the gallery of a Protestant monarch,—defender of the faith though he be.

Among the incidents of a varied life, during the most thrilling drama of the great European stage, in one scene of which he fought, *pro aris et focis* against the French republicans, the good bishop dwells on two with singular complacency; viz. the expression fraught with graciousness of the grand master Hompesch, in returning him a pamphlet: "If I had such to read every day, I should esteem myself the greatest potentate in Europe;" and a visit from Sir Walter Scott: a singular association, but showing the natural connexion, in a liberal mind, between elevated talent and the highest worldly rank. On this principle, one felt a sensation of impatience on reading in a paper, about the same period, that the King of Naples had honoured

Sir Walter Scott with an audience. I am aware it was mere form, intending to convey no meaning; but could one avoid mentally reversing the application? The man who has led millions, who will lead millions yet unborn, captive by their affections—by their understanding—that man *honoured* by an introduction to any one, although a diadem encircle his brow! Where will that diadem be when Sir Walter Scott's crown shall still sparkle with the homage of genius—shall still be jewelled with mankind's applause? Many sovereigns, I am sure, greater far than the king of Naples, would have risen to meet such a man—would have taken him by the hand, and said before the assembled court, "*We* are honoured by this visit."

On hearing of his indisposition, and intention to visit the Mediterranean, William IV., unsolicited, self-prompted, ordered the Alfred frigate to convey him to Malta. The navy echoed the sentiment, and felt the service elevated by the presence of the illustrious invalid. No sense of quarter-deck etiquette interfered with his comforts and pleasures. Should we not have been ungrateful otherwise? To whom do *we* owe so

much? How many long tedious hours on the ocean has *he* not beguiled us of! For a spot like Malta, few events in peace could be imagined more exciting. Princes, marshals, ambassadors, might come and depart unnoticed, save by the drumming and firing on their behalf; but who could resist the magic influence of the great writer? Few of the natives had read his works, or even knew them by title; but since many years every wind breathed his fame: it rode on the inspiring N.W.; nor drooped on the sickening sirocco. He declined receiving company; but respectful attentions surrounded him. People impeded his calesse to gaze on the index of immortal thought; they deserted the dance in the ball-room to catch his accents: more interesting his presence, from the painful conviction in all men's minds of the closing scene of his earthly career: his features seeming the more wan, contrasted with the halo around them. *

* An old man, barber by profession, and statuary (in a way) by taste, who has transferred the good looks of various English worthies (admirals, generals, &c.) to wax or composition, wished to repeat the same on Sir W. Scott. He went to the hotel. He found him writing. He signified

An Ecce Homo, by Titian, illumines the saloon of the episcopal residence where Sir Walter sat. What a double radiance! You may stand before it for hours. The bishop shows it with all the devotion and connoisseurship of art. This beautiful painting formed part of a collection made in Italy for the Russian court; shipped at Naples, and captured by an English cruiser.—sold by auction, by the prize agent at Valette, a lot of eight fell to the bishop, (then a canon) for eighty scudi—(seven pounds). He kept the Ecce Homo. "The English," he says, "made very little account of paintings in those days, and so lost a golden opportunity." Lost indeed! the pictures fetched vile prices, and were dispersed —God knows where! Somebody bought a Fornarina for twenty scudi!

Valette now possesses few pictures of value. The collection at the grand master's palace is poor, but curious. We see in the same room Louis XIV., XV., XVI.—George III., IV.—

his desire—could not be granted. The disappointed statuary retired, shut the door, and was going; but—a happy thought —he looked through the key-hole. Enough: in a few days a correct likeness of the baronet appeared.

the duchess of Portsmouth,*—Catherine II.—Lot and his daughters. Desire is strongly expressed in the face of the girl who holds the wine-cup to the paternal lips. Pity *such* a tale was ever brought into light!

There is the grand master Vignacourt (of aqueduct fame) in rich full-length armour, by M. A. Caravaggio. Grand masters might trust in the transmission of their features to all posterity; for it was customary for each of the "hotels" to have the portrait of the reigning master. So the commander-in-chief, for the time being, figures in the various mess-rooms of the army; and in many other respects a similitude is observable between the customs of the "hotels" and of our "messes." Were the walls and stairs of the Alberghi at Valette sentient, they would scarcely be conscious, save that of Provence where the balls take place, of a change

* A present from Charles II. to the grand master Nicolas Cotoner, with a letter of thanks for the hospitable reception given to his ships then waging war with the Tripolitans. After the lapse of a century and a half we find a corresponding interest, but under different auspices—how different—between Malta, Tripoli, and our ships.

of tenants—equal revelry, equal hospitality. The younger branches of the "order" of course lived regularly at the "hotels," occupying each a barrack-room, for the sake of economy; but also the bails, or knights grand crosses, preferred dining there in general to the solitude of their splendid bachelor homes. We can only regard the open and public suites of apartments of the latter; we must not penetrate the mysteries of the entresols, where, it is said, inducements might be found to relax the rigour of the monastic vow.

The Honourable Seymour Bathurst, when treasurer of the island, made a collection of grand masters' portraits, and left them in the house he then occupied; the house formerly of the Bail Hompesch before his election.

There is also in the palace, a Cain killing Abel, by a scholar of Guido.

There is a Christ supporting the cross; a beautiful picture, said to be by Guido.

There is La Valette at the moment his beloved nephew was killed. Several knights are looking at him with anxious concern, fearful of the shock. But that was no time, the fate of Malta

hanging on a thread, to give way to feeling. "Every knight," said the heroic veteran "is equally dear to me—I look on them all as my children."

There is a picture of Herod and Herodias, sitting at table, when the head of John the Baptist is brought in. The painting is good, but the tranquillity of the pair is, I think, unnatural. Could they eat with such a spectacle? Well I remember, on poor Hamid's head being brought into Achmet Pasha's presence, how I sickened. Breakfast was before us:—eat! the first mouthful would have choked me.

The palace also boasts a well-filled library, left by the "order," and open every day to the public, with the addition of newspapers. It is not much frequented. Also, a splendid armoury, displaying a great variety of armour, from the gold inlaid suit of the chevalier to the simple dented hauberk of the soldier, with numerous specimens of Oriental weapons, and primitive fire-arms.

The suites of apartments are handsome, the rooms commodious, the furniture elegant. Few sovereigns were better lodged than the master of

the "order." No subject is so well accommodated as the governor of Malta. Equally elegant and commodious, of its kind, is the country palace of St. Antonio; its beautiful garden of fruits and flowers, tributes from all parts of the world, alone repays a visit to the island: 200*l.* a-year is allowed on the civil establishment for keeping it in order, as public property. St. George's hall, in the city residence, is one of the finest rooms in Europe. The compartments of the spacious corridors adjoining it are painted with galley fights, recalling the age when noble spirits, such as Villegagnon, such as Romegas, such as Leon Strozzi, worthy rivals of the Draguts, the Ucchialalis, pursued their enemies all the winter, studding the Mediterranean with deeds of valour. Then naval tactics might be displayed as a science. With a chosen squadron of galleys, the admiral might support this wing or that wing, enforce the centre, pursue or retreat, at will. The trouble we experience in sweeping vessels of even moderate burthen, renders the fact of galley locomotion very puzzling. I do not speak of the Roman and Carthagenian galleys, with several banks of oars, conveying two

thousand men, besides horses and elephants; they surpass all nautical comprehension, but of the galleys* of the middle ages, which used to carry two hundred men, besides the rowers. The solution of the question lies in the condition of the slaves. Blows extorted the extremity of brute

Description of a Malta galley—

	ft.	in.
Length	169	1
Breadth	37	6
Height of foremast from deck	68	4
„ main . . .	80	5
„ mizen . . .	42	8

Number of oars,—starboard side, 25; larboard 24. One bank less on larboard side to make room for the hen-coop.

Distance between the banks, four feet three inches and a quarter.—Length of each oar, forty-four feet five inches.

Number of guns, 15; seven of which are on the forecastle, viz. one 36-pounder, two 24-pounders, one on each side of the former; four 6-pounders, two on each side of the 24-pounder; the remaining guns are 6-pounders, disposed on the sides of the galley.

List of men—1 captain; 1 second ditto; 1 aide-majeur, (commanding troops;) 100 sailors; 25 soldiers; 8 pilots, (two always on deck;) 1 chief pilot; 343 galley-slaves, seven to an oar; 1 purser; 1 prior and 1 missionary, (ecclesiastics;) 61 caravanli, or knights on sea-service.

strength. It is true, the galley, resembling the Sicilian sparonaro, or the fast steamer of the present day, rowed lightly, aided by three latine sails, with a topsail and top-gallant sail on the foremast; but, nevertheless, no condition could have equalled the horror and wretchedness of a galley-slave's life. Brought on board, he was placed on a bench, and there chained. On that bench he remained in rain or in sunshine; he ate there, he slept there, he died there. In ordinary cruising they rowed leisurely, or jogged on under sail; but in chase their sufferings must have been dreadful. Dante might have enriched his "Inferno" with them. We read of chases lasting ten, twelve, fourteen hours, then given up through the exhaustion of the rowers. We must fancy the ardour of pursuit, the excitement of prize-money and glory, (the former the chief one, according to Captain Chamier in his 'Life of a Sailor,') not forgetting the rowers were looked on as animals, as criminals unworthy of heaven or earth, (query, therefore condemned to the sea,) and we may have an idea of *that* exhaustion! Poor wretches! their fingers could no longer bend round the handles of their oars,

their shoulders no longer quivered to the lash of the boatswain and his mates. What cries, what imprecations, resounded along the deck of a galley in full speed! What straining at every muscle! Let us not, however, blame the knights, but the system: even we, thus stimulated, thus licensed, have been, might be again, as merciless. The rowers seldom met death in action; for as the combatants fought hand to hand, they only thought of killing each other. Nevertheless the mortality among them was very great. We have no account of these unfortunate people, but the presents of criminals, made by the sovereigns of Europe, from time to time, to the "order," its Turkish and African captives, though numerous, not sufficing for the killing work of the galleys, proves the fact. The West Indian slaves, a century since, and the galley rowers, were on a par; both in most cases equally innocent.*

* As appears from an ordinance of Henry II. of France, ordering all male beggars to be sent to the galleys. In 1660 the ordinances of Henry II. were ordered to be enforced, viz. houseless beggars to be sent to the galleys. And as late as 1770, an ordinance appeared in France by which all able-bodied beggars and vagrants were to be sent to the galleys. So much for the 'good old times!'

The last memorable caravan (voyage) of the knights, and memorable it deserves to be, was undertaken on account of the terrible earthquake in Sicily, February 1783. On the news arriving, the galleys were hauled out of the arsenal, stored with provisions, clothes, surgeons, &c., and next morning crossed the channel to succour the survivors of Reggio and Messina: in return for which opportune service, so strictly in unison with the principles of "hospitallers," the minister of the king of Naples wrote to the grand master to observe that the paternal government of his majesty was always sufficiently provident to aid its distressed subjects, and therefore it was surprised to find foreign vessels giving them assistance; "as if, thereby, wishing to deprive a feeling monarch of the gratitude of his people!" Next year the galleys co-operated with the Spanish expedition against Algiers, and their gallant conduct during that disastrous campaign called forth the encomiums of the commander-in-chief.

No more hear we of them. Our ships occupy their moorings; our boats are hauled up in the galley arches; our admiral hoists his flag on the house of the admiral of the galleys.

CHAPTER III.

Walls—Agriculture—Cotton—Duty on Grain—Poor-rates—Charitable Institutions—House of Industry—Poverty—Preacher—National Destitution—England's Aid—Prospect of Improvement—Travelling—Society—Scandal—Lions—Prince Charles of Naples—Puckler Muskau—the Pietà—Runjeet Singh and the King of Oude.

VIEWED from seawards, Malta appears a large barren rock. Without nearer observation a stranger would pass on, and consider the fact of above one hundred thousand people* existing on it as a miracle little short of the "loaves and fishes." Poor creatures! they have not much to eat; but the rocky shell which apparently incrusts the island is a delusion, caused by innumerable walls rising one above the other, with an appearance of continuous strata. The villages on the ridges of the hills seem grotesque formations of rock. The quantity of locust trees, the

* Vide Appendix A. for population.

trees of desert places, adds to the impression. Some persons liken Malta, in the distance, to a series of extinct volcanoes.

But on landing, we are agreeably surprised to find the whole face almost of the island disposed in cultivated terraces, of which the walls, by accumulating the scanty soil and confining the action of rain, form the necessary support. Admirable is the patience of Maltese industry. Wherever a handful of earth will lie, the rock is nursed as carefully as a tulip parterre. Wherever a man has room to turn round with a spade, something grows. The terraces in some parts, as near Cittá-Vecchia, as near Nasciar, form literally a flight of steps, from the plain to the foot of the wall; no great stretch of imagination would be required to see some Orlando Furioso, among the knights, stalking up them, from one corn field to another, to have a blow at the infidel. Bonaparte's savans calculated that the materials of the pyramids were sufficient to enclose Egypt with a wall. Reverse the question; the agricultural walls of Malta would make a dozen pyramids.

On taking possession of the island in 1529,

the knights commissioners bitterly complained of their sorry acquisition; "a mere rock, abounding in fruit certainly, but not calculated to produce grain, which the inhabitants imported from Sicily in exchange for a scanty crop of cotton;" the necessity of which, but for the firmness of the grand master, seconded by the pope, would have made the "Order" dependent for bread on Charles V.* The emperor, how-

* As successor of Charles V., the king of Naples, a few years since, claimed the suzerainty of Malta, in as far as related to the nomination to the bishopric. He was told that the act of the congress of Vienna, confirming the island to Great Britain, superseded all rights that might be supposed in virtue of Charles V's. donation to the knights of Rhodes. To which congress his majesty replied he was no party. And so obstinately did he persist in his claim, that it required the authority of the Vatican, influenced by the diplomatic address of Sir Frederick Hankey, to make him yield. A greater difficulty, however, remained: his majesty declared that unless he nominated the bishop, certain lands in Sicily, worth £2,000 a-year, belonging to the diocese, should not be enjoyed by him. But the pope had too much sense to separate a bishop from his lands. And his majesty saved his royal conscience by obliging the Benedictine friars of Syracuse to exchange property they had in Malta, of equal amount, for the Lentini

ever, gave up the point, and in the deed of cession inserted the right to draw grain, duty free, from Sicily. The inhabitants then did not exceed fifteen thousand, located chiefly in wretched hamlets, wanting nearly all the necessaries of life, cooking their food with dried cow-dung; and, as the knights said in their report, no doubt instigated by the green remembrance of their fertile Rhodes, "everything they looked on caused disgust."

Not the least of the deeds of that valiant band is the creation of Malta; for Malta, as it is, is their work. They took it unformed; they made it a sea Palmyra.

Superb cities and substantial villages, connected by roads, have since sprung from the living rock. Fruit and vegetables of all sorts, among which the fragrant mandarin, the luscious blood-orange, and the glittering japonica thrive, are produced in abundance. Flowers in such variety, as to make a dozen florists rave in concert. Rich crops of clover; nearly 120,000*l.*

estate, the land in question. The monks lost by the bargain; because in Sicily clerical property is taxed thirty per cent.: in Malta not at all.

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worth of cotton yearly, and enough corn for the consumption of one-third of the year.* Riding along the rocky, dazzling roads, between two lines of stone walls, you would doubt, but for an occasional lizard gliding in the sun, the existence of a green thing in the island ; but ascend an eminence, or stroll on the terrace of a country-house, and fields of corn, odorous *sulla*, and rows of fruit-trees, refresh your aching sight—only in the immediate vicinity, for the eternal walls soon join in perspective, and hide the view. The Hollander boasts of having reclaimed his country from the sea ; the Maltese has gathered *his* from the rock.

This agricultural prosperity, the more striking from its contrast with the adjacent fertile but unproductive shores of Sicily and Africa, is owing in some measure to a judicious tax on foreign grain. Remove it, what inducement would remain to continue the incessant labour requisite to grow wheat on the scanty soil of Malta ? Grain, if duty free, is often as low as twelve scudi the salm : twenty scudi the salm are required to cover the expense of cultivation.

* Vide Appendix B. for Maltese agricultural produce.

Even protected, the most extensive proprietor gets little from his land.

But, say those who cry out about this tax, why not turn the land to other purposes? True, there is cotton: cotton in a poor country is a peculiarly valuable production, in giving, as any one may see daily in the houses of the lower classes in the cities and in the casals, constant and pleasant occupation to women and children, and it allows of a previous crop of barley. Maltese cotton is peculiar; it is too short for English manufacturers. In the time of the Order, it went chiefly to Spain as twist. At present, Genoa is the market for the yarn; but the greatest part is manufactured in the island.* Land might be more productive if confined to the raising of green fodder and cotton, which would follow of course were the duty on grain removed. We will not assume a state of politics, which might temporarily prevent our supplying Malta with corn. But an objection arises to thus acting on the principle of free-trade, in the chance of not always possessing a sale for your cotton. The demand of this year may not exist the next

* Vide Appendix C. for Maltese manufactures.

—may fail *in toto*; the consequence, in a spot where the means of subsistence and the tenure of existence are nicely balanced, is self-evident. You can ensure the consumption of your corn by a protecting duty: People must eat bread, but they need not buy new trousers or spread new counterpanes. The effect of such an event was clearly seen in 1783, when the king of Spain prohibited the entry of cotton, twisted or manufactured, into his dominions. "On the receipt of this sad announcement," says the historian, "consternation overspread the land, ruin threatened it." Fortunately the grand master had sufficient influence, through the commanderies of the Order in Spain, to get the edict reversed as far as related to Malta. On another occasion, owing to the want of rain, worms almost destroyed the cotton plantations, and the result was a famine for five months. In addition, we may remark, that the increasing culture of cotton in Egypt and Syria will render more precarious every year the sale of Maltese cotton, unless we should happen to improve our relations with the coast of Barbary.

Is not the best mode of laying out the soil

of a country that which gives the people most constant employment, and is least dependent on the chances of trade? That, no doubt, also for the sake of independence, was partly the object of the knights in keeping up a monopoly in grain; for their wealth and liberality, during the first two centuries of their reign, preclude any other idea. It is true, the sum thus raised went to maintaining the hospitals, and the lighting, paving, &c., of the city. It is the fashion of a certain party in Malta, and many travellers, on a superficial view of the subject, echo the song, to revile the English on account of this tax: they term it a cruel tax, a tax peculiarly oppressive to the poor. I beg leave to differ. In the first place, we found it existing: we erred, I grant, in not leaving it in the hands of the municipal authorities; because directly an impost is levied by government it assumes shapes of horror. In their hands, it was an old custom cheerfully submitted to; collected by us, it became a *tax*. Till 1818, the collection of the duty, and the disbursements of the proceeds for hospitals, &c. were conducted by a body called the Jurats: in that year, Sir Thomas Maitland, on the grounds

of incapacity and insolvency, abolished the corporation entirely, transferring their duties, charges, emoluments, &c. to government officers. In the second place, it is a mistake to suppose that the burthen especially weighs on the poor; because wherever the supply of labour (as at Malta) exceeds the demand, the rate of wages varies with the price of food. Some classes would gain by removing the duty: annuitant gentry, shopkeepers of a certain description, idlers of cities, these might find an advantage,—only though for a season; since the same relative proportion between the circulation of money and the value of articles will always exist; and no large portion of a community can be made to suffer a loss without a reaction on the other classes. All will find themselves, in the end, standing in the same relation to each other, only a key lower.

I am ready, at the same time, to admit that where the import of grain is a branch of trade in the hands of government, and forms the principal source of revenue, the duty is liable to be carried beyond the mark requisite to protect the home producer. Such may be the case at Malta. I

do not, however, imagine that it can be so, because bread, *notwithstanding the duty*, has been eaten cheaper at Valette the last twelve years, shown by comparison of the market-prices,) than at Marseilles, or Genoa, or Leghorn, (free-port,) or Naples, or Palermo, or Messina.* I will also say that too much pains cannot be taken to conciliate both public and private interests in the arrangement of a concern which so intimately affects everybody. I fear that has not been duly attended to at Malta. Nothing can well be devised more clumsy or more unsatisfactory to the public than the machinery of the grain department, as established by Sir Thomas Maitland, a solecism in the arrangement of that admirable governor. I need not enter into details, as the system is already under supervision.

But—and this ought to be impressed on the minds of all who admire, or disapprove of, the British colonial system—a considerable portion of the taxes raised in Malta, are "poor-rates;" much of that decried duty on grain—that "cruel and oppressive burthen on the poor"—is applied

* The Sicilian wine drank by the common classes is also cheaper at Malta than in Sicily.

to *the direct relief of the poor.* The government is the parish to whom all in real distress may apply. About one-sixth of the revenue,* including £3,000 in alms, are expended on the poor. Individual charity, however wide the stream, can never meet the exigencies of extended pauperism; and that stream, from man's dislike to be imposed on, will diminish, unless the uncharitable be made to concur in the relief of their fellow-creatures. Where poor-laws do not exist, taxation is the alternative. For my part, of the two modes, I prefer taxation: the burthen is more equally distributed; more of the sum goes thereby to its legitimate object; and it is free of the demoralising effect of poor-rates. A man will accept of crown assistance, who would blush at parish aid. The soldier or sailor takes his pension with pride, as the honourable reward of services; but with what feelings does the aged pauper receive his pittance, doled out niggardly?

When once ordained that no man shall perish

* The annual expenses of the charitable institutions of Malta and Gozo, defrayed by government, amount, one year with the other, to £15,100.

for want of life's necessaries, it would appear reasonable to study the mode of affording relief least calculated to give individual pain, or to inflict injury on the national character. Whenever the wealthy agree to support the lower classes, it is natural to suppose they would wish to accomplish that end without lowering the nation in its own estimation,—to conciliate self-respect with the infliction of charity—to prevent the boon exciting a bitter sentiment. This end may be easiest attained by government holding the means of relieving pauperism; for it is evident no man feels degraded by being assisted by the crown, as noble and gentle pensioners, and officers on the half-pay list, know. Administered centrally, the enormous amount of poor-rates in England would effect more good than double the sum in the hands of parishes; more physical and tangible good, I mean,—in other respects making an incalculable difference. The nation would at once rise one hundredfold in its own estimation. Distress might be as urgent, and the necessity of relieving it as imperious as ever; but the feeling of the poor man would be changed. Instead of being *tasked or fed* by the workhouse,

he would be *employed or pensioned* by his king. The clergyman should be the distributor of the national relief—of the poor man's right; and this would tend to strengthen the connexion between the pastor and his flock. Can we wonder if poor-laws degrade the people? What is so bitter as charity? Change, however, the mode of administration, and all will change. Let it appear the reward of service, the good man's right, and people will cease to feel vilified by it. I trust in the march of reason, to see the day when every labourer throughout the country may, like the soldier and the sailor, look to the fountain of honour for the support of his *old age.* Like the soldier or the sailor, he has served his country. His allowance should be paid *at his own door:* he should pass his last days in the bosom of his family. How grateful, how joyful he would be! *We* brought up in comfort, would we not infinitely prefer to live on bread and herbs in a cot, free, with our friends around us, than to be stall-fed imprisoned in a palace?

I never see labourers at work on a poor-house, without thinking of the crew of the plague-ship, whom I saw digging their own graves.

ASIATIC SOCIETY

The charitable institutions of Malta, under the disinterested and enlightened superintendence of Hector Greig, Esq., are on an excellent footing. They succour infirmity without encouraging idleness: they sweeten old age without debasing youth: they act up to the provisions of the 43rd of Elizabeth. In the ospizio (poor-house) aged and infirm persons are admitted. They are received kindly, and bountifully treated; their diet (including wine and fruit,*) is plentiful; their clothing comfortable, and they have apartments of recreation. The establishment reflects infinite credit on Signor Montanaro, the inspector. One cannot walk through the airy, comfortable apartments, the ornamented courts, converse with the contented old people in their 'club-rooms,' observe the affectionate attention shown them in sickness, and the freedom of seeing their friends, without drawing a painful comparison. The expense of each individual is about one shilling and ninepence per week. Contrast this with the bounty of St. George's parish: there each pauper costs

* Wine and fruit in southern countries correspond with beer and potatoes in England.—Ed.

one shilling and fivepence a week: the difference being increased by the higher prices of England. My worthy friends at Malta, who take credit to themselves for the economy of their arrangements, will, no doubt, be surprised at the superior talent displayed by the Londoner; but I would not have them change their scale for that of the richest parish of the wealthiest city in the world. Spare diet and discomfort are useful to scare away the able-bodied; but when applied to the worn-out they become gratuitous; attaining no end, not even that of shortening life. If not deemed politic to relieve such at their homes, a separate arrangement should be made for them in the workhouse, like that of the upper servants' table in a nobleman's family. The younger paupers might attend on them.

Another establishment in Valette is equally beneficent in intent, but less satisfactory in fulfilment. Under the patronage of respectable clergymen and pious ladies, who cannot, from their mode of existence and habits of thought, found arguments on human frailty and on the temptations of want, the *casa d'industria*, in which girls are brought up and taught various occupa-

tions, is shown off as a pattern of intelligent charity. The inmates are instructed, some in embroidery, some in shoe-making, some in manufacturing cigars, some in throwing silk, some in millinery;—you must not inquire whether such trades in the city are not already filled. They are orderly, well-behaved, well taken care of, and acquire ideas beyond their station: their parents may see them once a week, but are not suffered to approach them nearer than six feet—*quarantine distance*, with the view, I suppose, of not communicating the ——. Provided the same fostering hand extended over them through life—good; but on arriving at womanhood, an early age in those climes, they return, save the very few who obtain places, to their parents' dwellings. Now comes the trial. No ties of affection exist to reconcile them to the destitution of their native hovels, after the luxury in which their days have passed: cleanliness is changed for dirt, regular meals for chance ones, pleasant occupation for disagreeable work, kind words for taunts on the 'fine lady.' Many in their own sphere might like to marry them; but they cannot afford a wife unused to contend with

the great difficulty of poverty, *uncertainty of food.* The consequence in a country where the sex is an article of commerce, and where the standard of morality, as established by the knights, has remained the same, owing partly to the presence of a comparatively rich garrison and squadron, is self-evident. The manners and attainments acquired in the House of Industry attract notice: recollections of former comforts, added to present *disgusti*, suggest compliance.

Poverty is the prominent feature at Malta: the habitual mendicity is truly painful to any one who has not lived in Ireland. True, the climate disarms it of the chief sting; want is endurable where idleness can be enjoyed.

Beggars appear to grow in the streets. You know not whence they spring. You give to one, and instantly a wailing crowd, of all ugly conditions, gather round. You hold out your hand to one little fellow, but ere you can open it, twenty pair of claws are scratching at you for the mite. Inclined to give relief, you must often endeavour to distinguish between one apparent extreme of wretchedness and another. Such, however, is the force of habit, one soon gets careless of the

sight, and the cry "*caritá nix mangiare — nix padre—nix madre—nix pane per i piccoli in casa,*" heard in every street, from the sea-worn stone you first set foot on to the gate of the palace, soon falls on the ear unheeded. The same assemblage, chaunting the same burthen, lay wait at the door of the café, at the entrance of the theatre; at every gate you are beset. It is true, the army and navy render begging a profitable trade. We refine on the subject, and make it subservient to luxury. At the fancy fairs, held at the Auberge de Provence, may often be seen, beside the portrait of the prince or the marshal who has honoured the island with his presence, the drawing of some well-known beggar. His wrinkles are smoothed, his squalor is varnished over, his locks are arranged, his rags are disposed picturesquely, and *voilá* a fine head—a study for a Rembrandt. Could the original, stretched in the dust, and basking in the sun, but see the interest it excites! I do not mean to say that any die of hunger: they do not, for the government interposes between them and starvation; and this is adduced as a triumphant argument by some *good* people, who deny the fact of the

Maltese being miserable. Strangely fell on our ears a sermon delivered at Valette, by a celebrated missionary, to the text, "the Lord provides for the poor." We shuddered; in that place it was a *sarcasm*—it was blasphemy! But those who listened to him complacently were "clothed in fine linen, and fared sumptuously." *They* might deem it "profitable discourse."

Why population should often increase inversely as a country, owing to sterility, or to its social condition, furnishes subsistence, I leave to political economists to explain, but *such is the fact.* Is it owing to the recklessness caused by having nothing to hope for? Is it that a community of suffering is negative enjoyment? From whatever cause it arises, human density,* and consequently human suffering, at Malta, sensibly increases. And there is no remedy, unless the local government choose to employ part of the

		Males.	Females.	Total.
In 1835	Births	1773	1583	3356
	Deaths	1310	1185	2495
	Increase	463	398	861

revenue in some rational plan of colonisation.† Any other mode, as by relief, as by employing the people on public works, is only palliating the evil, which, thereby, will go on increasing yearly, till, at length, in the impossibility of facing it, we shall invoke the Deity to vouchsafe cholera morbus. As it is, the Maltese are great emigrants: the towns of the Barbary states, the 'scales' of the Levant, teem with them; but this effects no permanent good: they do not colonise: they set down as joiners, as tailors, as boatmen, &c.; and having realised a little money, they return to their beloved rock, to marry and multiply. Adept at all sorts of handicraft, the poor Maltese, provided he get a lift to any place, with the aid of his wits and a few tools, can make his way, but without money he cannot settle. The love of country, so strong in a Maltese, is owing, in a great measure, to religious zeal. Nowhere else does he see the rites of his church officiated so really and so earnestly, or such a

† Tripoli, from similarity of climate, language, and manners, and long habits of intercourse, offers every facility for promoting Maltese colonisation. In a political view it would be valuable.

general acquiescence in its dogmas. There are twenty-four casals (villages) in the island, each with a church of a size and structure befitting a goodly town in any other country : there are fêtes innumerable — there are processions in honour of favourite saints : so that it becomes almost a duty with a native, a kind of pilgrimage—as the Jewish predilection for the holy city —to revisit his home. Fairly established, however, as a colonist, interest and duty would then combine to wean him from his desire. An attempt made a few years back to settle a few hundreds in Cephalonia proved abortive; sectarian prejudice—the schism of the Greek and Latin churches—stood in the way; no money either was given to the settlers. As well try to make bricks without straw, as to colonise without capital.

The thought of the gulf of ruin, the whirlpool of wretchedness, into which Malta must have sunk, had it not fortunately come into our possession, makes me shudder. Nothing short of the influence of England's wealth, which, like that of Venice formerly, enriches every place it approaches, could have raised it up after the

double misfortune of the decay of the "order," and the French occupation. At the close of a rigorous blockade, we found it exhausted. Had we abandoned it, in that state it must have remained; for there was wanting what only we could offer—great expenditure and the action of commerce. *We* only could turn its position to account; that position to which in all ages Malta has owed any prosperity she may ever have enjoyed.

By it, in the days of the Phœnicians, and the Carthaginians, she gained celebrity and opulence; for then, as during the first fourteen years of the present century, she necessarily became an entrepôt; the uncertainty of navigation, owing in the one epoch to the absence of science, in the other to a state of warfare, rendering its harbours as mines of gold. But when proud Tyre ceased to trade with Spain, and her glorious daughter perished, Malta sank into insignificance; from which even the protection of Rome did not rescue her. Diodorus Siculus speaks of her fine ruins, of many remains of past importance. And thus also, when peace with its "attendant blessings" came, trade pursued its

course, regardless of the isle which had so long given it shelter. About the same time plague threw her foul shadow over the land. In the broad and fertile countries of the east, with ample room for man's inventive faculties, where if one occupation fails another may be found, and the soil is bountiful, causing no heed for the morrow, plague is not a national calamity in our sense of the term. Inflicting, truly, a series of individual misfortunes, it neither drives masses to despair, nor embarrasses the march of government, by producing monetary panics. But in crowded localities, requiring the utmost attention to every wheel and screw of the machine EXISTENCE, to keep it in motion, the immediate consequences are lamentable, their traces as lasting. Released from quarantine, Malta found herself in the condition of a convict just unchained, instinctively shunned by everybody, unless a Vidocq appear—a victim of prejudice, without any inducements to excite interest in his behalf.

Again, English protection saved Malta from utter ruin. Prostrate in languor, she would have gone on declining but for her helping hand.

What other nation could have lured back commerce* to her grassy quays? What other nation had expensive regiments to quarter in her halls, whose living might recal to men's thoughts the "hotels" of the "tongues?" What other nation had ships of war equally surpassing all others in cost and expenditure to frequent her ports? Add to these the packet service, the constant passage of travellers, &c., and it will be seen that the sums drawn from England, though not perhaps equalling the "responsions" of the "order" *in the time of its prosperity*, yet are such as no other nation could disburse, even to the tithe of it. In addition to which I would observe, we have *given* the Maltese £660,000 at two periods; £300,000 to relieve the immediate distress when we captured the island; the other portion to assist it after the plague.

And the island will increase in prosperity. Malta is becoming the centre of the steam-navigation, which promises, in a few years, to intersect the Mediterranean in all directions, connecting France and Italy with the coasts of Egypt, Turkey, and Greece, and extending its

* Vide appendix, D. for Maltese commerce.

ramifications to the Danube and to Trebizonde. Already the increased travelling gives ample occupation to half-a-dozen good hotels. Intent on a tour in the east, a man should decidedly begin at Malta. On the verge of Christendom, he will have a glimpse of oriental usages. The Arabic language will not sound uncouth after the Maltese dialect; the yakmash of the Turkish lady will not appear exaggerated after the Maltese faldette; the resigned dependence on divine Providence will prepare him for the startling doctrine of fate. It is a good starting-post. You find conveyance by packets or merchantmen in all directions, at all prices; gratis, by a king's ship or a yacht, if you chance to have a friend, or possess modest assurance. Anything forgotten, you can provide yourself with at Valetta: a note-book for the *benefit* of your friends—a sketch-book for your own admiration. You may replenish your sauce-bottle, and fill up your powder-flask; you may obtain an active servant, and pick up hints for future guidance, the last being often, as I have found to my cost, the article a young traveller thinks least of, and wants most. Bound eastwards, you may not

value the island according to its merits; but returning, the transition is joyous; from a course of hardship to all delights of civilisation—the comforts of England and the refinements of France—your own language and the sweet Italian tongue to greet your ears.

Valette, however, requires no contrast to make it a pleasant abode: it enjoys that prerogative on its own account. Living is good and reasonable, more so than in Italy. Amusements are various and elegant: a club, provided with papers, periodicals, billiards, &c., unites the members of the professions and travellers; an opera three times a week; dinner parties; riding and boating. The climate, if not always agreeable, is passable and salubrious. The houses combine the luxurious space of Palladian structures, with the accessories of home. The English society is hospitable, inclined to do honour to their country in the due entertainment of foreigners, and, barring the foibles inherent to a confined circle, and which a stranger need not mind, very pleasant.

> "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
> Thou shalt not escape calumny."

On the residents the inuendo falls unheeded; the aspersion is received at its due weight; but the casual visitor receives the impression, and often carries away a tale of slander as truth, which a longer residence would have exposed in its filthy nakedness. The propagator of scandal as a joke, supposing it will extend no farther, little knows the injury he may thus inflict on amiable persons. I speak from fact; from having heard in other countries people retail as gospel the idle "hearsay" of our Mediterranean "sets."

Little intercourse exists between English and Maltese families, the one or two exceptions proving the rule. Lord Hastings endeavoured to promote union by having all parties frequently and unformally at the palace, thus raising the natives in their own estimation; but since his lordship's death, separation again widened. In part, I should say, we are to blame. As superiors, it is our duty to make first advances; as superiors, we should drop the national feeling, exclusiveness, which broke up more than one public amusement where the English and natives might mingle without eti-

quette, without feelings of condescension on one side or the other. Our customs, diametrically opposed, offer, it must be confessed, a bar to sociality. We dine at six; they dine at two. We associate through the instrumentality of cookery and wine; they are satisfied with simple converzazioni. The Maltese, also, are greatly to blame in *refusing* to learn English; for English people seldom speak other languages with pleasure; for to the employés the Italian language is merely a temporary convenience,—is not, as English to a native, of lasting utility. They should have perceived this. Nor have they an excuse. Thirty-six years under our rule, twenty-one years annexed to our empire—yet not more than twenty of the natives speak English perfectly.

We may express our regret at the acquisition of English not having always been a *sine qua non* of public employ, at English not being the authoritative text of the law. Sir John Stoddart (chief justice) argued in favour of the latter; but his opinion was, I think ill-advisedly, overruled, and in 1836 the king's government declared Italian the authoritative text.

Forcing one's language may be termed arbitrary; it is nevertheless highly politic and beneficial to the sufferers. We may repent not having done so in Canada. But in Malta the hardship is partial, not involving, in the first place, the sacrifice of a national dialect, and affecting only a small portion of the people. Italian is spoken by about one-tenth only of the population; by one-thirtieth only fluently; by these regarded in the light of an accomplishment, as in their domestic circles (saving in five or six families,) and to their servants, Maltese is used. In law proceedings, the examination of witnesses is conducted in Maltese. If, therefore, a foreign language is to be official in Malta, why should Italian be preferred to English? Why should we, for the sake of saving a few lawyers the trouble of learning English, remain aliens in tongue in our own courts? As no national feeling exists on the subject—as the people at large are not interested, the hardship is reduced to the obligation on a few individuals to acquire the language. This would endure for a very few years, when everybody would feel grateful for the regulation. *Cari miei amici!* if you would reap all

the advantages of your connexion with Great Britain, learn English. Young ladies, if you would captivate our officers—would you object?—learn English. Young gentlemen, if you would become interpreters to our expeditions, learn English. *Bon vivans!* if you would taste English cheer, learn the language which gives a zest to it.

The decayed circumstances also, I grieve to say, of many, very many of the Maltese gentry, deny reciprocity. Large families, division of property, absence of employ for young men, a want of enterprise on their part, have produced a deplorable state of genteel misery, from which no outlet appears; especially as improvidence, in regard of matrimony, is as much in vogue as ever. Many respectable individuals are dependent on charity, while others are glad to be employed at a shilling a-day.

Herein shines the Maltese character—they are not ashamed of, they never cut their reduced relations. Of course, all are not included in this abyss; there are families in Valette whose acquaintance any Englishmen may seek and enjoy. I may mention the Marquis di Piro,

major of that excellent corps the Royal Maltese Fencibles, descended from one of the Rhodian families* who followed the fortunes of the knights. I may mention the Baron Sceberras, the richest land-holder of the island, whose ancestors were ennobled before the arrival of the "order." I may mention Sir Vincent Casolani, K.C. M.G., so deservedly esteemed for his loyalty and his superintendence of the House of Industry and the Monte di Pietà.

The number of persons of different nations and note, constantly passing before your eyes, constitutes one charm of living at Malta. For an unoccupied man, of an inquisitive turn of mind, I know no place like it—no place where the Turkish proverb—"konouchmak oqoumakden

* The "order" always showed its predilection for the natives of their ancient dominion, their faithful adherents. During the year that elapsed between their quitting Rhodes and obtaining Malta, the knights, as in duty bound, maintained the emigrants; in commemoration whereof, to the last, a loaf, called the "bread of Rhodes," was distributed at each house. This Grecian colony is nearly extinct; nor does it appear to have engrafted itself on the ancient stock of the island.

eyi dir"—"conversation is better than reading," —may be readier brought to bear. An ambassador going to or coming from Constantinople or Persia, stops at Malta; a governor returning from India, the same. You meet travellers of all sorts—antiquarians, missionaries, yachtmen, Italian patriots, Barbary exiles, and occasionally a cargo from Naples in the Real Ferdinando steamer. Giraffes from Egypt for the Zoological, and lions from Barbary for the Tower, sojourn awhile at Malta. Without moving, you have the *élite* of the whole world brought to you. A steam-packet every month to and from England; to and from Greèce and Corfu; to and from Alexandria; weekly communication with France and Italy, annihilates the distance.* You travel in all countries by

* Distance!—A man may now leave London, visit the Pyramids, and be back again, under two months, without having wanted a good dinner and a bed the whole time. For example: from London to Malta seventeen days, from Malta to Alexandria six days; packet remains in Egypt six days. Back to London, twenty-four days. The passage-money is rather high: I think a guinea a-day *on the long passage*, between Falmouth and Malta, would be enough.

their means; you gain information and amusement through them. The panorama is ever shifting. Nor is it like Paris, Rome, or other great resorts: there the circle is too wide, the hurry too great, self-interest too excited: you see no one. But in Malta, before gaining admission to the precincts of Strada Reale, or the Piazza San Giorgio, a man is caged for a while in the lazzaretto, under the care of the obliging, amiable, intelligent Captain Bonavia, to make whose acquaintance is well worth a portion of quarantine. There you may look at him, inspect him, talk to him at your leisure;—if a diplomate, you may draw him,—if a savant, you may stuff him;—safe with six feet, and a yellow-visaged guardian between you. You thus ascertain the temper of the *lion* before he is loosed.

Thus we enjoyed the spectacle of the union of Don Carlo di Borbone with the fair Penelope, after their hasty flight from capital to capital —from church to church—the web of hope unravelling as fast as wove,—still unacknowledged despite the incense of four or five hymeneal altars. It is bad policy to allow royalty to wander far from the precincts of the palace: so much

expected from them, we are liable to be disappointed. Placed under the ban of Europe, his Royal Highness sought refuge in Malta; engaged a house at Slima, whence, on clear days, he may distinctly see Mount Etna. It happened that Mrs. Smith, a respectable Irish shopkeeper in strada San Giovanni, accompanied them in the steamer from Marseilles. *Che buona fortuna!* said the affectionate Maltese, in whom ties of kindred are strong—*ecco!* the prince has married the daughter of *our* Mrs. Smith, and is come to establish himself in Malta to be near his mother-in-law—*che buon cuore!*

Thus also, on another occasion, we had Prince Puckler Muskau among us: after a tour through the regencies of Tunis and Algiers, in which he crossed mountains the French stopped at, discovered ruins superior to the Athenian remains, and experienced a reception from every Bey never before granted to a Christian—all by his own account. Ay me! Though he was known, though he was inspected in quarantine, though his merits were discussed, though his books were in the library, the *prince* prevailed over the *Puckler Muskau*. This travelling prince, who

writes mawkish sentiment to Julie, a lady of a more discreet age, they say, than his own, who blames the cruel winds (he did so at Malta) for not impelling faster the vessel freighted with the precious burthen of her epistles, was let loose on the little English set at Malta. Save in two or three instances, it was "open sesame" wherever he turned. Nearly every one seemed anxious to be considered a fit gathering for the next basket of "*tutti frutti.*" Dressed in a garb of notoriety, a red skull-cap, large eastern trowsers, and mottled boots, not even condescending to put on a christian garb to inspect the garrison turned out for his amusement, he went the length of his tether, even that of a prince. He made his own works in the public library a curiosity by marginal-noting them from end to end in elucidation of many parts relating to England, which he averred, by way of excusing himself, were badly translated. Not content with his own acquirements, he had a secretary who might be said to act as a jackal; entering every box at the opera, known or unknown, to learn the flirtation of the day, to elicit ages; in short, to pick up *petit scandale* '*pour le prince,*' who retired from

society to his desk; and 'for the prince,' he was tolerated. Also filling the office of trumpeter, he would say Sir Grenville Temple's descriptions (of Barbary) "are most accurate and true; but they are dry. Now the prince will take up the same subject; he will give them a form—a colouring, and invest them with a charm that will compel everybody to read." Bravo, M. le Secretaire! What is your pay? My dear friends! if he show you all up,—give a colouring to your dinners, where the enraptured hosts 'royal highnessed,' and 'tapered' him up and down stairs—give a form to your colonial disputes, rife in his day, who will you have to blame? He silences *his* scruples by saying he writes for Germans: not *his* fault if Sarah Austin chooses to translate his book so beautifully, and, he might add, so partially, for the translation conveys a feeble idea of the liberties he took *in German* with his English friends. What German knows or cares anything about the English in a colony, unless as national traits? What harm in depicting *them* any more than the Bey of Constantine, or the Pasha of Tripoli? So he may argue.

As yet few individuals unconnected with government have settled at Malta, owing, I should suppose, to its advantages being unknown. The Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, well-known as the friend of Canning, the ambassador in Spain, figures as the most distinguished, by far, in rank, talent, and wealth. Crowds of beggars at his door show the stream of charity ever flowing from it. May the long course of benevolence and good acts which characterise his residence at Malta have appeased the spirit of the gallant, the devoted Moore! Quiet and forgiving must that spirit be, if it have not occasionally hovered over the Pietá! but not of heaven is it, if it have not returned each time with a smile on its lips. Never did splendid talents, aided by a brilliant theoretical education, stand a man in so little stead. How should other be expected? How should the honours of school and college—the finish of London, enable a man to weigh the elements of a political storm in a foreign country? In his house lived an interesting example of the active kindness of his late wife, the Countess of Errol. Many might be cited, but this is peculiar. Few, very few, escaped from the sack of Liva-

dostro by the Turks, in 1822. Among the number, a little child fell into the hands of the master of a merchantman, up the gulf at the moment. On his return to Malta, he mentioned the circumstance. To hear of it, and to relieve the good man of the charge of the orphan, were one and the same with Lady Errol. No account was ever obtained of her parentage. The little girl, taken off the bleeding body of her mother, only knew she was named Statira. Statira she continued to be called; to which was added Livadostro as a surname, expressive at once of her origin and her early mischance—a mischance which gave her a better home and kinder friends than those fate deprived her of. She lived and was educated as a child of the house: her protectress left her an independence, and Mr. Frere completed the generous act by giving her away in marriage to Captain Hope of the Fusileers. More than I may say, accomplished Frere! your benign character there shone!

Also on the Pietá, suburb of Valette, a serpentine row of goodly houses, baked in summer, and buffeted in winter, with a lakish piece of water in front and dusty gardens behind, long

resided a no less remarkable personage, in another way, no less than the Rev. Joseph Wolffe, whom everybody knows as the missionary, the linguist, the traveller, the lecturer, the author, and the brother-in-law of Lord Orford; withal a pleasant gentleman, who will not intrude the scriptures on you unnecessarily, or state his opinions out of place; though ever ready to do both, by sea or by land, in freedom or in captivity, in sickness or in health. Without Mr. Frere's aid, gracefully acknowledged in a dedicatory epistle, but to which I am sorry to say after acts ill corresponded, he could not have undertaken his last interesting journey, to which we are beholden for a goodly list of mollahs, notices of some Hebrew worthies, many curious letters, an introduction to Lord and Lady William Bentinck, and a concise account of the Thugs, whose practice shows up Burke and Bishop as very bunglers. What names to be associated with such a crime! Horror rivals possession of the mind with admiration! The murderer disputes the name with the great orator! Eratostratus is immortalised—who remembers who built the temple? With all the locomotive ardour

of Marco Polo, and the zeal of the Apostles, Mr. Wolffe was detained at Malta by want of an article default of which steam-boats and coaches, Tartar-horses and palanquins, avail not. Mr. Frere, however, supplied it: he advanced him 2,000 dollars, and gave Lady Georgiana and child a home during his absence. The loan was a gift, in intention, but the liberality of Runjeet Sing,* and of the King of Oude, who saw in the preacher of the gospel the friend of the governor-general, whose notice proved equally valuable to the infidel, (on his own showing,) Victor Jacquemont, enabled his protégé to repay him. Since we parted at Smyrna in 1830, I had not seen Mr. Wolffe till his return to Malta from India, in 1834. What adventures in the meanwhile! What suffering undergone for the name of

* Runjeet Sing received him with great honours. He fired salutes for him, gave him escorts everywhere, and, while staying in his capital, supplied his table with provisions, to which he added each morning a sum of money: on the whole he gave him 5,000 rupees. These were sunk in the failure of M'Intosh and Co.: but the king of Oude's presents, afterwards, more than made up the loss. This luck may confirm him in his mode of "taking no heed for the morrow."

Christ! Angora, Toxat, Trebizonde, Erzeroum, Tabriz, Meshed, Bokhara, Balk, Afghanistaun, Cashmere, Lahore, Delhi, Agra, Benares, Calcutta, Madras, Cochin, Goa, the Mahrattas, Bombay, Mocha, and Juddah, formed the scenes of his wanderings. By his accounts the influence of Russia fast increases between the Caspian and Cashmere. He met her agents; and in his opinion the independence of Bokhara was undermined. That is to be expected: Russian armies never move till diplomacy has smoothed the way.

CHAPTER IV.

Malta and Venice—Hompesch—Capitulation—St. John's Hand—Grand Master's Power—Despotism—Parallel—Charges against England—Proclamation—Report—Maltese Liberals—Agitation—Commissioners—Refutation of Charges—Free Press—Maltese Character—Mediocrity—Effect of Blood.

SPEAKING of Malta, many persons are fond of comparing its state now and when the "order" ruled. This is not just in principle, though I fear not the comparison. Compare it rather with the condition it would have been in had the knights returned. Possessing vast estates all over Christendom, under the titles of priorates, baillages, commanderies, enjoyed by knights G. C., in reward of services, or of intrigues, and held on payment of "responsions" to the "convent,"—so Valetta was termed, the "order," notwithstanding the secession of England and other

reformed countries—notwithstanding a constant and growing dislike in Catholic Europe to pay the absentees, continued very rich, and large sums were annually drawn from all sides to be spent in the island. And so it continued, declining always certainly in worldly goods, still more rapidly deteriorating in moral worth, till the throes of the Revolution were felt. That event, by freeing men from their obligations, and overturning ancient landmarks of property and rights, struck a death-blow at the "order." As church-property, the "commanderies" in France (including three "tongues") were confiscated. The occupants in other parts of Europe thenceforwards paid little or nothing.*

Thus deprived of the cosmetic, which covers iniquity, and varnishes ignorance, the "order" ceased to command respect, even from its vassals. Many of the Maltese leagued with the French knights, who, when reduced to poverty, became

* On the destruction of the "order," all countries seized on its property as national, excepting Spain. The King of Spain allowed the occupiers to retain their commanderies during life,—then to merge in the Crown. The same arrangement, I believe, was made with the Polish Priory.

imbued with the spirit of jacobinism.—Their whispers reached the ears of the republican chief, then signing the peace of Campo Formio.

Treason in the council, with apprehended treachery among the people, worked its usual effect on a weak head. In sound of the bells, which rang over the tombs of the successful opponents of the mighty Solyman, a Hompesch was found to break his own seal,* and to lower the banner of St. John, after waving over St. Elmo two hundred and seventy years.† An astute, firm grand master, as Manuel Pinto, the Portuguese, who reigned thirty years, feared and hated by the "brethren," would have turned the crisis to his personal advantage; while sacrificing the "order," have saved its honour. Nearly half of the knights being under conviction, it might be said,

* The arms of the grand master were the arms of the "order:" therefore, on his death, his seal was broken.

† The "order" is revived at Rome, under the protection, I believe, of the nominal grand master, the Emperor of Russia. It presents an edifying spectacle, having recurred to first principles, and solely occupied in deeds of charity. The brethren have a college and live together, as in the first ages of their career.

of entertaining correspondence with the Directory, and the people no ways unwilling to break their chains, felt as burthensome when no longer gilded—he might easily, by rallying the latter, by imposing on the former, have rendered himself master of the island. He had only then to resist the French invasion, an easy task with a little spirit behind the walls, and place himself under the safeguard of Great Britain.

Similar in institutions, seemingly at one time destined to be eternal, equally an aristocratic republic, spurning innovation, the "order" for centuries shared with Venice the world's attention. Alike the friend of the Christian, and the Mussulman's foe, their flags were unfurled together on every shore. The knights assisted the crusaders with arms; the Venetians gave them ships. The Ottomans drove the knights out of Rhodes; they ejected the Venetians from Candia. They besieged the knights in Malta; they were nearly carrying their torches to Venice. By a singular coincidence, they sank within a year of each other. Victims alike of pusillanimity and treachery, they fell to the same conqueror—to Napoleon. Can we help sighing

over such a fall—so wretched a termination of life? It is as if we saw a poor creature, last of his race, vacillating amidst the memorials of a renowned ancestry:—such was Hompesch; such was the last of the Doges.

Napoleon loved the treason, but abhorred the traitors: he punished them. After *frightening* the "order" into a humiliating capitulation, he repaid their obsequiousness by obliging all the knights, under sixty, to leave the island *instantly*,—engaging, however, in one of the articles of the capitulation, a pension of seven hundred francs to each—of course, never paid. Hompesch experienced better treatment. In addition to a sum of ready-money, he was promised a pension of thirty thousand francs, with permission—grievous sacrifice to the French!—to carry away St. John's hand: not the inestimable diamond, however, on the saint's middle finger; Napoleon himself took *that* off. All of mean and pitiful, imaginable, was acted within the walls of Valetta, between the 9th and 12th of June 1798, the interval between the appearance of the French fleet off the harbour and its triumphal entry.

Thus vilified—vilified by its own acts, and by Napoleon's conduct—suppose the Holy Alliance had reinstated the "order,"—what would have been the fate of the island? We have only to imagine a pauper noblesse let loose among an impoverished people. Retaining the pride of birth,—not the pride which renders high lineage a spur to noble actions,—these recreant knights, after wandering as beggars over Europe for many years, would have fastened on the island like leeches; they would have drained it; they would have represented the Mamelukes in Egypt.

Superior of the "order," the grand master was Prince of Malta: elder brother of the knights, he reigned omnipotent over the Maltese. His word was law. There were laws, but his will might supersede them.* He could put his Maltese subjects to death, he could torture them *without*

* In September, 1775, three Maltese, included in the "clerical conspiracy" of that year, were strangled in prison *without trial*, by order of the grand master, Ximenes, and their heads afterwards exhibited on pikes.

The Maltese were always subject to the "question." The last code of Rohan, 1784, preserved it; nor was the horrid practice formally abolished till 1813.

trial. He could suspend or change the decision of the judges in civil causes: the judges themselves being removable at pleasure by the council of the "order." The knights were governed by their own regulations; were in no way subject to the "courts" of the island. On one occasion, for example, when a body of young knights broke open the episcopal prison, to release some of their dependents, taken up for insulting the church, the bishop (Pellerano,) could obtain no redress: he was obliged to retire from the city in fear of violence; and, finally, the resentment of the "order," and their influence at Rome, made him resign the bishopric. If a knight murdered an inhabitant, he could not be given up to the secular justice, unless previously deprived of the cross,—seldom, if ever, done.* The highest of the Maltese gentry were as dust in the eyes of the knights; they could not walk on the

* 1789. The Chevalier Mazzacani murdered a young man, of whom he was jealous. The crime was fully attested. Nevertheless the council would not degrade him, with a view to his being proceeded against criminally. It condemned him to twenty years' imprisonment as a knight, from which, as was to be expected, he soon escaped.

Piazza de' Cavalieri (St. George's Place) without permission. They were forbidden to shoot rabbits, the only game on the island.* Their wives and daughters might deem themselves honoured by favourable glances from knights; to be the mistress of a "Bail" was considered no ways improper, even excusable, matrimony being out of the question. If a husband felt scrupulous about the attentions of such a personage, he might expect a passport, with leave to travel. Hence the oriental seclusion of the Maltese ladies, even now-a-days. Maltese birth, in the eyes of a knight, was a stigma. Individuals of all other states, even Swiss republicans, on producing the requisite testimonials, might become members of the "order." Not so the Maltese. If, through the intervention of the Pope, any of them became "Knights of Grace," a special clause precluded them from joining in the election of grand master. No Maltese could hold any post of trust in the island. No Maltese could wear the mitre, (Cagliaris† being the ex-

* At the preserves of Mafra, General Ponsonby, in seven years, killed eleven thousand rabbits.

† During the two hundred-and-seventy years the "order"

ception.) No Maltese could officiate as prior of St. John's (Menville* being the exception.) No Maltese could fill the office of inquisitor. No Maltese could command a galley. No Maltese could rise higher than adjutant in the native regiment, and many examples might be quoted of the impatience displayed by the young knights even at this low rank; in 1778, for instance, De Rohan having rewarded the adjutants with marks of distinction, the officers took umbrage, and proceeded to acts of personal violence against their subalterns. In vain the grand master summoned the council, and enjoined the heads

resided in Malta, Baldassares Cagliaris was the only Maltese bishop. He owed his place to an intrigue of party; but the ill-will of the grand master tended to shorten his days. He built the episcopal palace. His portrait is there.

* The Abbé Menville owed his post to the direct favour of the grand master, De Rohan, to whom he had been auditor. But the innovation nearly caused a revolt. A body of knights followed the new prior to St. John's; and there assailed him with blasphemy and imprecations, *because he was a Maltese*, at the foot of the altar, while chanting the Ambrosian hymn. Similar scenes occurred for weeks, and it required all the address and firmness of De Rohan to restore order.

of the "tongues" to reason with their young men: he could only allay the ferment by resuming the distinctions.

As long as the "order" enjoyed wealth, and Malta, seat of the 'convent,' successor of Jerusalem, of St. Jean d'Acre, of Rhodes, was cherished as a favoured child, the marked supremacy was easily borne with. It might be galling to individuals, but the mass of the people were indifferent. The liberality of their establishments, public or private, counterbalanced the license of the knights, and their haughtiness was endured in consideration of the hospital, corner-stone of the institution, where the poor were clothed in fine linen, served off silver plate, and attended on (on occasions) by knights. Brought from the Holy Land, hospitality survived till the last. The meats carried from the tables of the grand master and from the "hotels" were distributed among the poor. But, mark! what a different scene would have followed a restoration. Instead of being a favoured object on which to lavish supernumerary wealth, Malta would have had to furnish them with the means of subsistence. From being a park, the island would have be-

come a farm. Their despotism, exerted in self-defence, would then have proved odious.

Our pride of caste is probably as marked; our exclusiveness is nearly as complete. But there ends the parallel. No legal distinction separates us from the Maltese. Subjects of the same monarch, we obey the same laws, we owe the same allegiance. The British order of St. Michael and St. George is shared by them with English and Ionians. The same courts of justice are open to us all. They sit at the governor's council-table. The officers of the Maltese fencibles (all natives excepting two) take rank in the British army. The judges are appointed for life. The bishop is a native.

In noticing, however, the blemishes of the "order," and comparing its government with ours, I am actuated by no desire to disparage that noble body—let its vices sleep with its virtues—or to give England credit for acting up to her usual principles. I am only led to do so by a pamphlet, published in London by a Mr. George Mitrovich, a Maltese, and styling himself a faithful subject of the British crown. God defend us from such fidelity, if it be shown.

by calumniating the crown, the government, and the nation! In those few pages, Mr. Mitrovich deliberately accuses us of tyranny and oppression, and of breaking faith with the "Maltese nation." He calls our government of Malta "a horrid system." He asks, "Are not thirty-five years of oppression enough for any people?" Such charges, possessing even the shadow of truth, would come with an ill grace from one of that people emancipated, *under our guidance*, from the thraldom above described—from one of that people rescued by us *thirty-six years ago*, from the band of graceless republicans who plundered their churches,* desecrated their altars, and degraded their priesthood—from one of that people raised by us from a state of vassalage, under a military oligarchy, to a level with the greatest nation on earth. Were it not that Mr. Mitrovich gives himself out as a representative of

* The French plundered the churches of Valette—they plundered the hospital of its silver utensils—they plundered the Monté di Pietá. On attempting to plunder the cathedral at Civita Vecchia, the country people broke into revolt. We supplied them with arms and ammunition.

the Maltese people—were it not that Mr. Ewart, member for Liverpool, has considered him as worthy of faith — were it not that Mr. Martin has quoted him as authority in his History of the British Colonies, his production would be unworthy of an Englishman's notice; who, as being on the spot, knows its value. But error unrefuted may pass for truth. In some future day, the pamphlet may be cited by any note-making traveller as evidence of our misrule. At present, the assertions in it are contradicted by four-fifths of the natives; they are contradicted by every stranger who visits the island from the circumjacent shores; they are contradicted by the subsequent proceedings of the British government. On taking cognizance of the charges, Lord Glenelg wrote to the local government, directing an immediate, the fullest, and most open inquiry into them, as the honour of the British nation was therein concerned. The local government entered fully into the spirit of his lordship's views, and in three days, the following noble proclamation appeared—a document which the British nation might hold up to the world:

"GOVERNMENT NOTICE.

"The acting lieutenant-governor deems it his duty thus publicly to acquaint the inhabitants of these islands, that he has received by the last packet, despatches from his Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, the Lord Glenelg, stating that Mr. George Mitrovich, a native of Malta, had brought under the notice of the colonial department a pamphlet published by him in London, impugning, in the strongest terms, the past and present administration of the government of Malta, and charging the British nation with direct violation of the faith of those treaties under which his Majesty holds the sovereignty of these islands. On the tenor of these accusations his lordship observes, that in many respects they are both circumstantial and specific, admitting of a ready proof, and demanding, if proved, the most serious attention of the ministers of the crown.

"The Secretary of State, previously to the adoption of any ulterior measures which may be necessary for the perfect elucidation of the truth, has deemed it expedient to require from the

officer administering this government, a full report upon the complaints contained in the pamphlet in question; and with that view it was proposed by the Secretary of State to Mr. George Mitrovich in London, that he should return forthwith to Malta, in order to adduce in person, before his Majesty's representative, such proofs and illustrations of the charges stated in his pamphlet as he may possess, or be able to procure. This proposition, however, Mr. Mitrovich thought it fitting to decline; on which, being requested to point out the name of any individuals on whom the local government might call for aid in the investigation which it was ordered to undertake, Mr. Mitrovich has named Mr. Camillo Sceberras, of Valetta, as a person, not only well qualified to give just and impartial information on the grievances stated in the pamphlet, but also to point out such other persons as may be competent to give evidence in that respect.

"Under these circumstances, it has been notified by letter to Mr. Camillo Sceberras, that the acting lieutenant-governor is ready to hold a conference with him, in order to arrange the

manner in which his evidence is to be received, as well as that of all other persons who may come forward on the occasion; the acting lieutenant-governor pledging himself to afford full and prompt attention to whatever testimony may be adduced, whether oral or documentary.

"The object of the present notice is, that the public may be correctly informed of what is passing, in regard to the investigation so necessary to be made of the accusations in Mr. Mitrovich's pamphlet, and which investigation is not only due to the people of Malta, but to the honour of the British nation.

"The local government is extremely anxious to fulfil the important duty devolved on it. The acting lieutenant-governor therefore has assured Mr. Camillo Sceberras, that he cannot render a more essential service to his country, and the government, than by exerting himself, and without delay, in furthering the proposed investigation. And it is hereby solemnly declared, that all witnesses who may be brought forward by Mr. Camillo Sceberras, as well as all other persons who may voluntarily present themselves to give evidence on this occasion, shall receive the

fullest protection as to person, property, rank, office, and reputation.

"Palace, Valetta, 24th Nov. 1835,

"By command of the acting Lieut.-Governor,

"FRED. HANKEY,

"Chief Secretary to Government."

Mr. Sceberras declining to appear, on the ground that fair play would not be shown to him in Malta, and saying the "nation" looked to the House of Commons for redress, the local government proceeded to draw up a report from documental evidence.

The report, I imagine, if brought into the House, would have dumbfounded for ever the knot of Maltese radicals,—by no means representing the "nation,"—and have thrown additional lustre on British honour. Instead of pursuing that course, government sent out, the following year, a mixed commission, to put a certain number of guineas' worth of questions *per diem* on all subjects of complaint, general or individual, and prepare statements accordingly. We are inclined to think that the colonial office adopted

this proceeding as a sly mode of punishment: all the expenses of the commission, direct and incidental, were directed to be defrayed by the local treasury; and the commissioners lost no time in applying the rod to the sensitive part. At all times offering the epitome of a kingdom — with a noblesse, clergy, trade, laws, university, troops, decorations, police, patronage, intrigue, dense population, &c., Malta now exhibited a *revolution parodied.* On the arrival of their supposed liberators from English despotism, the liberals, after prefacing with "'trades' unions'" processions, and illuminations, summoned deputies from each *casal* to state or invent grievances. These resolved themselves into a central committee; holding daily sittings in Valette, in order to concert operations in the 'commission court,' to prepare incendiary speeches for the cafés, to organise popular demonstrations of pleasure or discontent; and to crown the farce, the commissioners acknowledged this self-delegated body—this *imperium in imperio*, by inviting it only of all the public to assist at their deliberations: they also invited the members of the local government to attend, but

the latter could not put themselves on a par with a *jacobin club.* At night, Mr. Mitrovich used to animate the mob, within sound of the main guard, by haranguing on *their English oppressors—on revenge—on the hope of draining their life-blood;* and, lest these topics should fail, he told them he had documents in his bosom to prove that the English aimed at the subversion of the Catholic faith. * Edifying scenes inside a fortress; edifying in particular to Count Matuscewic, then on his way from Barbary to Naples. In his quiet manner he observed jokingly on taking leave; "Well, if the place becomes too hot for you, let me know, I will find a purchaser." One saying of the liberals was, they would prefer Russians for masters. "Indeed!" said his excellency; "they must alter their behaviour then."

In the meanwhile, while the commissioners' report is preparing, let us examine one or two of the said pamphlet's statements, in support of the charge of "arbitrary and despotic government,"

* Fortunately the squadron had just taken pratique: in consequence the trades were actively employed, and a great deal of money was in circulation among the lowest of the populace.

and see if facts bear them out. Arbitrary government in Malta! The words sound ludicrous, for the same reason that the "sublime borders on the ridiculous." Are not domiciliary visits—military licence—arbitrary arrests—packing of juries—influencing of witnesses—prohibition of certain books and papers,—are not these the commonest features of despotism, yet are they ever heard of—dreamt of—in Malta? *Nep-pure per idea!*

1. Mr. Mitrovitch says, "In 1813, Sir Thomas Maitland arrived in Malta, when the last deadly blow was given to the remaining national institutions of the Maltese. Their magistrates, under the name of Giurati, formed a highly respectable board, which had existed for many centuries, and was respected even by the despotic grand masters, as well as by the French; but in 1818 their office was totally abolished, so as to leave no trace of a representative body in the island of Malta."

Some people, as I have remarked, think that Sir T. Maitland would have done wisely to leave in their functions the Giurati: but mark! they were not *representatives*, they were municipal

officers, *always appointed* by consent of the head of the state, *revocable* at will. We are not surprised at the "despotic grand masters" continuing them; every traveller in Turkey knows that municipal bodies are convenient instruments of power.

2. He says, alluding to the English civil officers, "The Maltese formerly occupied all the principal situations in the island, including that of Governor of Gozo."

All the historians of Malta show that knights always filled situations of trust. *A knight* was always *Governor of Gozo:* the Chevalier de Mesgrigny commanded the island when the French took it June 10, 1798.

3. He says "Restrictions on the trade, high quarantine dues and charges, have been established, and no trace of a free port is any longer left."

Two per cent. is the highest duty on foreign manufactures: one per cent. on British manufactures. Articles for transit are exempted from even these low duties, if lodged in the bonded warehouses. Quarantine dues are lower at

Malta *by two-thirds* than in any other port of the Mediterranean.

4. He says, "The university, anciently endowed with sufficient funds for its support, has been rendered mercenary, by imposing on the students a monthly tax, while the revenue has been engrossed by the government."

Whatever changes may have been operated in the details of the establishment, it is a fact, shown by the books, that the British government expends more yearly on the university of Malta than ever the "order" did. The government gives above 1,000*l.* a year to the university, and 250*l.* a year to the public library.

5. He says, "The Maltese, deprived of the blessings of a free press, notwithstanding their repeated supplications for the privilege, had no means of making known their grievances to the British nation, from their own country; while the press being monopolised by the local government, the progress of intellect is check[illegible]d."

The mere fact of the pamphlet I am quoting from, being sold and circulated without *any im-*

pediment in the island, against the government of which it is confessedly a libel, might be taken as sufficient evidence of a free-press. The fact that the "Spectator," and other papers noticed its contents, might be supposed to show that the Maltese have the means—the same as Englishmen—of carrying their complaints to the British nation. There can be no two opinions about the essentials of a free-press. Its freedom cannot lie in the power of individuals to set up presses: for if so, the press is free in Paris: for if so, in any place in England, Scotland, or Ireland, where there may be no printing establishment, the press is shackled. Hitherto no private press has been allowed at Malta, save one for the missionary society; but in every other respect the press is free: the restriction is not the cause why "the progress of intellect is checked." Books in any number, of any denomination, by any author, papers in any language, of any colour, enter the island, and circulate without the slightest censorship. A native may publish what he pleases, (seditious, blasphemous, or anything else,) at Leghorn or Marseilles, and bring it to Malta, without the police

troubling themselves about it. Only one book has been stopped by the British authorities; that book, written against the Catholic religion, was forbidden at the express demand of the bishop. For my part, I would allow the Maltese to have as many presses as they please: I might be sorry on their account; for a paper in a confined society often degenerates into a *chronique scandaleuse*, and a law of libel is impotent where inuendoes are understood and initials are as significant as names,—for we may apprehend a political quarantine in Sicily to exclude liberal strictures on government,—for we may anticipate missionary allusions to the Catholic faith; but the idea of prohibiting presses, as a cautionary measure, while no control is exercised over articles printed elsewhere, is, to use an ordinary simile, "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel."

6. Mr. Mitrovich gives to the indignation of the British nation two tables, one containing the salaries paid to British civil officers, the other, to Maltese *employés*. He makes the former amount to £17,000 a year, the latter to £7,000 a year. No farther sayeth he on the subject of local expenditure; thus leaving his readers to infer that

of the revenue two-thirds are paid to English officers, one-third only to natives. The case stands thus: about £95,000* is raised in Malta; which, after deducting the English salaries, (*spent in Malta,*) goes entirely to Maltese; for all the numerous situations connected with the judicial, the quarantine, and the grain departments, with the charitable institutions, the markets, and the police, are filled by natives. Of this revenue £23,000 are the proceeds of the territorial possessions of the British crown in the island, which, by the custom of absenteeism, might be transmitted to England without giving any legal cause of complaint: the Maltese themselves admit the right of government to sell the property. So that, in fact, the king pays the British officers in Malta from his own resources. In addition to the local revenue being entirely employed in the island, a sum nearly double in amount, drawn immediately from England, is expended there every year by the garrison and ships of war. What other spot in the known world has such advantages? How joyous would Ireland

* Vide Appendix for the revenue and expenditure of Malta.

be if she had the disposal of her own rental! she would not ask England for money besides.

Herein appears the unreasonableness of the Maltese liberals. Not content with England leaving in their island every penny raised—not content with her expending annually £160,000 of her own money—they must also envy the few places held by Englishmen; they call themselves tyrannized over, because the first offices are not theirs. They may find advocates. But, as far as I can judge, leaving reason and justice on one side, though I believe them also to be with us, I distinctly say, and every man of thought in Europe will second me, that it would amount to folly to put natives in the chief situations, unless you appoint a native governor. A governor requires for the support of his dignity and authority, and for the relief of responsibility, a civil aristocracy, a council of his countrymen, which can only be obtained in a colony by six or eight respectable situations embracing the heads of departments. How embarrassed a new governor would be, in critical times, to find himself surrounded by people of whose manners and thoughts he is ignorant! How we should be mocked at if we

endangered a possession by having entrusted an important post to any other than an Englishman! I do not mean to say that the native may not possess sufficient honour; but on this ground we cannot argue: we can only look at the fact of England not being united to him by the great ties of language, customs, laws, and kindred. His island is his home under any government.

A cry has gone abroad, it has reached the House, that our colonial officers are too highly paid. A mistake this of a serious nature. As respectability is measured by the generality of mankind by a pecuniary standard, a man's merit estimated by his purse, so it is fitting to the dignity of Great Britain and consonant with her interests, that the principal officers in all her possessions should be enabled to live on a par with the principal natives. Besides, an injudicious appointment is often made: couple that with slender pay, what would be the result? Some defend high salaries on the principle of their being an allurement to proper men: is it not also requisite to invest the *inefficient* with importance? Opinion is certainly the best instrument of governing; and as that depends

as much on appearance as on character, the former often covering the latter, so no Englishman, in my opinion, should be employed in a foreign possession with an inadequate salary. In Malta, the error lies, not in paying some officers too highly, but in employing too many. Hitherto indigent English gentry have been scarce, one of the reasons why we are so respected; but a number of small ill-paid situations in our Mediterranean settlements is relieving us from the enviable distinction. I do not conscientiously think that one situation is too highly paid. I look not to the individual filling it, but to the appearance he ought to maintain as an officer of the crown; but I see too many places, and our credit would gain, if some of them were reduced, or transferred, on vacancies, to natives.

Still less founded, and infinitely more ludicrous, is the charge Mr. Mitrovich brings against us of *breaking faith* with the "Maltese nation," in reference to the "consiglio popolare" which existed, he says, *before* the time of the "order," and which, having *stipulated to preserve the privileges of the Maltese and continue*

their ancient laws, we ought to have revived. This is making the most of a promise. Is it not going rather far back, three hundred years, for a precedent? Is it not drawing somewhat on our credulity to say that a "consiglio popolare" *under Charles V.* could be any other than a toy or an instrument? We need not, however, discuss thereon, for its nullity was fully proved, and the freedom of the Maltese brought to the test when the Emperor *gave* the island to the order of St. John, with the inhabitants on it *like so many cattle.* The "order" also *gave* Malta to the French: it made "a full absolute and perfect renunciation of the rights of possession, and of property, over the islands of Malta, Gozo, and Cumino," without any stipulation on behalf of the inhabitants, one of whom, deputed to go on board the "Orient," excited the ridicule of Napoleon by demanding the preservation of the rights of his "nation." Two years after, the French made over the island to us, *only* stipulating payment of the debts of the late grand master, guaranteed by them. And two years later, again, we were about to *give* the island to the government of Naples. And then we are taunted with the

"representative rights" and "popular councils" of this four times *given away* "nation!"

"Charged by his Majesty," thus speaks Mr. Cameron in 1801, "to conduct the affairs of the islands of Malta and Gozo, with the title of his Majesty's civil commissioner, I embrace this opportunity of assuring you of the paternal care and affection of the King towards you; and that his Majesty grants you full protection, and the enjoyment of all your dearest rights. He will protect your churches, your holy religion, your persons, and your property. His paternal care extends to the hospitals and other charitable establishments; to the education of youth, to orphans, to the poor, and to all who recur to his beneficence."

Most gratifying is it for an Englishman to be able to affirm—to prove by living and recorded testimony, that each and every one of these pledges have been and are fully acted up to.

* * * * *

While showing facility in acquiring arts, the Maltese are circumscribed in their success. Perfect at the *mediocre*, they rarely attain excellence. They raise spacious edifices, well adapted

to the climate; yet we cannot say that Malta has produced an architect, one who, with these advantages, combines elegance and proportion. Taken as a whole, Valette is admirable—a securely built city, a commodious city, surpassing in regularity and convenience every place of its size; but no one of its parts will court inspection: every street, though, is picturesque, on account of the numerous glazed balconies, supported on carved stone-work, where the fair ones of the isle love to while away the day. The churches are ill-formed, and in many instances grotesque; their mass and heaviness alone make them respectable. Excepting two or three of the 'hotels,' (built by Italians,) and the naval hospital, designed by Colonel Sir George Whitmore, R. E., no building in the island would ornament an album. The Maltese are skilful with the chisel, and plastic trowel; they model good likenesses *en buste;* they carve dexterously in stone; they are tolerably adept at mosaic work—yet it can scarcely be said that Malta has produced a sculptor, inducement though there were in the tombs of the knights. They draw, they paint; taste-

ful frescos ornament the walls and ceilings of their houses; the luxury of the "order" gave encouragement to exertion; students have been maintained at Rome ten years at the expense of the British sovereign—yet Malta has never produced a painter. Look, for proofs of this assertion, round the room of the palace appropriated to the productions of the Maltese pencil. They are very fond of music: music is heard morning and evening; music welcomes the coming, speeds the parting guest; music is a component of every party of pleasure—yet Malta has never produced a musician. They enjoy the advantage of an Italian opera three-fourths of the year, equal in resources to many of the houses in Italy—yet Malta can only boast of one composer, (of vaudevilles,) and not one singer, all favourable though the air be to the developement of nightingales' throats.

In other branches, superiority is equally absent. With a climate inducing starlight-meditation, and long deprived of the active pursuits of life, the Maltese gentry might have sought in literature excitement and fame: they might, like the Italians, have sung of liberty

and glory the more feelingly for having remained so long without either. But no: save an occasional elegy on a governor, a sonnet to a mistress, an ode to friendship, a pamphlet on plague, a treatise on silk-worms, we have scarcely anything from the pen of a Maltese. Nor are they distinguished in the walks of science: with every house an observatory, and a clear, unclouded sky, what a field for astronomy! * Even the actions of the distinguished "order" whose influence is visible on every rock, on every stone, are negligently recorded: for want of notices of them, we know the Burmese nearly as well as the Knights of Malta.† The knights

The grand Master de Rohan erected an observatory in 1789, on his own palace, provided it with instruments, &c., and one of the knights, M. d'Angost, was no mean observer Unfortunately, lightning destroyed the building shortly after its completion.

† The learned canon, Doctor Panzavecchia, has recently published, in the island, an interesting account of the reigns of the three last grand masters. He would have written more, he informs us, but sickness prevented him. The professed object of his work is to "rilevare" the Maltese nation; but unluckily, by an injudicious management of his colours, he has produced an opposite effect.

themselves were not learned, or expected to be so; one of their statutes provided that the chancellor of the "order" should be able to write.

Whence this feature? Regarding literature, some argue on the defect of language—Maltese (dialect of Arabic) being unwritten. But that is futile; the better classes are often educated *in Italy*, and Italian, I know, is spoken in some houses with a purity seldom heard out of Rome and Tuscany. Other countries also have the same disadvantage in point of language. Alfieri lamented it; yet *he wrote*. Piedmont likewise gave birth and education to Silvio Pellico.

The cause, some think, lies deeper. May it not, we would hint with all deference, as a point in the history of man, lie in African or Moorish origin? Is not the remarkable difference between the Italian and the Sicilian an example in point? Let none be offended. We deem it fairer to indicate the national peculiarity, leaving exceptions, and there are bright ones in Malta, to be inferred, than to paint individuals à la Trollope, à la Pückler Muskau, and generalise,

or let be generalised, therefrom. The Maltese has the countenance of the Egyptian, almost his tint; his sobriety, his quiet endurance of ill, the same restless eye, the low forehead, and the spare form. Yet there is beauty: the attributes of southern blood—the soft clear skin—the delicately turned limbs—the eloquent looks—the graceful demeanour, when joined to a chaster style of features, produce beauty. And there are women in Valette on whom the eye may rest untired—at whose aspect Fancy may droop her wing. More than one youth has needed the stern mentor "discipline" to drag him away from a modern Calypso. May they never leave off the bewitching *faldette!* may they never be seduced by fashion to adopt the unbecoming bonnet!

Many persons may question the effect of African blood. Many believe that the spirit of God beams alike under any colour. May they be right! But the fact, coeval with our world's history, of the dark man ever obeying his white fellow-creature, ought, if duly considered, to induce conviction of the contrary. The broad and visible distinction between the crisp-haired

negro and the high fronted European may be passed over; the two species will not bear comparison: but observe the modification of form through the various races of Africa and Asia, till we arrive at the native of Europe, and a parallel elevation in the mental structure is apparent. The Barbary states have in our own era been civilised, or instructed, or tamed, according to the genius of the Roman patrician, or of the christian bishop, or of the Arabian zealot; but what records native pre-eminence? Their remains are Roman or Arabian. Carthage cannot be adduced in their favour: as well may the Hindoo, in after times, assume the credit of *our* marvellous work, as the glory of the Phœnician colony be ascribed to the African. Egypt has occupied a prominent place in the world's annals, but what can she show to indicate the presence of intellect? What are her pyramids save creations of brute force: raised for no purpose but to excite wonder, directed to no object but that of rivalling time. Her statues! what are they if not gigantic caricatures of the human-form? Her paintings!* are they not representations

* This may seem at variance with a recent work of cele-

such as we might slide through a magic lanthorn? But the irrigation of the country, by canals from the Nile! True, that is admirable; but when the question of subsistence arises, is not equal instinct shown by the bee, by the ant, by the beaver? Let us go a step higher. Let us go to the tawny races of Asia. What do we see? Man revolving in the same circle he revolved in three-thousand years ago: still the same spectacle of despotism and submission; arts in the same degree of forwardness; thought running in the same channel; no feeling of patriotism save attachment to the soil, no sense of nationality save an unison of submission to the master of the day. Even the wild and ardent bands who issued from Arabia, under the banner of the prophet—so bold their flight, so transcendent their energy, one might have fancied them led

brity. But we believe the unenthusiastic will look in vain for the originals of Champollion's designs on the walls of Luksoor. That distinguished individual brought a poetic mind and a classic fancy to aid his pencil. They rendered him unjust. Because he saw delineated a battle-piece, with battlements, and a river, and a victor's brutal triumph—all common features in every battle of antiquity—he must stamp Homer as a plagiarist.

on by the "pillar of flame," soon paused in the march of intellect. With the same impetus as they achieved the circle of their conquests, they attained the apex of their learning. For a while they remained poised; then as rapidly sunk. Only differing—the Arabian monarchy from the elder Asiatic dynasties, by a "divine right" in certain families, which, acting as a bar to civil strife, ensured greater durability, we still see no trace of institutions founded on a knowledge of the working of man's passions, the only ones capable of resisting the shock of ages. The nearest approach to such is seen in the Turkish monarchy. Yet *it*, after five centuries, half of England's career, dating from Alfred the Great's reign, has exhausted every element of power and stands as a sapped tower, ready to fall with the first northern blast: the rise of which, however, was so intimately connected with the fall of the Greek empire, its consolidation dependent thereon, that we may not err in tracing many of its civil and feudal regulations (fallen into disuse) to Italian origin.

Climate and institutions will, no doubt, modify the diversities of human nature—soften

down the asperities of contrast,—but scarcely so much so as to reconcile in one mould the various forms of it scattered over the globe, and reduce them, without supposing a subsequent disposition of Providence, to one common origin. As easy to trace one language by comparing the sounds in utterance by the human tongue. Change of position and example will affect man to a certain degree; only though, I apprehend, superficially, —not radically. His pursuits may differ *in toto*; but on near examination we shall perceive his nature unchanged. The original soil remains, but other fruits or weeds flourish equally vigorous. History may celebrate a particular nation for its statesmen and orators: visit the country in other days, after the lapse of centuries of oblivion, you will trace no vestiges of that renown; but, on looking attentively, no want of talent, of the same species of talent, is apparent: you see her sons equally skilful in the labyrinths of trade, in the arts of sycophancy. Her warriors and her mariners no longer exist; but you find them replaced by brigands and pirates. Under all forms, I should say, depressed or exalted, in every climate, the original *animus* of a

people may be recognised, only showing itself under a different aspect. If talented once, they will still be clever; if warlike once, they will still be enterprising; if enthusiastic once, they will still be visionary; if learned once, they will still be lettered; if free once, they will still be *frondeurs*. See the Greek on the sultry plains of Asia Minor, or on the wintry shores of the Euxine, stricken by the paralysing wand of the Ottoman, or chastened by the iron sceptre of the Muscovite: is there not visible the same restlessness, the same vanity, the same hungering after notoriety, which distinguished him in former days, and pre-eminently mark him now? Institutions have no effect on *his* nature. And among the races of Asia and Africa, man retains the same spirit, the same manners, which always characterised him; the same indolence, the same submission to fate (among Mussulmans,) to divine will (among Christians,) the same carelessness of improvement, the same recklessness of consequences appear, and form a striking comparison with the unsatisfied, craving spirit of the European.

Japhet must have been the genius of his family.

CHAPTER V.

Evolutions—Greece—Gunnery—Nauplia—Greeks—The Armanspergs—Mosque—Otho—Levee—Mavrocordato—Review—Uniforms—Canaris—Order of the Sauveur—Colocotroni—Trial—Crown advocate—Refractory judge—Juries—Proselytism—Turkish rule—Pouqueville—Levant company—Grecian commercial prosperity—Actual prospects.

TALKING of Malta, I find I have anticipated time. I seem to forget our arrival in the spring of 1834. Bear with me, courteous reader: it is only a chapter or two out of place.

Hark! from the Archipelago, "demonstration" winds her horn, and summons us away from balls and the opera. This time we imagine it war's trumpet—so like the strain. Many of our Maltese domestics, in consequence, yield to their

wives' fears, and solicit their discharges. But those quavering notes, that dying cadence, were not again to be mistaken. Soon, too soon, our ears became accustomed to the tantalizing sound.

We sail—we cross the narrow sea with pleasant weather. We coquet with wind and time, and employ several days in evolutionising.

We reproduce the manœuvres of April 12th, and of October 21st; we practise Cornwallis' retreat; we chase to windward; we form the lines of bearing and sailing—each variety of naval science familiar to our gallant chief. Admirable then and thenceforwards in the eyes of all concerned were his indefatigableness and consideration for rank in re-instructing those whose right hands might perchance have somewhat forgotten their cunning. The result appeared after a while in as perfect a squadron as ever sailed under the English flag—the pride of every anchorage which it frequented, and the admiration, perhaps mingled with envy, of every foreigner who beheld it.

In the evenings, we often sailed side by side, listening to the different bands, as they seemed to reply one to the other: at times, while the ships closed round the "flag" to receive on board

their respective captains, after dinner, we might hold intercourse with our friends on the adjoining poops. The amusement favoured the display of skill. Occasionally we might approach too close: I remember one afternoon, off Scio, another three-decker thus intent, becalmed herself under our lee, and came up alongside. No art could have prevented the contact. With any swell on, the huge fabrics would have torn each other in pieces. Heartily tired of Vourlah, some of our men between decks whispered, expecting to see a crash, "Now for Malta!" Fortunately, the water was like a mirror, and they separated without doing more damage than staving a quarter boat, and scraping paint off two or three lower-deck ports.

Thus, a sea-life may be enjoyed: balmy weather, mild days, glittering nights, with books, company, and music. The sense of pleasure, though, in some, is chilled, deadened, by the absence of the sweetest element of society—life's magnetic influence.

After ten days, at sunset May 13th, we hail another shore. Dark and rugged, sterile and inhospitable appeareth it; of a stern cha-

racter, as befits the renown of the Spartan; of a wild aspect, as becomes the Mainote's abode. Without a tree, with scarcely a spot of verdure, its villages more resembling scattered heaps of stones than human dwellings, one may yet gaze on the shores of Greece with pleasure, one may deem them beautiful. The climate beneath whose influence our species received its highest polish, the atmosphere so transparent, you almost fancy your eyes pierce through it to heaven, are the silent but expressive causes; they heighten our perceptions of the ideal, they invest inanimate nature with refinement: and when the stars come out in gay multitudes, and the moon is sailing in mid-air,—how could ever her form have been mistaken *in these climes!*—the calm attitude of the peaked snowy hills soaring, unconfined by mists, unsullied by a cloud, in the pure, thin element,—the sculptured chasteness of their outlines, make Greece appear the same she was when nature moulded her into form, and designed her as an arena on which to exhibit man for angels' amusement; exhibit him as an epitome of his race—the world's admiration commanding or by the world forgotten,—by

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turns its marvel and its scorn, its master and its pupil, its model and its jest; for there he moved in a godlike sphere, yet longer crawled in degradation's paths; for there he worshipped freedom with frantic ardour, yet hugged as smilingly the bonds of slavery; for there the vows breathed to Jupiter and Minerva are offered up,—less poetically, but not with less devotion, at Mary's shrine; while the language, wonderful preservation, as if an eternal witness against man's free agency, has recorded every change; it sung the flight of the Persian, it sneered at the Macedonian's victories; it warmed the sophist, it flattered the Osmanley;—still remains, connecting link between Troy's conquerors and the modern Klepht.

We approach the coast; we employ a day with baffling winds in getting through, between Cerigo and the main; so baffling that some of our ships were seen standing with their heads the same way within half a mile of each other, with their yards braced up, on opposite tacks, to a fresh breeze.

The capital of the island, St. Nicholas, where we have an officer and a few men, is on the south

side. Having no port, Cerigo is useless to us, and its distance from Zante renders it an encumbrance rather than otherwise to the Ionian state.

The following afternoon, while we lay becalmed off Falconera, echo announced our arrival to the isles, by taking up and transmitting the reports of our broadsides. Target after target sunk, and the precision of our fire increased the hope already entertained of proving its effect on the castles of the Hellespont.

Thanks to "excellent" gunnery, and Douglas's locks, and Miller's sights, we shall make shorter work of it next war; unless the surprising difference between pistol gallery-shooting and duelling exist on a large scale. We will not think so; and in virtue thereof our metal might be cast considerably lighter, to the relief of the vessels. But, as all nations have those advantages, the game will still be equal. True: but, we may give ourselves superiority, out of their attainment, by increasing the "practice" allowance of powder and ball. The allowance now is liberal; but why not double it? Why deprive ourselves, for a trifling economy, of the

inestimable advantage of opening a war with our ships one-third more efficient? Why make it necessary to employ six months in training a crew, when three months with ampler means would suffice? Neither, I assert, is economy attained by it, except in appearance; for as the materials are of home manufacture, the greater consumption of them, the more profit to the nation.

A light breeze next carried us up the deep and beautiful gulf of Argos. We reached the head of it after dark, and anchored under the Palamithe, so celebrated in modern annals, as the refuge of Greece's hope, the stronghold of her independence; so tamely won, so sadly lost; seven starving Mussulman gunners at length remaining to scare away the Grecian beseigers from its undefended gates. A shot from it, in 1827, when held by the traitor Grievas, struck mortally the last of the Washingtons, engaged as a Philhellenist, and directing an opposite battery on the *utch-kaleh*. Carried on board H. M. S. Asia, the young man there breathed his last in curses on his country.

If, on landing and recovering from the de-

ceiving effect of prepossessions, we ventured to express surprise at the filthy, ruinous state of Nauplia, we received the everlasting answer, "Poor souls! consider what they have suffered by the revolution." If we observed that twelve years had elapsed since the Turks left the place, seven years since their independence was secured, eighteen months since King Otho arrived, we still heard the same chorus—and "Poor souls! you must give them time." Poor souls, indeed! Time tells fearfully against them.

The fountains of the city, many of them elegant, solace of the weary, property of the poor, monuments as honourable as temples and statues, were destroyed or disfigured, because—raised by Mussulmans. Changes also befel the mosques. Used, in the first stage of the revolution, as the hall of the national assembly, the French, on occupying the city, converted the principal one into a ball-room. So it remained till the arrival of the king, when a third transformation befel it—into a court of law. If Turks dedicate churches to Mohammed and reverse old columns, we style them ruthless barbarians!

Yet so inherent in us is the love of freedom, so

delightful the aspect of it, that we overlooked many specks on seeing the long-haired, spider-waisted Greeks strutting in all the vanity of independence on the promenade by the fountain of Canathus. We observed the Moreotes in general adopt the Albanian costume, for its elegance, in preference to their own. The Albanians will not thank them; for if the Albanians particularly dislike one class of beings, the Greeks are the one.

Why was Nauplia abandoned? Answer that, ye who were concerned in that migration. We fully agreed with Mr. Waddington's remarks in considering Nauplia better adapted for the capital than Athens. The expense of a new city, and the transfer of population, for Hellas rejoices in no surplus mouths, ought, in our opinion, to say the least, to have marked the step as premature. Nauplia possessed three advantages: one, a spacious port; two, an impregnable fortress; three, a town ready built; crazy enough I allow, but capable of improvement. Unhealthiness and circumscribedness were urged on the other side. Draining and cultivating the plain would

have remedied the former evil, surpassed twenty fold, as people have *since* discovered, by the accursed fevers of Athens; and the latter admitted of increase at will by razing the Venetian lion-tokened fortifications, which are unnecessary, as the Palamithe commands the town, and building out under the hill.

Numerous cafés, billiard-rooms, raki shops, and other resorts* gave evidence of a new state of existence in Greece, indifferently set off by any of the purer signs of civilisation. Some driving and riding were practised on the only road, extending three or four miles; Otho drove his own pheaeton, *à l'anglaise.* The diplomatists dined each other occasionally; and a weekly *soirée* at the countess Armansperg's collected the fashion and rank of the place. Her daughters were a valuable present to Greece. In manners and accomplishments of course unrivalled, in beauty, too, surpassing the natives, these amiable young ladies, I mean the two eldest, gave their hands afterwards to the brothers Cantacuzene,

* Under the Mussulman rule, certain places were of course unknown.

sons of the prince of that name. Consanguinity offering some scruple on the double union, inclination and religion were ingeniously conciliated by the couples going to different churches, and having the knot tied at the same moment. Each priest stood ready with the word—proffered it in the same breath; so neither brother could be said to espouse a sister-in-law.* Some tolerable shops in the town displayed French and English wares, but the Greeks in general seemed more partial to the Turkish mode of arranging and selling. Flattery was apparent in the names of some of the streets: Heidecker-street, Maurer-street, &c., offended the eye; a Byron-street would have read more consonant with justice. On one side of the square resided the king, in a respectable-looking dwelling-house; opposite to it was the main guard; by the door, a chained lioness. His Hellenic majesty greeted the arrival of the British squadron in his waters, and admitted the admiral and officers to an audience soon afterwards. Fully arrayed in scarlet and blue, with swords and cocked-hats, the latter arti-

* Unhappily, one of the brides died a few months after marriage.

cle an invention of Boreas, one might fancy, we made a capital show, walking through the streets, for the Naupliotes. We nearly filled the palace. Duly anti-roomed, and bowed at, and talked to by secretaries and aides-de-camp, we had leisure to renew acquaintances and make others while his majesty went through the form of keeping people waiting. Among Easterns the form has a motive; it enables the ladies of the harem to look through masked lattices at the strangers, and no gentleman would object to gratify a lady's reasonable curiosity; but in the west, we ejaculate why? wherefore? For my part, speaking with due submission, I cannot understand the monarch of a new state consenting to environ his person with the trappings of royalty, the miseries of etiquette, when such avowedly have lost the effect originally intended. In old countries it may be inconvenient to dispense with them, on various accounts, although every royal personage in the present day must consider them especial bores. To create such a source of annoyance savours of indiscretion. In Otho's place I would have taken Pericles for my model: a private gentleman for himself, a prince for his

country; an economist at home, a spendthrift on the state; banqueted daily on praise, interred at last by fame. But could he find the inspiring essence, an Aspasia (in mind)? or could an Aspasia make *him* a Pericles? Perhaps! What sayest thou, fair scion of the house of Oldenburgh! Poor Otho! alone he might have done better. But he came to Greece encumbered by a machine called a regency, to which was afterwards added an ambulating guillotine. My readers may smile at the importation of this specimen of French art; nevertheless true. A mistake: because of all old fashions, people love that which relates to going out of the world. We like French wines, French millinery, French cards, but I cannot think we shall ever ask for the guillotine. Used to the sabre and the bowstring, the Greek would also have dispensed with the revolting innovation. And his advisers thought to govern the quickwitted, satirical Greeks, who scent folly, and banter open-eyed simplicity, with German prejudices and antiquated notions. And, admirable consistency, they left them a free press; as if anything but disorder could result from the operation of such combined causes. Stu-

pidity may, and does, reign successfully; man can adapt himself to it; but its acts must not be scrutinised. Mavrocordato should have taught them another lesson; but then the "prince," the *Turkish title* so sensitively preserved,* might not have slid into the post of "Minister of the Interior," holding also the portfolio of the marine, a few brigs and schooners.) How different he appeared from the Mavrocordato we saw during the Revolution. Spare, intellectual, lank-haired, dressed in a thread-bare coat once black, he then looked respectable; now, fat, comely, a well-curled wig on, and habited in light blue and silver, nothing of his former self remained save the spectacles—save the Fanariote look.

He ushered us into the adjoining room, where

* The Greeks (usually chosen from particular families) appointed by the Porte to the hospodarships of Moldavia and Wallachia, and to the posts of dragoman of the Porte and of the fleet, were styled *Bey*. This was translated by Greek vanity into *Prince:* madam became princess, and the title remained hereditary in the Fanar. One might have thought they would have dropped a title *so acquired* in Greece: but no; there it becomes more valuable; for there the individual is highnessed, and takes precedence, in virtue of it, in European society.

stood the young sovereign before a canopied chair, styled a throne, on either side of which hung portraits of his father and mother. Nothing in his good-humoured countenance bespoke his lineage. Tall and slim, his manners were courteous, too much so for a people who, from previous habits, are inclined to mistake civility for submission. An earnest desire to please appeared his characteristic. Being a minor, the odium of government therefore resting with the regency, it was easy for him to be thought amiable. To us, in the long interview which followed, he made himself particularly so. Unluckily his majesty, notwithstanding rather an ungraceful utterance, which will wear off with age, thought proper to address every person. What he said is of little consequence. The room was small, reduced to half the size by the said throne; and his majesty, by bowing incessantly *a l'Allemande*, doing the polite to the principal personages, soon contrived to hem the remainder within the precincts of a window recess. The day was particularly hot. Thence they were extracted, one by one, by the secretary, who handed them over to the ad-

miral, who introduced them. At first it was embarrassing to us who were looking on out of the corner; but community of honour soon changed the feeling, and scarcely one could restrain laughter, scarcely the patient, as the admiral continued to repeat, "*Ce monsieur ci ne parle pas Français, ou très-peu*," while the king, disappointed in the effect of his speech, reiterated, again and again, his regret at not having made *la belle langue Anglaise* his peculiar study. He became exceedingly annoyed, floundered deeper in interrogatories about Portsmouth and London, steamboats and aldermen, and soon, no doubt, wished *la belle langue Anglaise*, with *les beaux Messieurs Anglais*—for we all strutted as *beaux* as gold lace could make us, on the top of Mount Parnassus. The scene relaxed the rigid lips of Mavrocordato.

His majesty returned the visit on board the Caledonia, accompanied by a numerous suite, among whom we remarked young Botzaris, son of the celebrated Marco Botzaris, killed at Karpenissi. Taken care of by the royal Philhellenist, and educated at Munich, the young man revisited his native country as Otho's aide-de-

camp. By means of the band, and the fine body of marines, and the commander-in-chief's hospitality, the young king enjoyed himself amazingly; probably one of his pleasantest days since leaving Germany. The Bavarians were delighted with the ships. Could they help it? To any one, but more especially to the natives of an inshore country, what is so admirable as an English first-rate? The union of strength and comfort! the harmony of luxury and warlike array! the reconcilement of spotless cleanliness with the dirtiest materials!

A few days afterwards he gave us an opportunity of seeing him again under other circumstances; on the occasion of presenting their colours to the Greek regiments. The ceremony took place on the artillery-ground, as they were pleased to designate a spot which owed all its advantages to nature. The site, of course, was picturesque: with plain, and crags, and ruins, and water, and mountains, it could not be otherwise. Beside us rose one of those curiously shaped masses of naked rock which are peculiar to Greece; not ungraceful, but singular by their marked contrast with the fertile plain they

grow from. We included Argos and its Acropolis in the picture. On our left towered the high and beetling browed Palamithe. Before us, on the waters of Napoli, shining unruffled by a breath of air, lay our ships dressed in their bunting finery. Two pavilions occupied the centre of the ground. In one, the nascent government of Greece offered an Arabian night transformation to those who could trace some of the actors through the revolution. The other pavilion shaded Madame Gropius, the corps diplomatique, and our admiral. By the colours, laid on a table between the tents, stood Monseigneur the Bishop of Nauplia, richly habited, with a brass thing on his head resembling Mambrino's helmet: so hot the sun, so fiery the article, we feared for the good man's brains. He blessed the emblems, he prayed over them: then the ministers of state and the diplomatists took a hammer by turns and tapped on the nails: Sir Josias Rowley also assisted to nail the colours to the mast. The troops, about six hundred strong, representing the army, then fired three volleys.

The scene was eloquent; sadness overcast it, but it conveyed much meaning. It spoke a tale

of the government,—of its want of tact. It might have proved a lesson; it would perhaps have been read by them as by us, had not self-importance engrossed their thoughts. Truly painful was it to Greece's friends, for we might notice therein great results working out of trifles, to see Otho and his ministers and his troops in the garb of foreigners. Poor, paltry, and puerile, seemed their plumes and their epaulettes, and their silver-bedizened coats, beside the graceful national garb—that garb hallowed by time and consecrated by victory. How different a reception, we felt, would have hailed the youthful monarch had he appeared dressed as a Palikare. What a burst of enthusiasm from his picturesque subjects would have rent the air! As it was, not the whisper of a solitary cheer broke the impressive silence. Though all was present to excite a Greek—music, parade, religious pomp, and a splendid day—though the rocks lining the road from the city to the ground were festooned with living groups, no cap waved, no tongue said "prosper." How different was the scene eighteen months previous, when he landed from the "Madagascar!" Nauplia pouring forth

her population in smiles and hope, to greet their monarch, and the Grecian youth running breast-deep into the water to touch his barge, as it approached the shore. Otho appeared that day more like a military chief in a conquered country, than an accepted ruler in the midst of his people.

True policy—so obvious, we can only wonder why it was overlooked—should have made the Regency engraft itself and king on the Greeks, rather than attempt to *Germanise* the latter. The force of this argument may not be apparent to all. Western nations may not feel the value of appearances: they may smile, and deem them puerilities unworthy of the care of government: though I would ask such to fancy the appearance of their own sovereign and his court dressed as aliens,—to imagine the effect on the spectators. An objection to the Greek dress lies, it is said, in the expense. Expense! Nations usually end their career by splitting on the fatal rock, false economy; if one strikes on it when leaving harbour, she had better "up helm" at once.—Expense! is not good-will cheap at any cost? Vanity is the high road to

a Greek's heart; *peacock-ize* him, *flamingo-ize* him, and he will like you the better. See his fondness for Turkish robes! If an army must be had, is it not wisdom, is it not real economy, to render it popular? The Greeks have yet to be broken into regular service: would you do that, by making the first step—into a German uniform bitterness? Capo d'Istria gave *his* soldiers the *camise*, and the embroidered, shape-displaying jacket. Read Froissart, to see the pains taken to conciliate the first disciplined troops: their caprices were humoured: their vices were indulged. Canaris' appearance in a gold-laced hat and trousers, truly exemplified the mockery. It was a thoughtless caricature. We all knew him in the dress of his fame, in the simple Ipsariote attire, in which he blew up the Capitan Pasha in the Scio channel, performing also other feats, which made his name a word for cowardice to hate; and we scarcely recognised him in his German masquerade. Similar ideas seemed to occupy the brave fellow's mind. We found him still more displeased at his own appearance two years afterwards at Patras, with the tiny cross of the "Sauveur" at his button.

He felt that degradation. How was *he* forgotten, when many who never fought for Greece, or scarcely ever saw her, obtained the grand cross? He who had saved Greece! Ay, *saved* her,—for the panic occasioned by his brulots scared the Turkish fleet from the gulf of Napoli, in 1822. Had it relieved Nauplia by sea, in accordance with the plan of the Divan, Drama Ali's army would have been saved, and Greece overrun with fire and sword *that very year.* Many bled for Greece; many inflicted severe blows on the Ottoman; but no one except Canaris (perhaps Colocotroni) can point to his actions, and say, "Without these my country was lost." Profusely has the Bavarian government of Greece distributed "Sauveur" decorations of a large class: blind-folded it would seem, or one must have fallen on Canaris' breast.—A gentleman of my acquaintance obtained a *similar* decoration, because—he had *sauté'd* a Turkish first-rate? because—he had caused the destruction of a Turkish army?—no; but because he exulted in the title of nephew to an accomplished diplomatist, whose opinions coincided with Count Armansperg's.

Canaris, on leaving the Caledonia, sailed in his corvette, convoying a few hundreds of Bavarian troops, for Maina—the haughty, the unsubdued, the last of Sparta, then in revolt on account of a requisition to destroy her strongholds and give up her arms. Infatuation alone could suppose that the Mainotes, who had preserved their mountain freedom for centuries, scorning the anathemas of the emperors, and resisting the Ottoman in the zenith of his power, would yield their household gods quietly. Such was supposed: such was acted on. The result was shameful defeat among the defiles of Taygetus, and barbarous mutilation of the prisoners—and all Greece rejoiced. Instinct should have cautioned the regency not to apply similar rules to all parts of the country, not to attempt to fashion the Attican and the Mainote on the same mould: or at least to wait till it had acquired force. Were not, besides, the chiefs of Maina its earliest friends, the opponents of Capo d'Istria's party? Did *they* not counterpoise the faction of the Colocotronis?

Colocotroni, with Colioupolis, was then undergoing his trial, in the aforesaid thrice trans-

formed mosque, on a charge of high-treason. Deprived of power, by the change of parties, he had conspired, with his companion at the bar, with Theodore Grievas, and with other Capitani, to reduce the regency by the exclusion of MM. Heideck and Maurer; then to invest Otho with supreme power, and trust to his inexperience to be guided by him afterwards. He aimed, however, at proceeding constitutionally. To this end, having seduced the first interpreter of the Regency, he framed a petition to the King of Bavaria, in which he ascribed the discontent of the people to the expense of the regency, and prayed his majesty to take measures for giving the reins of government to his son at once. There began and ended the plot. Some attribute the discovery of it to a letter intercepted from the interpreter; others aver that Constantine Botzaris betrayed it. Be this as it might, the police arrested Colocotroni one fine morning, and lodged him, with twenty of his accomplices, in the Palamithe.* Enveloped at last in the toils, the old

* Colocotroni, as son and grandson of Klephts, was a prominent character at the commencement of the revolu-

Klepht presented an interesting spectacle, and excited most anxious attention throughout the crowded court. He sat on one chair, and crossed his legs on another; his youngest son sat behind; his fellow-prisoner, Colioupolis, sat beside him. We seldom look at a remarkable person, especially if in misfortune, without thinking we detect the man in the countenance; but Colocotroni would only be pronounced a well-looking man, with energy and decision: his manners calm, collected, and mild; in all respects different from the pictures usually drawn of him—having been likened by one traveller to a "sharp grey rock," by another traveller to a "Hercules with a bull's head." Nothing in his features betrayed cruelty; nor, it may be observed, does that quality often show itself. Conscience may certainly affect a person visibly;

tion. He earliest took the field, kept it with most perseverance, and no man was more injurious to the Turks. By the fruits of his exploits, particularly at the sack of Tripolitza, he became very rich. He was born at Karytena. He was once a serjeant in the Greek corps in our pay. He has two sons; the eldest a capitano; the youngest was educated at Paris, and returned to Greece in 1832.

but cruelty and oppression may be practised on conscientious motives, and then of course the brow remains placid. Colocotroni, with all his faults, has the merit of honesty of principle. He never pretended to adore liberty as a goddess, or to make short work of a rival for an abstract motive; but he admired the one and practised the other, as a means to extend his personal influence, and as a service which paid well. There is no deception about the man: finger on the trigger, and thought on the tongue, appear to have been his motto. One can hardly fancy, viewing his life of toil and enterprise, his being so much of an Athenian as to dye his locks, as we are led to infer from the different appearance he presented, when in confinement at Hydra, 1825, to Count Pecchio and to Mr. Emerson; the former gentleman painting him "grey," the latter filling up his picture with "raven black hair." After the prisoners, the crown advocate, Mr. Masson, (of Scotland,) figured as the most remarkable person in court. Originally, in Greece, Lord Cochrane's secretary, Mr. Masson, on his lordship's return home, remained in the country, and studied the language and laws

thoroughly. Opposed to the Capo d'Istrias, he hailed the prospect of a branch of royalty, and lent his aid to favour the quiet entry of the Regency; who, finding in him abilities equal to the task, and supposing the impartiality, which it would be idle to expect in a native, were glad to retain him. No sight scarcely more surprised or pleased us. His quiet, earnest, argumentative mode, pleaded well beside the frothy, energetic, gesticulating declamation of his adversaries. One might see the prisoner's friends wince under the Old Bailey tact and preciseness with which he cross-examined a witness, or laid down a point of law. A slight tone of the accent as taught in our schools affected his *romaic*. I thought the sound improved, and many of the audience near me seemed of that opinion: they expressed astonishment at his proficiency in their language. Looking at our countryman as he poured forth Grecian eloquence; hearing a Briton conduct an important cause in the face of assembled Greece; surpassing the natives in legal knowledge, and equalling them in purity of style, could we escape an involuntary association with former times?—not wholly preposterous, yet—how flattering!

In the end, Colocotroni, notwithstanding the efforts of zealous counsel, the favourable testimony of one hundred and thirty witnesses, and the sympathies of the audience, was condemned to death by three of the five judges, which sentence the government, in its clemency, and in consideration of the past services of the prisoner —services recognised by all Greece—commuted to twenty years' imprisonment.—Pleasant prospect! gentle clemency! great consideration! for a man sixty years of age. As the verdict, however, was at variance with the opinion of the president of the court, M. Polyzoides, he refused to read the sentence, or even to hear it read, either one form or the other being necessary to give it validity; and quitting the bench, he left the hall, followed by his colleague M. Terzetti, who had also voted for Colocotroni's acquittal. The spectators cheered, and the prisoners' countenances brightened. As the two judges obstinately refused to return and act against the dictates of their consciences, recourse was had to the usual clue in state labyrinths—the military. Brought back into court, the avenues of which were also occupied by a detachment, MM. Polyzoides and

Terzetti were forcibly retained in their places, while the registrar read the sentence, to the edification of all present. It was then declared a proper instrument, and Colocotroni marched off to the Palamithe.*

So much for Grecian legal forms. They talk of establishing trial by jury; the Greeks will decidedly be losers thereby, because a jury, in being easily mystified, offers little protection against able perjury, Well paid, independent judges, with open courts, are the best shields of innocence in countries where the practice of juries has not grown with their growth. The warmest admirers of the Greeks, by way of accounting for sundry faults, say, "What can be expected after four centuries of the Ottoman rule;" by which is conveyed, that the Greeks necessarily imbibed their masters' vices. † Admitting this

* On the king's coming of age he received a pardon.

† The Greeks, in the opinion of some, have a peculiar knack at this. Lord N——, in his first proclamation to the Ionians, informed them that *their virtues were their own, their vices those of their masters.* Which of their masters his excellency meant, whether the Venetians or the English, I do not know; but the Corfuyotes chose to interpret the sentence in *our favour.*

—nowhere, perhaps, has corruption in Turkey been more hideously displayed than in the Mekhemés, (courts of law,) where justice is sold to the highest bidder, and witnesses stand, almost within sight and sound of the mollah's cushions, ready with their stock in trade—their consciences. As the Greeks possessed a monopoly of the intrigues and commerce of the empire, we cannot suppose, however bright their virtues, that they had firmness to keep aloof from this branch of trade.

People usually express surprise that the Greek has not degraded *more* under the Ottoman government; but any one who examines the subject will admit that the fact of the Turk being still *less* affected by so perverse a rule, takes off materially from his merit. The Greek has ever had his religion, his language, his recollections, and the sympathy of Europe to uphold him; schools and an extensive commerce. The Turk enjoyed few of these advantages. His faith taught him to kiss the hand which oppressed him; his language (by its difficulty) checked improvement; he despised trade: yet is he hospitable, sober, charitable; a peaceable citizen,

and an indulgent master. Much praise also is given to the Greeks for having adhered to their religion, notwithstanding the advantages which proselytism offered. Give them all credit; let us not analyse the feeling which induces man to cling to an oppressed cause, which has, in all ages, in all climes, caused the stake and the dungeon to be preferred to the mitre and the coronet; but let us be just, and, while extolling the Greeks, let us not fancy them pre-eminently distinguished, but let us point to the Catholics of Ireland, who underwent a severer ordeal, *with a far less sacrifice of principle* to make, and with *brighter temptations.* The Greek, in apostatising, still remained, even more immediately, under the rod of the Porte. He stood alone. He was the butt of suspicion; he was cut off from his own people; he was rarely trusted by his new brethren; he descended in the scale of intellectual intercourse; he left the excitement of trade and society for the sofa and pipe, and "*neh war neh yok:*" he exchanged the love he might win, for the slave he could buy. Light was *his* gain, seldom more than the avenging of wounded pride, or the fancied cure of some morbid feeling,

compared with the advantages held out to the Catholic: place, power, parliament, the smiles of his sovereign, the society of a superior endowed set, the incense of a great nation. Yet, how few yielded!

In fact, I have elsewhere expressed the opinion, and experience has confirmed it, the Greek has not degraded under the Ottoman. Justice demands this avowal: liberality prompts it. Fast sinking into the shades which received the Chaldean, and the Assyrian, and the Roman, and the Greek, and the Arabian, let the Ottoman *nation* be absolved from this reproach; let us not attribute to systematic and cruel oppression, the working of accidental, though certain elements of discontent: let us not confound the disposition of the *nation* with the crimes of its government, or with the excesses of its mobs. Visit any christian district in Turkey, you find more hospitality, more kindness, more industry, than in independent Greece: struck with the difference, an observant traveller attributed it to a feeling among the Greeks not to appear less than their masters in the eyes of Franks. The Porte

founded one objection to liberate Greece on the fear of an emigration of Rayas into the new state. Such was to be expected: such might have been effected, but for the operation of causes, which I will shew by-and-by. On the contrary, the emigration is from Greece into Turkey,* notwithstanding no commercial treaty be yet signed between the two countries. Pouqueville and Thiersh, warm partisans of the Greeks, and as virulent opponents of the Turks, are obliged, in order to establish certain theories on the capabilities of their favourites, to admit this point, viz. their prosperity and freedom of commerce under the Turk; taking care, however, to negative the implied praise by attributing solely to his *stupidity*, what elsewhere might be termed *good-nature*. Then, *in those days*, the privileges of the Rayas owed their origin to encroachments, acting on indolence and good-nature: *now*, they are preserved by Greek intimidation, Russian protection, and Turkish ignorance combined. Pouqueville, moreover, unwittingly

* In 1834, 35, 36, about 60,000 persons quitted independent Greece. Many families went to Candia under Mahomet Ali's government.

exonerates the Turks, by citing other causes as arresting the progress of the Greeks, and in which the former entered not. He mentions the hatred between the Greek and Latin churches, which made each betray the other:—"Mais leur plus dangereux adversaires etaient ce peuple commerçant qui aspire à ce qu' aucune autre nation ne puisse vendre un ballot de marchandise dans le monde entier sans sa permission. Cette nation anti-sociale sous le rapport de ces interets mercantiles avait arreté dans le secret de ses conseils ambitieux, la destruction de la marine des insulaires de l'archipel, et des cyclades." This is a serious accusation; but, as usual, when his subject is England, Pouqueville's rancour carries the day. So far from being so selfish in our views as to wish for the annihilation of any merchant navy, we extended that of the Greeks, by allowing them, as far back as 1809, to the great injury of the Levant Company, to trade directly with England: that company, it was said, failed to supply Turkey so cheaply with British manufactures as the Greek could do; therefore our ambassador stipulated in favour of the latter.

We thereby, and by the necessary sequence, the dissolution of the "Levant Company," obtained a temporary benefit, at the expense of a lasting cost. The activity and intelligence of the Greek traders have certainly increased the consumption of British produce; but we may very well question if the addition compensates *even now* for the decrease of our local influence, and of our estimation in the eyes of the natives of Turkey. Highly respected from long habits of intercourse with the land, as well as from integral worth, the "Levant Company" gave us a political footing in Turkey we shall never again possess. More than ever, now, in the decay of the Ottoman empire, would its influence prove valuable. From the hour of its dissolution our name has declined; nor do I hesitate to say, certain to offend *nobody*, for all will admit its truth, that our interests are best supported by the agents appointed under its seal, or through its posthumous influence. Few remain, but all acknowledge their zeal, integrity, and fitness. A company of merchants must embody considerable talent and practical knowledge; it must be alive to its own welfare; it must know

who are best fitted to serve its interests: not so necessarily a ministry; three shades may form its colour—birth, party, and a facility of speaking. In a country of ancient usage and predilections and tradition, where, owing to the anomalous position of Franks, commercial pursuits and political considerations go hand in hand, and favours are granted to private influence which authority might not ask for, and it is needful to wave the letter of a treaty at times, overstep it at others, the establishment of a body of merchants, independent, with 'bye-laws,' would appear the result of profound political combination, and prudence would dictate, though gain might tempt a change, to leave it undisturbed in its functions under all circumstances; particularly in the present case, when any benefit conferred on the Greeks of Turkey gives to Russia certain and increasing advantage. But it seems destined that we should *disarm ourselves* as the hour of battle approaches: it seems part of the inscrutable plan of Providence for compassing the fate of Turkey, that England should *blind herself*. The above reasoning will be more apparent, applied to India, whenever the rule of it shall be transferred.

But to return to the subject: not only the above writers, but all travellers in these regions, however enthusiastic, occasionally admit the *practical* well-being of the Greeks under the Ottoman; especially in the travels of Dodd and Kinnaird Douglas, glimpses of Grecian Edens appear, as if undesignedly, across the gloom of Turkish oppression. Older travellers, not affected by the liberalism mania, were juster in their remarks. Even Byron gives another picture of his heros in his journals and letters: in these he describes them as a clever, fawning, menial race, serving an ignorant, easy master; while his poetry makes us think of the polished Attican writhing in the fetters of the barbarian, weeping over his fallen temples, and reciting the verses of his poets. Now, the exchange is his temple; Mammon is his god. Misled by such and other accounts, I was surprised on first visiting Turkey to find any Greek above the condition of a serving man, any Turk working. On knowing the Fanar, and some of the opulent Greek villages on the Bosphorus, their position appeared inversed. We are puzzled for some time to explain the nature of Grecian sufferings; till

we see the secret springs of discontent, we are at fault. Neither does the Greek enlighten us much: he grumbles at not being allowed to pursue his orgies at night in the streets—look at the American cities for parallels. He will say he is liable to be asked twice for his kharatch if unable to show the receipt—why our limitation act? The Turk committed an error, and generated the grievance, when he allowed the Greek the wealth and pursuits of a freeman, branding him at the same time as an inferior being. By permitting his Raya to become intellectually superior, he made submission mentally painful.

Of all Greece's misfortunes and errors, I cannot help regarding its revolution as the greatest. So marked was the improvement of the Greeks during the quarter century preceding, so rapidly advancing in wealth and importance, that I venture to say that they would, by remaining quiet, have risen imperceptibly—by the *vis inertiæ* —nearly on a par with Mussulmans.

Some Philhellenists speak with rapture of the schools established since the revolution, of the spread of knowledge among the Greeks; as

if, previously, they had groped in darkness. Do they forget the many colleges founded in the reign of Selim III.? Was it *ignorance* that made the Greeks so skilful in commerce? that made Hydra a "a nation of gentlemen?" that caused the wonderful prosperity of Aivali?* that made Scio a seat of luxury and the muses. Well may we hail the *ignorance* which covered the sea

* No Turks lived in Aivali. The place had schools, an exchange, a library, and was ruled by its own magistrates. One hundred cargoes of oil were annually exported from it. Admiral Miaoulis compromised it, by hovering near with his fleet, and endeavouring to seduce the elders to revolt; on which a Turkish garrison was sent from Brussa. Only one result could be expected: excitement on one side, anger on the other, distrust on both,—blood soon became heated.

The Turks, *of course*, are blamed for the destruction of this flourishing town; but I would say the fault rests with Miaoulis. What can be so wanton, so cruel, as to incite a people to take arms when you have not the means to help them? Eternal curses may the Poles vent against the propagandists who caused their last heroic, but unavailing, struggle.

Miaoulis had already attempted to raise the Sciotes. Would to God they had had equal firmness the following year to resist the machinations of the Samiotes. And such is called patriotism!

with Grecian-built and manned vessels, which established factories in the chief ports of the Mediterranean, which made the inland markets of Turkey debtors to Greek enterprise. Solely to their connexion with Turkey, let people talk as they will, was owing the prosperity of the Greeks previous to 1821. That connexion gave them the carrying trade of the Mediterranean and of the Euxine, and the supplying of the Turkish empire during Napoleon's career. Their economical habits, and local experience, would have enabled them to retain the monopoly even after the peace: but their revolution supervened, and the Austrians and Genoese, people who trade as cheaply, stepped into their track. Genoa and Trieste owe their actual prosperity to Greek independence.

No one, however enthusiastic, can suppose for a moment that the Hellenists will ever attain their former renown. Superior attainments gave their ancestors the fruit of knowledge—power: thus in the middle ages shone the Italian republics; but the same cause which reduced the latter to unimportance, viz. their arts and sciences being imparted to the great nations of

Europe, enabled by their numbers to turn them to a higher account, will prevent Hellas as she is, even allowing her a wise government, from rising above mediocrity. In competition with states teeming with population with capital to profit by cheap labour, she will effect naught in the way of pre-eminence; but advancing steadily, under the Ottoman, in social power and intelligence, supported also by the voice of Christendom, had she only had the prudence to wait the inevitable result of her state of transit, she would have continued to guide the commercial resources of Turkey; she would have opened relations with Persia by way of Trebizonde, with India by way of Alexandria. This is no dream: all this and more were in the hands of the Greeks. Their revolution blighted the fair prospect. We do not, we cannot, blame them for revolting: the feeling was natural, the *eclât* brilliant; but we may ask, for curiosity's sake, the amount of their gain, independent of gratified *amour propre*, in exchange for their wide spread commerce and golden prospects. A country!—will recollections, scarcely marked, rebuild their cities or sow their fields? Is it liberty to have a Ger-

man prince for a monarch—a German army for protectors—German nobles to act as ministers of state? As well live under a pasha, who, at least, could be led by any clever Greek, whose divan was always open to the meanest. "If Themistocles or Miltiades were to rise, how surprised either would be at the state of the country," observed General Lesuir, in allusion to its decay. "Nothing," I replied, "would cause so much astonishment as the sight of a German army ruling it." The Bavarian smiled.

Greece, left to her own devices, will follow the law of nature—the homogeneity of matter—the tendency of small masses to agglomerate with large ones. Her existence severed from Constantinople is unnatural: too many bonds, too many relations, are thereby broken up. Constantinople was her capital during fifteen centuries, and her capital it appears again destined to be. When Russia obtains Turkey, Greece, unless Europe timely alter her present tendency, will join it. Interest, beyond inclination, will prompt the union; for it is more advantageous, in which light the Greek chiefly regards political transactions, to form part of a large empire than to

glory in Lilliputian independence. It remained for the wisdom of the nineteenth century to *create* a kingdom out of 700,000 souls, divided into tribes as disunited as the various races of Italy. The Greeks are glad to breathe independent of the Porte, because prejudice, inborn hatred, and religion, prevent cordiality; but under Russia no such obstacles will exist: they will have a co-religionist monarch, and an ample field for the display of talent. As the crossers of the Tweed, *they* will carry off the good things of Russia. Even now, so decidedly do they own themselves losers by independence, so averse are they to be ruled by foreigners, so discontented with many of civilisation's ways, that they would almost dissolve their bargain with Europe, and consent to be on the footing of Moldavia, and Wallachia, and Servia, viz. governed by their own laws, paying a moderate tribute.

England proposed that arrangement to the sultan towards the close of the revolutionary war: he refused. Why, on becoming, with France, arbitress of the destinies of Greece, did she forget that wise, long-sighted policy, alike adapted to conciliate her own interests, and to strengthen

Turkey? The Greek, like a mettlesome horse, requires a rein, yet a gentle one, yet one he is used to, to keep him in the course: that rein would have been found in the suzerainty of the Porte. Freed of the galling sense of inferiority, he would then have cheerfully reaped all the advantage of his connexion with Constantinople and the chief cities of the empire; with the Greeks of which he would have remained united by nationality and by interest, while the nominal presence of the Ottoman would have prevented domestic feuds. Enjoying local independence in one spot, with the privileges of Turkish subjects everywhere, the Greeks of the empire would have become as one body; Hellas their heart. Their transition to masters of European Turkey, sliding into the places of the Ottoman under the *influence of liberal Europe*, as they are now usurping them under *the guidance of Russia*, might have been operated silently, and almost unperceived.

CHAPTER VI.

Capo d'Istria — Bernadotte — Russia and Greece — M. Thiersh—Revolt of Hydra — Espionage — Opposition to Capo d'Istria — Conspiracy — Death of the President — French minister—Execution of G. Mavromichalis—Hellenic church — Patriarch — M. Catocazi—Agriculture—Plain of Argos—Mycenæ—Argos—Classic enthusiasm—Ideas of slavery—Russian officer — Civilisation—Hospitality—Milo—Kharatch—Greek dragoman — Syra.

STILL the hope of rendering the new state useful to Europe might be entertained, while Capo d'Istria lived. Poor Greece! France and England signalised her liberation by consecrating the soil as an arena for their liberals; preparatory step to giving her over, bound hand and foot, to Russia. Relieved from the Ottoman, policy suggested that her elements should be reduced as early as possible, into a compact, well-ordered state, so as to become a nucleus for an universal

Greek association, a home for the Turkish Greeks. To accomplish this end, this union of European interests, it behoved the powers concerned to support the first ruler, without reference to his origin, his predilections, or his opinions. Could they have found in all the world a man possessing more of the indispensable qualifications than Capo d'Istria? In him they had *a man of talent, a politician, a statesman, a Greek by birth and by religion.* Had they confirmed *him* in the presidency—a more agreeable name, be it observed, to modern ears than royalty—and given him due assistance, instead of denouncing him as a traitor, splitting his country with newer factions, and making a journalist warfare on him, Greece would now stand in a respectable position—free of debt, and free of ridicule. He landed in Greece, happy omen! from an English man-of-war. For his, and for our misfortune, he visited England first: a marble countenance, a diplomatic air, an aristocratic reserve, added to Russian decorations, effected a prejudice in his disfavour; ill-judged, to say the least of it. I am not here going to enter into a defence of Capo d'Istria's character, nor is it of

any consequence; every one knows the greatest monarchs have often been indifferent individuals —I speak only of his fitness to rule Greece. The party cry, never one instant stilled, that he wished, nay, had the intention, to make Greece a Russian prefecture, was, I should say, the most devoid not only of coherence, but of probability, ever shouted in credulous ears: no motive existed save an abstract one of gratitude, which his decryers will scarcely give *him* credit for, which Russia's opponents will hardly think *she* could excite. This opinion may sound strange to many, nevertheless it bears probing; passing events confirm it. Granted even that he were a Russian, during the time he was in Greece, whose the fault? Ours, ours alone! By leaving Capo d'Istria in a dubious position, we compelled him, whatever his secret desires might have been, to lean on Russia in self-defence, to seek in her advocacy protection against the hostility of the press. By securing the government to him we should have linked him to *us*, body and soul. Self-interest, *locality*, independence, patriotism, *ambition*, every known motive, good or bad, selfish or disinterested,

combined to unite him with the maritime powers. *They cast him off.* Strange inconsistency!—explain it who may—we still endeavour to persuade ourselves that Prince Milosch is in our interests, we reckon on his co-operation—Milosch, whom we can neither *assist nor injure*, whose states *are open to Russian aggression or protection.* We tried to convince ourselves that Capo d'Istria must be opposed to us—Capo d'Istria, whom we could *uphold or destroy* at will, whose dominions *were totally out of Russia's reach!*

What, I fain ask, thought Bernadotte of France, *la belle France*, with the possession of Sweden in view? Yet *he* had powerful motives. *He* was a Frenchman; he was linked with her glory; her warriors were his brethren. Scarcely had he given his imperial sanction, than Napoleon repented, for *he knew* no ties could withstand the inducement of a crown. Bernadotte suspected as much; he hastened out of his reach, and the plan of the memorable defence of Russia in 1812, suggested by him in the island of Aland to Alexander, with his subsequent able advice to the allied sovereigns, all founded on a know-

ledge of Napoleon's character and of the policy of his cabinet, proved the truth of his former master's apprehensions. What would the world, what would history have said, had Russia thrown him off? One as valuable wooed our acceptance and was rejected, though *infinitely cheaper*. Giving Sweden to Bernadotte involved the fall of a royal family, set a seal on the people's choice, and rewarded successful revolt; all costly sacrifices for an absolute monarch. But Capo d'Istria only wanted poor, unowned, emancipated, scarcely-considered-worth-accepting Greece. He would assuredly have played for us Bernadotte's game. His sagacity and knowledge of Russia's plans would have unravelled the Eastern labyrinth. Frustrating, by timely disclosure and advice, her views on Turkey, acquainting us with the real state of that country, he would, if listened to, have enabled the English cabinet to anticipate Russia in all her movements the last five years. The Egyptian revolt would have been foreseen; the helplessness of Turkey would have been duly known; the treaty of Hunkiar Skellesi might have remained a dream.

One of the cries of the alarmists is, that Russia

will have twenty thousand Greek sailors at her disposal; yet *they* stigmatised Capo d'Istria as tyrannical, for endeavouring to check the maritime propensity of his people, in hope of giving the country the surest foundation of power—an agricultural population.

At first, Russia trembled at seeing Capo d'Istria within reach of our temptation; she then smiled with contempt. Her sedulous patronage of him would, she knew, animate her rivals in a contrary course.

Every step taken by Russia, every advice given by her regarding Greece since 1826, though contrary motives are ascribed, and results in her favour have surpassed all human expectations, were calculated, if taken advantage of by England, to retard rather than forward her views. For instance, everybody considers Navarino as the blow that struck Turkey off the balance whereon she was with difficulty supporting herself—that determined the war of 1828-29; and her interest being so very apparent in it, people naturally supposed it the effect of Russian intrigue. I make no doubt, Count Heyden, when the fleets came in presence, urged Sir E. Codrington on;

but,—and the assertion is proved by state papers,—had Russian counsel been attended to in the first instance, the battle would have remained unfought. Could Russia imagine that England would lend her ships to weaken the Turks—would join Russia to that end?—No: therefore she never proposed a measure likely to betray her real wishes. Desirous of terminating a state of things in Greece, which was beginning to affect her remotely by the force of example, perceiving also that the Ottoman was about to strike a decisive blow, which would deprive her of the fruit of six years' revolt, as well as damp ulterior prospects, she brought her deep knowledge of Turkish character into play, and submitted a plan to her allies calculated to settle the affair with comparatively trifling injury to Turkey; which was, to impose on the sultan's fears, by the three powers openly declaring their intention to save Greece—withdraw their ambassadors—blockade the Hellespont and Bosphorus simultaneously, so distress the capital: if necessary, the three allied squadrons to effect a junction under the walls of the seraglio. Here was a broad, statesman-like, intelligible line of policy—no shuffling, no trusting to

accident or chance. The divan would have bowed to it as to the decree of fate. We rejected it, I suppose, because originated by Russia. We feared the precedent of a Russian fleet lying in the Bosphorus. Joined with ours it would have played a diminished part; now it comes by itself, *without our leave.*

Following out the same idea, the impossibility of her acting fairly by Greece or even putting on the semblance of doing so, we continued to oppose Russia in all ways in that country. Had she attempted to realise utopian dreams, we should still have looked on through the yellow medium of suspicion. We overlooked that strengthening and uniting Greece, *no matter by whose means*, was the true way of severing her from Russia. At first Russia acted sincerely in that view; for she did not then esteem herself so sure of Turkey, as not to desire a Greek counterpoise. We never considered the effect of the change in the destinies of Greece on the policy of Russia. Because she always had, from the reign of Catharine, distracted the country, we supposed she must needs continue that course. But on Greece ceasing to form a part of the

Ottoman dominions, the original motives also ceased. Except as a corollary of the Turkish question, she might care no longer for the classic realm. Hitherto she had attacked Turkey *through Greece*; now Greece was to be obtained *through Turkey*. Distractions in Greece before were felt in all parts of the empire—were drains on the imperial treasury—were embarassments to the divan—were bad examples to discontented pashas. Now, on the contrary, Greece being independent of Turkey, the possession or control of her ceased to be of moment in regulating an encroachment on the Ottoman empire; and no other inducement existed in the first place to make her hazard, by unloyal behaviour, the good-will of the Hellenists.

One might readily suppose, judging by the vindictive attacks of party, that Capo d'Istria had been *deputed by Russia* to govern Greece. Hear M. Thiersch, the avowed partisan of every one opposed to that ill-fated statesman, whose book is alternately a calumny on him, or a panegyric on the "regency."

"Invité (he says of Cape d' Istria) à venir en Grèce par une société secrete d'hommes remar-

quables, dont A. et C. Metaxa, D. Perrhonca, et Théodore Colocotroni, furent les membres les plus influens, puis appelé par l'assemblée nationale de Troezène il se décida à s'y rendre."

A son arrivée la Grèce était accablée par les malheurs qu'entrainent la guerre et l'anarchie—tout le peuple l'attendait comme le seul homme capable de sauver leur patrie. La guerre civile cessa le même jour de son arrivée, et Théodore Grievas lui remit les clefs du Palamithe."

Could any course have been more easy than to second the impulse thus given by the arrival of the man *chosen* by the nation? Did any more favourable conjuncture ever occur to save a new state from the disorders incident to infancy? Russia endeavoured to do so by supporting him, but she met with sedulous resistance on the assumption that her efforts tended solely to self-aggrandisement, *through her supposed servant, Capo d'Istria.* The French garrisons, instead of aiding him, countenanced opposition to his authority. Hydra thus, and otherwise encouraged, first assumed an attitude of revolt, in aid of the insurgents of Maina, seconded by other isles, all suffering more or less in consequence of the

forced cessation of piracy, and the expenses of the war. I need not detail the scenes of intrigue and discouragement for Capo d'Istria which ensued; suffice it to say, that anticipating active measures on the part of government, the Hydriotes came suddenly on Poros, and took possession of the arsenal and squadron. In this embarrassing position — the admiral-in-chief, Miaoulis, in open mutiny, the commander of the Palamithe recognised in treason, having offered to betray his trust to the Hydriotes for 3000 dollars, the president addressed himself to the residents of the three powers. "L'opposition" (I still quote Mr. Thiersch,) "n'avait pas été mal vue par deux d'entre eux, ils étaient même censés l'avoir favorisé comme l'instrument par lequel on espérait détruire ce qui fut régardé comme le nouveau parti Russe. Ils se tinrent donc aux démonstrations de bonne volonté."

But the Russian minister, thus appealed to, acted with due consistency in assisting the government to which he was attached. He gave directions accordingly. The same night the Russian admiral sailed from Nauplia for Poros to try to induce the Hydriotes to return to their

allegiance. Falling in with the French and English frigates stationed in the Saronic gulf, he endeavoured to obtain their co-operation for the sake of attaining the end by a moral display; but they deemed it prudent to go to Nauplia for instructions. On this Ricord acted singly. . . . . After a partial action in the channel between some Hydriote vessels and the Russian blockading force, Miaoulis, at the end of three days, despairing of eluding its vigilance, set fire to his ships and retired with the crews to Hydra. . . . . For which "heroic deed" he gained praise from one end of Europe to the other—"the gallant fellow! blow his ships up rather than let the Russians have them!" Why did he not rather seek to force a passage? still foolish and unpatriotic, the deed would then have had courage to varnish it. From the various statements of the affair one might readily suppose that Ricord wished to carry the ships to Crondstadt:—he sought them for the government of Capo d'Istria—of Greece,—as heinous a fault in the eyes of party.

Doubtlessly, the above cited residents have regretted, since experience has shown them the want of connexion between Grecian disorder

and Russo-Capo d'Istrian intrigue, the indecision which gave a powerful stimulus to faction, and lost to Greece a fine sixty-gun frigate, two steamers, and two other vessels, not since replaced or likely to be so. For this sacrifice Miaoulis was made admiral-in-chief afterwards by the Regency.

Party spirit blackened the affair. It accused the Russian admiral of allowing his crews to land and plunder the town of Poros in revenge. Had he even done so, some would not have deemed it too severe a retaliation for the loss sustained in the Russian lugger and corvette in consequence of Miaoulis' obstinacy.

The atrocious use, affirm some writers, made of his authority by Capo d'Istria, warranted resistance to it. Espionage is particularly dwelt on. Speaking on this odious subject, M. Thiersch says: "Le père n'était pas sûr de ne pas être dénoncé par son fils, ni l'époux par son épouse: on m'a même cité des hommes qui, pour gagner les bonnes graces du gouvernement, ont été les dénonciateurs de leurs enfans. Jamais, même sous les Turcs, un tel fléau n'avait désolé la Grèce. Les conséquences ont été très désas-

treuses. Le Président trouva le peuple Grec disposé à recevoir toutes les formes qu'il auroit voulu lui imprimer. Il l'a profondément dépravé."

Unintentionally, of course, for he professes to be a Philhellenist, the author in the above degrading picture, casts a stain of the deepest dye on the Greek character. He lived many years among them, and should know it. Well may he exclaim that the President found the people "disposed to receive any form he wished to impress," when, *in three months* after his arrival, husbands and wives, parents and sons, were ready to denounce each other for the sake of his good graces. Surely if that statement be true, Capo d'Istria cannot be accused of "depraving the Greeks;" were they not ready depraved to his hand? Surely no measures adopted to rule such a people could well be stigmatised as harsh. Might not rather any precautions be deemed justifiable? Truth, I apprehend, lay deeper.

When we consider the Greeks as already in possession of practical liberty, aspiring also to political freedom, an union scarcely consistent with public repose out of England, where the two have consorted in their growth, the tree

taking deep root before its branches spread out in the air; when we consider the ministers of the three "protecting Powers" contending in intrigue, two of them, moreover, *opposed to his government*, we may form some idea of the difficulties which surrounded Capo d'Istria: we may estimate the talent which guided him, by comparing his administration, unassisted militarily, and thwarted by France and England, with that of the Regency, though with devoted troops of its own, though with a loan, (gift), though with a larger revenue* drawn from the country, though directly countenanced by those powers and their squadrons. All the world is aware of the truth —is aware that the government of the regency has been condemned by the nation from its birth, its very breath dependent on Bavarian auxiliaries and English gold; but it may not remember that it required base assassination by a faction to remove Capo d'Istria from the scene.

* Capo d'Istria's revenue amounted to about one million of dollars. The revenue of the regency amounts to 1,400,000 dollars; in addition the regency has received 50,000,000 francs, all of which, except 14,000,000 paid to the Porte, is squandered away.

The tale is short, though melancholy : few words will suffice.

Torn by domestic feuds, as much from old custom as from the nature of the strife she had just issued from, one party deeming itself entitled to all the rewards of the government, another party anxious for revenge, &c., an angel in the place of the president would have failed in satisfying all desires. Among those opposed to his authority, Pietro Mauromichalis, the venerated Bey of Maina, figured in chief. Himself an independent feudal chieftain under the Porte, he wished to continue in the same light, almost expecting a co-equal share in the government, under the banner of Greece. That feeling led to treasonable acts, and procured him a lodging in the Palamithe. On this the Mainotes took arms ; deposing them, however, on the promise of Capo d'Istria to release their chief. He kept his word : he offered freedom : but the Bey refused to accept of it unless accompanied by some changes which he indicated in the constitution. Failing in obtaining this concession he remained voluntarily in prison. A plan was then formed to dispose of the president and his

ministers: under certain auspices a Cato-street plot was organised. To the son and nephew of the Bey was assigned Capo d'Istria; another conspirator engaged himself for Spiliathi, the first minister; a fourth bespoke Constantine Axiotti, the governor of Nauplia; a fifth took charge of the minister of war; and a sixth claimed the honour of leading Augustin Capo d'Istria to the other world. These gentlemen, however, I should observe, whatever their vanity may dictate, were only instruments. The editor of the Smyrna Gazette assumed the credit of having, by a series of unsparing attacks on the President, prepared the crisis, while another gentleman, we have been informed, used to cite a letter of his, written to a London paper, and circulated in Greece, as the whetstone on which young Mauromichalis sharpened his blade. We will not venture to decide on their claims; we only hope that talent will not again be so prostituted.

The parts being distributed, it was arranged that the troops quartered in Nauplia, by whom the president was much loved, should be withdrawn early from the town, under pretence of

exercise. The son and nephew engaged to pistol Capo d'Istria on his way to mass; the others at the same time to do their work; then all to unite, take possession of the barracks, and close the gates of the city. Fortunately, none of the proposed minor victims, suspicions arising in their bosoms, left their houses that morning. Axiotti kept his bed, and would not even receive a letter by which *his friend* endeavoured to obtain access. Capo d'Istria also received warning, but without effect. As he crossed the threshold of the metropolitan church, October 9, 1831, the two conspirators fired together. He fell dead. One of his servants returned the fire, by which means the nephew escaped an ignominious death; the other fled and took refuge in the hotel of the French minister. The members of the government, in alarm of the issue, kept in their houses. With any ulterior plan, so great was the consternation, the conspirators might have succeeded in changing the government at once. Seeing, however, after a few hours, that the people took no part in the affair, Augustin Capo d'Istria assembled the troops, and demanded the homicide. The representative of France at first

refused to give him up, but yielded to the threat of force. God forbid that any participation of his excellency in the tragedy should be inferred from the above; but diplomacy's ways are tortuous, and may lead an honest man where he designeth not to go.

Tried and condemned to die, the young man was shot under a tree outside the gates of Nauplia. He died nobly. The sufferers by his deed pitied him. May his name be mentioned on a worthier page! *His* motive was generous; *his* devotion pure—may the joys of another world soothe his recollection of this!—but what shall we say of the inciters who made him deem revenge patriotism—murder a noble act? Repentance be their lot. In truth, are the Feltons, are the Bellinghams, much more criminal than men who *exult* in the fatal result of their writings? Does not the party writer of the day, whose pen is engaged to direct the enthusiast's blade, or to aim his barrel, correspond in principle to the "signore" of the middle ages, who hired bravos to feed revenge or gratify ambition?

Like Cæsar, Capo d'Istria's unconsciousness of tyranny betrayed him. On hearing of the exist-

ence of a plot against his life, he replied, he feared not; the Greeks would never do *him* any injury.

Nor would they: nor did they wish it. "He was not killed by *us*," say the Greeks; "he was killed by foreign opinions, by the liberal papers affirming that he was a tyrant, that he was a Russian, that he was endeavouring to reduce us to slavery." What a practical exposition of the action of a free-press among a new people! To *us* our daily food; to the other like giving a man, all at once, accustomed to potatoes and milk, a diet of seasoned meats and wine. Regretting his loss, the Greeks now deplore their folly. "Every one," I have heard many say, "had free access to him on any business, at any hour; and natives then filled the public offices." All signs of a new state of existence are owing to him. Look at the museum and the military school at Egina: look at the new mole and quay which gave employment to the starving poor in the first days of his presidency. With the loan advanced by the three powers to the Regency, he would have effected much good.

The incarnation of Russian influence being

thus summarily disposed of, Greece, it may be supposed, became more tranquil. Let the many who have travelled in the country since that period speak! On recovering from the momentary stupor occasioned by the fall of the President, Discord shook her locks fiercer than ever; continued to agitate them despite the process of engrafting Bavarian slips on the tree of liberty. Still, as I write, desolation runs riot over the fields of Hellas; still brigands, erst rejoicing in the appellation of klephtes, leave their fastnesses, after the cares of the vintage, to levy black mail on the towns and villages.* All this was natural, all to be expected. Nevertheless, people still refused to see the inherent causes, apparent and numerous enough, God knows, to be read as we run; they still persisted in attributing every evil, as before, to excitement from the banks of the Neva. Diplomacy excused, or curtained her blunders by the comprehensive expression "Russian influence." Russian influ-

* During the autumn of 1836, a band came as far as Navarin, a fortified garrisoned town, and plundered with impunity several dwellings in the suburbs. Our squadron arrived there shortly afterwards.

ence was the ready key to every disturbance in the country. Fancy the reply to a Russian diplomatist, who should attempt to excuse ill success in Persia or in Turkey, by talking vaguely of "British influence."

"The spirit of Capo d'Istria still lived, the grave might re-open." Therefore, as a certain means of laying the one, of closing the other for ever, the Regency severed the last tangible bond remaining between the Hellenists and the Turkish Greeks; by withdrawing the former from the spiritual control of the patriarch of Constantinople, and declaring the bishop of Athens head of the Hellenic church instead. For, such was the argument, Russia, by means of the patriarch, influences the Greeks of Constantinople, who, by their connexions in independent Greece, maintain her interests in that quarter: "separate, therefore, the Hellenists from the patriarch's control, Russia's power will decline in Greece." Many persons, I make no doubt, will be puzzled to understand how any one could expect a *mere change of name* to operate such results, for *the religion remains the same*, and the Russians and the Hellenists are

equally co-religionaries whoever be at the head of the church; continuing, moreover, under any change, in precisely the same relationship to each other in virtue of the patriarch of Constantinople not being patriarch of Russia, the latter being as independent of the former in the eyes of Russians and Greeks as ever the bishop of Athens can be. A belief that the patriarch of Constantinople exercised a spiritual sway tantamount to that of the Pope originated the idea; whereas, I may observe, if any person in the Greek religion be invested with a power so irresponsible and so incalculable, that person is the Czar. Interfering with the spiritual allegiance of the Hellenists could not readily weaken the religious sympathy existing for Russia all over Greece, but it was quite certain to open a channel of disunion between them and the rayas; a result carefully to be avoided by England and France. A partial separation of their temporal interests was unavoidable; but this proceeding deserves to be qualified as mischievous and gratuitous; certain, to say the least of it, to indispose the Greek patriarch and hierar-

chy towards the Hellenic government, for depriving them of power and patronage,—for evincing distrust prematurely; certain to lead to a comparison between the assumption of the little kingdom, and the Czar's condescension on all occasions, shown by protection, by honours, by presents, and by building churches about Constantinople. But, notwithstanding the separation, the patriarch's influence will continue the same in Greece; and surely he will be more likely now to exert it in favour of Russia, than before Otho's government offended him. Should we obtain favour in the eyes of Catholics by insulting the Pope? Russia will inevitably gain by the change, inasmuch as it will act as a further bar to the political union of the Greeks; her interest, since Feb. 1833, to prevent, save *by her means, and at her time.*

"Nay, that must be a mistake. Did not I hear, M. Catocazi (Russian minister in Greece) strenuously oppose the Church Bill? And is not that a proof of its anti-Russian tendency?" M. Catocazi certainly did so, by precept and by example; but might not two reasons have guided

him? Might he not have thought to confirm, by his objections, his rivals in their scheme? Might he not be aware that the government did not represent the people on this point—if on any other; and that, although certain capitani, merchants, and Philhellenists, might be indifferent about religion, the mass of the population clung zealously to old usages, and revered the patriarch as the head of their national church? In supporting the rights of the metropolitan, M. Catocazi canvassed the good-will of the people.

We calculated on European data. Because some of the English began to doubt whether the archbishop of Canterbury, or the head of the dissenters, were fittest to rule the church; because the French people were as ready to enthrone Le Père Enfantin as the archbishop of Paris, we supposed the Greeks would not prove more scrupulous.

We cannot say that France and England willingly betrayed Greece—willingly reduced her to the condition of a sickly child, for their interests lay so contrariwise; nor may we blame their occupied governments for adopting the suggestions of talented individuals in the coun-

try; but might they not have been wiser informed? We will not either cast any reflections on their representatives; we will merely cite them to the bar of opinion, and ask them one question. Have not their two famous schemes —let these alone stand in evidence—the removal of Capo d'Istria and the church schism turned out quite contrary to their expectations? Have they not? Each, and we appeal to nine-tenths of the Greek nation for the truth of the assertion— we appeal to their understanding and their sympathies—has materially injured Greece, and, *a ratione*, benefited Russia. For the power of Russia in Greece, as I before said, was, is, and will be, inversely to the union and prosperity of the country. Inasmuch as Capo d'Istria was calculated and disposed to bring Greece into a prosperous condition, so would Russia have lost by the increased chances afforded thereby of a powerful Greek union being formed and cemented by France and England, on broad, rational, anti-Russian principles; inasmuch as the *religious connexion* between the Greeks of Hellas and of Turkey must have added consistency to that union, so would the difficulty on

the part of Russia of resisting it have increased. England might then have spoken to the rayas *through their brethren of Hellas*: now Russia cultivates relations with the latter *by means of the former*.

In the same spirit, the "regency" confiscated the religious property throughout Greece; a true way of increasing the attachment of the people to the brotherhoods, and of disposing the latter towards the power friendly to their interests. Such a scheme might have been excusable, proceeding from a firm hand with *time* before it; but emanating from a ricketty government when no calculation gave more than fifteen or twenty years for the solution of the eastern puzzle!—As barbarous as irrational was the mode of carrying the edict into effect. Besides letting out the lands on its own account, the government seized on the horses and cattle of the monasteries; sold every movable, even to the doors, windows, and bolts, and then told the monks to go and work.* The convents met with similar

* To the author's personal knowledge, the monasteries in Milo were thus served.

treatment. Bequeathed by pious individuals, mostly as far back as the time of the "Lower Empire—" let us particularise the large possessions in independent Greece of St. John of Patmos—this kind of property remained sacred during all the vicissitudes of the Ottoman rule. Does it look well to see the free Christian government plunder what the Mussulman respected? Ingratitude, too, marked the deed: the religious orders sanctified the revolution which gave birth to the "regency."

"Quite proper," is the cuckoo cry of some in Hellas, "is it not revolting, in this age of reason, to see friars with lands and existing in indolence." Sophists! "Are friars greater drones than gentlemen—gentlemen who live at clubs? Ask the trades'-unions!" But they were not drones; they were not useless members of society. Who forgets the comforts, and the comparative elegance of the monasteries in Greece and Turkey? Who forgets the pleasure with which he led his weary steed to the gate, and rung the ever ready-answered bell? Who forgets the kindness which gave shelter and ad-

vice to the poor, under all circumstances, in these *their* asylums? Their value is inappreciable in thinly-peopled, insecure countries.

Capo d'Istria increased their value by ordering, and his wishes were carried into effect, each monastery *to maintain a doctor and a schoolmaster for the benefit of the lower classes.* This ordinance should be his epitaph.

Adequate reasons might have induced Henry VIII., the institution moreover being opposed to his new faith, to despoil the monasteries. The "national convention" might urge the want of "ways and means." But the Regency, embarrassed with land, nine-tenths of the Morea being state-property, acted wantonly. Agriculturalists are particularly wanted in Greece. *Quere?*—Was it for that reason, that the monks, the best resident farmers in the country, the willing instructors of the peasantry, were despoiled?

The disinclination of the Greeks to agriculture, their love of city-life, society, and cafés, their jealousy of colonists, almost in its operation amounting to a *loi d'aubaine,* are serious obstacles to the welfare of the country. Although so near an abundant market, the capital of

Greece at that period, the plain of Argos showed little more than waste land. Lovers of antiquity might not have lamented its aspect; in that respect it harmonised with the ruins of Tyrrhens and of Mycenæ. In our excursions we were much struck with the paucity of culture, and the wretched hamlets. One morning at five o'clock, we landed in the suite of the vice-admiral for the purpose of devoting a long day to the plain. We first directed our steps to the tree under which poor George Mauromichalis suffered, for there a number of hacks, not bad animals thanks to a little Turkish blood, usually plied for hire. Some of us mounted the best of them, while the others seated themselves in an old *carozza* which the spirited proprietor had imported from *Strada Toledo*. Two nags *tied* to it, and a loose-breeched Albanian driver, set the vehicle in motion. In Paris it would have been taken for a mock doctor's equipage; in Naples it would have passed off for a masquerade "turn out;" but in Greece it rolled "alone with its glory," lord of the admiration of the natives (for the ministers' equipages were beyond comparison;) and its value rose one hundred per cent.

when it was seen to convey Sir Josias Rowley and his staff to the king's dinners and reviews, there and afterwards at Athens. We commenced our excursion by a road which led under the walls of Tyrrhens, but that soon terminated; and then some skill was required, in order to preserve the necessary union between the wheels of the said *carozza* and their axles. We met nobody, we saw nobody for some time: at length a party of horsemen, in various costumes, and armed to the teeth, appeared riding straight at us Were they a joyous troop, or some Bavarian cavalry? for we knew not the uniform of the latter. But on approaching, we made out a party of the officers of the squadron returning from Corinth: their wild grotesque figures being accounted for by the hot and dusty ride by day, and the bivouack by night. They saluted their chief and rode on. Shortly afterwards, we arrived at a fountain under a wide-spreading plane-tree, a pleasant memorial of Turkish occupation. There, also, we met a party of our brother officers, but the gun and the drinking-cup showed a different occupation. We were proceeding, when the *soidisant* officer of

a nondescript guard, stationed at the spot, asked us for our passports. Not having coupled this annoying practice of civilisation with the appearance of the country, we had neglected to provide ourselves accordingly; but putting on, nevertheless, an air of assurance, one of us produced an old letter. It sufficed; and we passed on to the tomb, or treasury, for the learned are in dispute thereon, of Agamemnon. Whichever it were in ancient times, it is still a remarkable structure; and should a ray of light, penetrating the aperture, fall on a capoted group baking cakes inside, it forms as picturesque an object as one can easily imagine. In the East, when a passport is demanded, often in annoyance, or in imitation of the Frank, for it can answer no one purpose in countries where the system is so imperfect, and the police so inefficient, that passing on the one side or the other of a station makes the difference of being respected or not—never hesitate: produce something, a song, if nothing else; ten to one it answers. On another occasion, at Sighajik, the agha, while we waited for horses, demanded of me a passport for my companion, a Greek. "He has

one," I observed, showing an attestation of his employment in the service of the squadron; "but you cannot read it; it is in English." *Zarar yok*, (never mind,) said the functionary; "I am only required to *look* at travellers' passports."

Having strolled for some time among the stones of Mycenæ, admired the fine prospect of the plain and gulf, and sat awhile on the top of and under the lioned gateway, we traversed an arid tract, intersected by some rocky water-beds, to the city of Argos. General Gordon, of the Greek service, resided there at that time. The theatre first attracted us. We ascended and descended its steps, counted and measured them all *en regle;* we conjectured on it, as wiser people had done before us, and made equally as profound observations in our own opinions: then in the modest locanda, not the less so for being the only one, we unpacked our provision baskets, and dined merrily and happily. Our host, a staunch anti-Bavarian, "because," said he, "the fellows spend nothing," completed our repast with coffee *à la Turque*, and chibouques for those who enjoyed the

odoriferous herb. As the sun approached the mountains, we remounted; and returned by a tolerable road, facing a glorious view, to the dirt and sultriness of Nauplia.

Alas! I fear some may ejaculate, Can any one be so dull, so unpoetic, as to wander over the fields of Greece, and live in her cities, without more in his mind than thoughts of the day? be so composed as to argue coolly on Bavarians and friars amidst its celebrated remains? quietly dwell on the present without a recurring thought to the past—without finding an extenuation for the fault of the modern in the virtues of the ancient?" The bare idea must raise a smile of pity. I can imagine it: I can understand the feeling. Let, however, the favoured of earth who perchance may sneer at the sailor, consider the wide difference between them and us; still mayhap ridiculing, they will cease to wonder at *our* want of Greco-mania—will no longer designate as a fault, that which is the consequence of our position. From childhood up to manhood's dawn, *they* have had Greece, arrayed in bewitching colours, constantly before their eyes; poetry and eloquence, painting and sculpture,

in generous rivalry to adorn her most. While scarcely known their native tongue, their own history, the poets and historians of Greece have been their study; her fame has been their contemplation; her sons have been *their* gods. Her very errors at length appear to them more brilliant than the excellencies of other people. Thus, stored with her learning, their fancy glowing with her images, they come in the freshness and enthusiasm of youth to breathe the etherialising atmosphere. They approach Greece: they see her with the eyes of a Mussulman viewing his paradise through the shadows of death—with the joy of a pilgrim, as Damascus, with its gardens, its streams, and its verdure, bursts on the sight—with the revived feeling of a Tartar, as the imagery and light of Constantinople open on him from the depth of the cypress forest of Scutari. They gaze, impassioned, on her purple mountains, her fabled rivers, her pictured shores, her gulfs, her sunny isles, her blue wave—all, all beautiful, even to the untaught eye. They land,—the heaven of that moment! Every spot *to them* is hallowed: poetry warbles in every stream; tragedy speaks in every ruin; music

floats in the air. They linger in the forum. The eloquence of the orator flows to their memory; they mark the glisten of his eye, the wave of his hand, the admiring crowd beneath. They wander over Argos; Orestes signs to them to go. On Marathon, familiar as household names, the long array comes forth obedient to *their* call. *They* catch the dying accent of the patriot. *They* see the lone house amidst the desolation of Thebes—homage of power to genius. *We* may faintly trace, but never, never feel the rapture of the collegian on visiting Greece; the earth he treads on, dust of the living dead; each stone revealing an existence, each pillar standing a landmark of fame. We have wept with mortification at not having imbibed the essence of this soul-stirring dream, at not having seen the magic lanthorn which rolls two thousand years before us in all the vividness of reality. The reading of after years is a poor substitute, like that of the shell for the pearl; it is as light from a stained mirror, compared with the pure reflection of boyhood's study. With such emotions, can *they* know the people amongst whom they come pre-determined to ad-

mire? can *they* fairly estimate their condition? Never. The klepht *to them* is the Spartan warrior; the cunning of the modern Greek is the wit of the Athenian. And what can the Turk be—but the Persian? what may the slayers of Capo d'Istria appear — but as Harmodius and Aristogiton? View us, on the contrary; what do *we* know of Greece? what have we learned? We may have read an abridged history, telling us in so many words that on this plain, or in that gulf, a battle was fought; that in this State wisdom rewarded her youth for stealing cleverly, and inebriated the poor slave for their edification: that the Athenian, politest and freest of antiquity, condemned their brave unheard, banished their "just," and poisoned their "wise." And then we come to Greece, intent on pirate hunting, or some such pastime. Is it surprising if we see her *as she is?* if we connect the present and the past by the crimes we witness—the crimes we have read of? if we walk over Marathon unmoved, or smoke cigars amidst the temples of Athens without a care beyond their fumes, or wish that a café stood near Delphi's spring? What effect on

us, told in the bare terms of a gazette, can the victories of the ancients produce? on us earlier familiarised with the deeds of a Clive, the triumphs of Marlborough? How may we estimate the conquests of Alexander when we see our own "meteor flag" waving over the empire of the Mogul, and bear it with us round the aqueous globe? Unfascinated by classic lore, we measure the valour of the Athenians over the silken hordes of Persia, by comparing their deeds with the feats of a handful of British in India. Yet, though doomed to see things in their true light, can we not sympathise with the enthusiasm of the educated individual? yea, and truly—and envy him. But, we should not forget, *his* statement of Greece is no picture of actual Greece: it is like an exquisite varnish laid on a rough moulding.

As erroneous, and for similar reasons, are *his* views of the slavery under which, in an African form, the Greeks have long been supposed to have laboured. He heard the note and echoed it. Truly! the wealthy young noble or commoner, (for many years only such visited Greece) is a good judge of liberty! What is his standard?

Himself. Free to wander wheresoever he willeth, money at command, none to say "go or come," he may well be difficult on that score: when a state of slavery is pointed out in terms to arrest the attention of the most thoughtless, he may well join the chorus, and truly think, comparing it with his own, that such a condition is wretchedness. If he had just peeped into a manufacturing town, or traversed the western provinces of Ireland, before leaving home! *Our* feelings have been tuned lower: *we* have known the meaning of confinement; we have felt the hand of coarse-minded superiors. Gazing from our floating homes on the shores of Greece—thus viewed, so lovely!—we could not think it wretchedness to dwell thereon, with freedom of motion over hill and plain, with rich fruits and sweet flowers, with grateful shade in the valley, and inspiring breezes on the hills. O for such slavery! we might often have cried: happy people! we were inclined to say, long may you be *thus* curst; long be it ere "civilisation" come among you to tear away your sons to rot in camps, and pine in ships; condemn your children to waste in factories, your daughters to

seek their daily bread in prostitution! "Look at that smiling village," said a young Russian officer as we were gliding on the Propontis one fine afternoon, past Aganoki, "look at those trees, those green fields, and see those cheerful groups:—can we call them barbarous? can we deem them unhappy?" And he cast an impatient glance on his narrow deck. "Have they not at once, without seeking it, what we are toiling for? The pursuit of fame leads us on, the desire of wealth makes us choose (or they are chosen for us) unnatural modes of existence, till habit unfits us for any other; but ever and anon the heart will sink, and where does it rest? on a quiet home, on fields like those, on the friends of our youth. Few gain the prizes, perchance not then content; but the greater part, exhausted by the struggle, desponding with the failure, would envy the lot of these poor, pitied Greeks."

Two days afterwards, we were strolling through the gardens of Buyukdereh, and thought not of the rural pleasures of Aganoki. Such is human nature! Thus he proved the force of his assertion, that habit overrules

nature. Nevertheless, was this pseudo-sentiment in the young Russian,—one of a nation on whom, of all others, the shackles of civilisation closest press? Its blessings are much overrated. This truth will be acknowledged at last—is practically admitted by the fact of none who have once resided in the East ceasing to regret, in western countries, the absence of its constraints. Cast the balance; we shall find that man loses more by it than he gains. I speak of man in general; not of a small class, as writers, when treating of the human species, are given to do. A learned divine, (I forget his name,) after enumerating the vast benefits of civilisation, illustrates his theme by the picture of an English country-gentleman. "Seated in the midst of his acres," he observes, "he has every enjoyment at a trifling expense; roads are kept in repair on which to take agreeable exercise, mails are conveying his letters from all parts of the empire; sugar and coffee are growing for him in the West Indies; tea and silk are coming to him from China and India; he has fleets to keep the enemy off his coasts, soldiers to preserve internal order, &c." Having given us one

side of the picture, the worthy gentleman (he no doubt possessed a good living) should have turned the other; having shown the results, he ought to have explained the causes. He should have pointed out the African in the sugar plantation—the pauper, coerced by hunger, breaking stones by the road side, *that the gentleman's carriage might run smooth*—the coach-driver and guard never a night in bed—the merchant sailor in his dull long voyage, alternating between frost and tropic heat—the soldier's march—the impress sailor—the "infant slave"—and he would then have perceived a tolerable share of uneasiness in motion in order to make up the comforts of his "country gentleman." Far be it from me to insinuate that such a state of things must not, should not be; but why delude ourselves? Why take credit for humanity, when our wants, our desires, caused thereby, incontestably produce more misery than the efforts of all the despots of the East together; they may shorten life, but they do not rack existence.

What has caused, is causing, the discontent of Egypt, and of Syria? Some of the instruments of civilisation in the hands of Mehemet Ali.

What is rendering the government of Sultan Mahmoud hateful to the nation? The attempts on his part to use those instruments.

In Greece, the approaches of civilisation on the social system are sensibly felt in the rapid effacement of the clearest line of demarcation between the east and the west—hospitality. There are many distinctions in these two great branches of the human family, but this virtue is the most remarkable one. Till lately, we never estimated it according to its value, for the polish and conveniences of the old countries of Europe masked the difference which would otherwise have appeared to us, on returning from the East: able to command the resources of hotels, the speed of post-horses, we missed not the charm; but encountering still in Greece the wants and the nakedness of eastern countries, we start at the absence of their gentle alleviator, of that true sweetener of life, of that sure composer of fatigue, mental and bodily. It makes us fear the Greeks only imitated the practice, not to suffer in the opinion of travellers by a comparison with Mussulmans.

We had reason to perceive the departure of the

latter. No one could avoid comparing the attentions which the commander-in-chief of a British squadron lying in the bay would have received from a pasha what time the "horse-tails" floated over the land, with those which actually appeared when we found Nauplia the residence of a christian court, and inhabited by the representatives of the sovereigns of Europe. In the former case, horses, tents, apartments, would have been at his disposal; and the Osmanley would have expressed himself proud of his "guest:" in the latter case—"name it not in Gath;" but can we of that squadron readily forget the indignation then excited in our bosoms?

If certain persons would only consider how cheap as well as requisite, how duly appreciated, is genuine hospitality in such countries, mistakes of the sort would never occur. We will suppose the arrival of an officer late at night with despatches for his minister or consul, as may be. A supper and a bed in such a case constitute real hospitality, trifling to bestow, but invaluable to receive; for we must recollect that a journey in those parts,

and severe fatigue, are synonymous—that seeking for a lodging after dark is a punishment, often leading to sleeping in the street. Should, however, he be dismissed to find a bed in some hovel of an inn or lodging-house, would two or three dinner invites afterwards be taken as hospitality? Invariably, this kind of inconsistency—in justice we must say the example is rare—is shown by one who considers hospitality as a tax, and who regards travellers as licensed robbers. What makes the tax?—the feeling—the difference between hospitality and ostentation. For my part, I am proud to acknowledge the great kindnesses I have received from our employés in the East, to bear testimony to their universal hospitality; and I may truly say, that they who display most attention to their wandering countrymen, and accumulate the largest share of good-will, incur the least expense; an expense, to a liberal mind, no ways commensurate with the enjoyment often derived from the company of their chance guests. So many ways exist of showing attentions in countries where money is inadequate to procure sundry conveniences. An

elderly gentleman, for example, wishes to make an excursion to some remains of antiquity : what more easy, what more obvious, than to lend him a horse, not subject him to the misery of a stumbling hack? Would not such a kindness—a real service, be it said—be more valued than a dozen formal dinners? Yet the former might not be offered ; the latter, one would feel obliged to submit to. And then the entertainer exclaims at the expense and trouble of travellers! Whose is the fault? Do travellers require costly dinners, fine wines, porcelain dishes? No; all they often require is only the exercise of an article commonly called christian charity.

Pity the Greeks, in their hatred of Turks, should cast away their virtues!

After a fortnight, we looked over our sterns at the receding towers of the Palamithe, at the diminishing acropolis of Argos. We were not sorry to exchange the hot parching wind of the gulf for cool breezes among the Egean islands. Here, two of our squadron parted company; the "Malabar" and the "Alfred" steered to the southward under all sail, on their way to England.

Mysterious is the affinity between man and his native land! Though in the enjoyment of every comfort and luxury, though surrounded by honours and friends in a foreign country, still, at times, even a bird, directing its flight in that direction, will cause an idea of regret, a feeling of envy. Hence transportation is a much heavier punishment than is often intended; a punishment, the severity of which cannot be anticipated—cannot be described—cannot be imagined. None but the sufferer knows the horrors of nostalgia.

They speedily ran out of sight. After beating to windward for a few hours, we bore up for Milo. Beautiful sight! as the squadron scudded in, past the rocky islets off the entrance of the deep commodious port, close under the "Eagle's Nest;" spot where the pilot race fixed their habitation when driven from the plain thirty years since by a contagious disorder, which left evidence of its passage in the ruins of the town it nearly depopulated. After an early dinner we landed at the Scala, which consisted of a few houses adjoining a sort of custom-house, with some silk looms in caverns of the

rock, and bent our steps up the hill over a path like a broken staircase. Though sore to our feet, accustomed to the polished deck, we deferred that consideration till the morrow; for the mountain air blew refreshing, and delightful views at each resting-place, the harbour assuming all graceful forms, now a lake serpentining among hills, now a mirror at the bottom of a sunlit grot, created oft-repeated admiration: The people, too, accorded with the scene. Such lovely children! England's blooming cheeks, with the free limbs of Arabia. And the peasant girls! so Grecian-featured, so gazelle-eyed, so transparently complexioned, with such a smile of light and hope as they took the gift so winningly asked for. Giving and taking being universal in the East, the breath of suspicion need not attach to any person for accepting money. Universal acclaim gives Milo the finest women in the Archipelago.

Arrived at the town, which is pitched or rather dropped on the peak of a cone, we began climbing from street to street—for walking it cannot be termed, where the roof of one house is literally the step to the door of another, and each

house nearly overhangs a precipice—and in due time reached the neat, comfortable dwelling of our pilot (the English vice-consul.) Mr. William Ermeneh* introduced us to the comely dame his wife, habited in the most ancient of the modern Greek costumes, and to his daughters, more modishly and gracefully attired à l'Europèenne: then regaled us with home-made wines and dried fruits. While enjoying ourselves, several of the natives came in to look at the strange creatures. Very civil though and unobtrusive, they quietly made their remarks, then gave room to others. Owing to their occupation leading many of the men abroad, the island presents an agreeable union of European comforts and patriarchal manners,—

* This worthy individual obtained, at length, I am happy to say, (in 1836,) through the exertions of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, a pension of one dollar a-day, and a medal, for his able and faithful services during twenty-seven years. In obtaining this reward, Sir Pulteney, ever the advocate of merit, only did an act of justice, acknowledged as such by the whole Mediterranean squadron, witness for many years of the talents and merit of their chief pilot. Greek acuteness made him feel the value of the admiral's exertions. Others might have asked *once*, he said, but Sir Pulteney asked *twice*.

—of worldly knowledge and primitive innocence The same, indeed, is observable in many other small islands of the Archipelago, which may be attributable in part to self-government, *impending a fear of Turkish interference.* One cannot help regretting the change which already casts its shadow over them. Can *we,* with our institutions, our learning, render them happier? Observe Milo, its active men, its virtuous women, its healthy children,—where each house grows its own corn, presses its own oil, bakes its own bread, makes its own wine, knits its own garments, and where no gradation of rank exists to excite envy or painful emulation; then turn to a densely peopled European town.

Under the Porte, Milo paid in taxes, including all charges and presents, 30,000 piasters, (about 500*l.*,) raised by the Arabian tax on grain and by the kharatch. It pays much more to the Hellenic government.*

Much obloquy has been expended on the

* Under the Porte, Milo paid three paras (nine paras to one penny) duty on twenty-seven okes of salt. Under the regency it pays eight lipta (ten lipta to one penny) on one oke.

kharatch (poll-tax.) Viewed in every light, it might be considered a cheap substitute for military service which attached exclusively to the dominant caste. The tax is graduated: the lowest rate is about 4*s.* a-year for males between the ages of twelve and eighteen. Females are not subjected to it; therein more courtesy is shown than in Wat Tyler's day. In christian communities, free of Mussulmans, the tax used generally to be compounded for; it amounted on the average to about five dollars a family per year. The death of a householder exempted his family until the elder son was married. Where the kharadgi (tax-gatherer) was a Mussulman, ill-will often arose on account of it; for he had a right, in order to avoid being imposed on by counterfeit certificates of baptism, to ascertain the age (twelve) at which the young raya became liable to be rated, by measuring the head. All whose heads fitted or exceeded the measure were set down in the kharatch lists. This mode exactly suited the Mussulman; but we may imagine the Greek's impatience if his boy under age should have a large head; we may imagine the contentions between them as to whether the

hair should count in the measure or not, when the ends of the string happened just to meet over it.

In lieu of kharatch, Hydra, Ipsara, and Spezzia furnished the fleet with sailors every summer. Hydra gave three hundred; Ipsara gave two hundred; Spezzia gave one hundred. They acted under their own chiefs, as petty-officers to the Turkish crews. Well-treated on board, and independent of the Turkish officers, they looked on the cruise as a party of pleasure, and the primates had often difficulty in selecting from the crowd of volunteers. The Hydriote captains remember to this day the consideration with which they were treated; permitted to wear arms and yellow slippers, and even to cause the Turkish sailors to be bastinadoed. Under the protection of the Capitan Pasha, they kept Galata and the neighbourhood of the arsenal in a constant state of riot and dissipation.

Possessing the reality of independence, the islands grasped at the name. With commerce, laws, ships, they aspired to wear a national flag. Having to choose again, they might hesitate.

The islands, the Greeks themselves affirm, can never be so prosperous again. No government, they say, could be so easy, or rather so supine, as the Porte : it knew not how to tax ; it was oppressive by starts, or accident, not by system. If any misfortune befel an island, it might generally be traced to a Greek, in the person of the dragoman of the Capitan Pasha, who might be termed Secretary of State for the Archipelagian possessions. One of these gentry, not many years before the revolution, visited several of the islands on his own account. Joining Greek cunning to Turkish authority, he succeeded in collecting a considerable sum, in the name of his master. The islanders might have put off a Turk in many ways, or evaded his avarice with flattery, but they had no chance with the Fanariote. He completely *did* them. Suspecting, however, an *avania*, (extortion,) the Naxiotes, sharper-witted than their neighbours, deputed a Primate to follow him to Constantinople, and examine the affair. Access being difficult, except through the said dragoman, the envoy placed himself in the way, according to the

Turkish custom, as the Capitan Pasha passed from the admiralty to the arsenal, having taken care to bribe one of the immediate attendants to draw his attention towards him. His highness took the petition, read it, then turning to his guilty servant, said, "Had three islands complained of your roguery, I would have taken off your head." Thunderstruck, the animal dropped on his knees, and cried *aman!* He was pardoned, but made to disgorge 300,000 piastres, (between 5,000*l.* and 6,000*l.*) The Pasha, of course, kept the money.

For internal government, each island, in December or January, elected its chief for the ensuing year; sending him then, with half the tribute, to be confirmed by the Capitan Pasha. After enjoying awhile the pleasures of the capital, the deputy returned to gladden his countrymen with an account of his gracious reception. In the month of August, the primates were used to convey the remaining half of the tribute to the nearest central anchorage his highness might happen to lie at during his summer cruise; generally at Port Triou, in the isle of Paros, well-known for its quay and reservoir of excellent

water, constructed for the use of the Ottoman ships, and much frequented by our squadrons of late years. It lies about two hours' distance from the quarries.

At present, the islands may not elect their own heads. The government appoints them, invariably strangers.

The only island which shunned revolt profited by it. The new town of Syra, and its crowded port, attest this fact. Favoured by the Porte for its allegiance, resorted to by the Sciote merchants, after the disaster of their own island,—emporium for the piracy of all parties,—Syra, from an unimportant rock, assumed a lead in the Archipelago, which it is apparently destined to retain, and which overshadows the other isles; preventing also the accomplishment of the wish of the government, to make the Piræus the entrepôt of Greece. For one hundred ships which Hydra possessed, it has now only twenty.

His Bavarian majesty purchased the amphitheatre of Milo, during the revolution. Sarcophagi, urns, vases, lamps, &c., are occasionally turned up, but nothing of any value

has been discovered since the Venus, in 1821; appropriated by some Frenchmen, and conveyed to Paris. Six stone chairs were lately found in digging a field near the town. The owner promised the author one of them, but as all relics now come under the head of national property, he was obliged to content himself with wishing the Ottoman still ruled the spot.

The sun gilded the various isles around us, before we thought of quitting our aerial position. Nine windmills overlooked our rapid descent; so statue, so giant-like, in the still twilight, standing motionless in a dread pause, that we ceased to be surprised at the mistake of our friend Don Quixote. We had committed an indiscretion in remaining so late in the "Eagle's Nest." The necessity of running down at a pace which would not have discredited a chamois-hunter, in order to save light to pick our way in the bottom, followed by a chill in the boat, gave a violent fever to my companion, the admiral's secretary. Uniting mild and gentlemanly manners with an intimate knowledge of the service, adding the various acquirements of polished life to the minutiæ of official

detail, no less devoted to the welfare of the seaman than to the interests of his chief, equally accessible to the lowest and the highest at any hour, Mr. Triphook's loss would have been felt by all, deplored by many. Fate was kind. Cool sea breezes restored him to convalescence by the time we arrived at Vourlah, June 8th, 1834.

CHAPTER VII.

Recluse —Travelling—Mount Sypelas —Magnesia —Car' Osmanoglou—Amurath II.—Transformation of Niobe—Thyatira— Guelem Keuy — Turkish Peasantry—Mount Temnos —Mystification—Leading Question — Municipal Institutions—Janissaries—Their institution—Their services — Selim III.—The Mosque establishment — Corruption — Mahmoud's Reform — Kiuprigli's Reform — Peter the Great—Bond of Ottoman Power—Pashalic of Bagdad—Ali Pasha.

ENTRUSTED with despatches for our ambassador at the Porte, I left the Caledonia the same afternoon, and proceeded to Smyrna in one of the ship's boats. Mr. Goldin, our purser, accompanied me to make arrangements for supplying the squadron with fresh provisions. After an agreeable row and sail of four hours, we reached our old ship the Endymion, then stationed in the bay: we left our boat's-crew on board, and

landed. My companion went to ferret out a contractor, one George Mitchell by name, while I sought my old friend, John Chumurian, dragoman to the English consulate, in order to prepare post-horses. Being Sunday, it was difficult to do business. Mr. Brant, our consul, was at his country-house, a few miles off; but on hearing of our arrival, he galloped in. Then, and ever afterwards, during our protracted stay in his waters, on every occasion, on every subject, we had reason to feel grateful for his constant solicitude about the wants and wishes of the squadron. No little trouble we caused him. At the Clôche d'or, the little inn where I lay during a tedious illness a few years before, my strange friend, the recluse, welcomed me, standing at the same window, in the same ruminating posture as I had left him in 1830.* His eye brightened, but he saluted me as calmly as though we had only parted yesterday morning. As though nothing else had occupied his thoughts during the period of our separa-

* In a former publication on the East, the author mentioned this individual, who had chosen an inn for a hermitage, and lived in it more secluded than most hermits in a cell.

tion, he recommenced, unprefacing, the topics we used formerly to discourse on. Then, seeing me looking for Mr. Arquier, the host, "Your room is ready," he observed. "My room! you forget my long absence." "True, but we have called it your room ever since; and now I feel as though you had never left us." Poor fellow! on my departure I learned that he had relapsed into his former ways, from which no other lodger succeeded in withdrawing him; because, probably, none other were situated like me, confined for three months fluttering between life and death, with few to help, with none to soothe, when a tame cat, so as it would not mew, and an eccentric being, so as he would not chatter out of place, were valuable associates.

But I had no time then to enjoy the quaintness of long pent-up thoughts finding utterance, to relish the worldly ignorance of an otherwise intelligent educated man talking about King Leopold, and Donna Maria, and Queen Christina, and Louis Philippe, all acting newer and more prominent parts on the royal stage since we parted, and all as indiffer-

ent to him as he to them; for next morning early saw me following a high-capped and booted Tartar through the interminable lanes of the city, stooping and swerving in all directions to avoid the obstacles of projecting windows, and street-sleepers. Orientals are accustomed in hot nights to lay their mattresses before the doors. At the outlet of the city, we halted by a forge under a noble plane-tree, to have our shoes put in order for mountain wayfare. Thus always. Some languid "faithful" were busy in rousing their faculties with the morning chibouque. I joined them; and as no one in the East, not even a blacksmith, is ever in a hurry, I had leisure to satisfy their curiosity regarding my movements, and to hear "wonderful!" repeated several times. At length Mustapha's sonorous "*bin tchelebi,*" (mount, sir,) summoned me. We rode over Caravan Bridge as the last matinal hymn of the *muezzin* was dying away.

At Yatakeuy, a hamlet four hours on, we overtook Count Stawelberg, a Russian, who, in a Russian brig of war, had accompanied our squadron from Nauplia, and anchored at Smyrna the same afternoon. Bound also to the Eastern

capital, he was paying the penalty of wealth in four heavy-laden sumpter-horses, with the further incumbrances of an Italian valet and a cook. He seemed to envy my "light order;" a carpet-bag tied on the back of a led horse. He courteously invited me to join his breakfast, which, consisting of an omelette and cold fowl with French wine, was laid on a white cloth, on a broad stone beside a fountain. How such accessaries diminish the relish of an oriental ride! What a barrier they raise between a traveller and the natives! I declined; knowing the necessity of spare diet on a rapid equestrian journey. I sipped coffee though with him; then pushed on over mount Sypelas. In two hours we emerged from the rugged and picturesque pass, and looked down upon Magnesia.

Few cities in Turkey have fallen lower from a high estate, than the capital of the ancient family of Car' Osmanoglou: a family that once rivalled the house of Othman: remaining afterwards during four centuries, by virtue of a capitulation with Mahomet II., in the enjoyment of almost regal sway, but now in decaying circumstances, since Mahmoud's gaze

settled on its fortunes. Where are the ten thousand horsemen that the patriarchal chief used to equip at the sultan's behest, and march to the Danube under his own sons? Where? go to the village of Khoros keuy, remnant of feudal magnificence; traverse the broad uncultivated lands which used to feed them; visit the head of the family in exile, as governor of Prevesa; and you will cease to ask why the red banner of the Othman is unattended to the field. Riding through the deplorable streets to the menzil-khan, (post-house,) between rows of uneven clay-built houses, the roofs of which rose scarcely higher than our heads, we might have doubted the reality of a town. We failed to recognise one trace of the residence of the royal philosopher—of him, who gave up power to enjoy tranquillity amidst its shades and gardens. Various sovereigns have fancied themselves nauseated with homage, and have abdicated in consequence; but Amurath II. alone had the opportunity afforded him of proving the feeling to be sincere. Recalled to the throne by the voice of the people in a period of national difficulty, he restored peace to the empire; then again wished

to seclude himself. As great, as fortunate, as Charles V. on the throne, he showed himself greater, more fortunate, in retirement.

Fine tobacco and fruit still distinguish Magnesia. Gardens prettily laid out in terraces, cover the adjoining hills, which terminate abruptly in a cliff, about two miles from the town, directly under which winds the Sardis road.

"An effect of a certain portion of light and shade on a part of Sypelas, perceivable at a particular point of view," that is, the transformation of Niobe, may, according to Chandler, be observed on this remarkable cliff, while the sun and shade pass over it. The ancients may have witnessed the phenomenon, but it is questionable if the same fortune have befallen any moderns. The learned traveller, so deep in admiration of classic lore, his fancy no ways unwilling to aid vision, would surely have detected the least sign of human appearances. I and others were very young when we first visited Magnesia, loving also poetry and romance, but withal we could make nothing of it.

As I was about to start again, after two hours'

repose, in came my Russian Count and caravan. He had taken nine hours to perform what occupied me five hours and a-half; a serious difference under a broiling sun. He was knocked up; moreover sadly perplexed in consequence of having no medium of communication with his Tartar. Seeing that, and his inclination to push on instanter, the very way to plunge into a fever, I spoke to this said Tartar, and recommended him by no means to leave Magnesia before the morning, if he valued the health of his charge. Self-experience soon showed me the goodness of the advice; for while riding the next forty miles over the plain of the Hermus, passing the river on a rattling wooden bridge, we suffered considerably: not a breath of wind to temper the sun's rays, with hard-mouthed, rough-trotting devils of horses. By the time we reached Akscheyr, (Thyatira,) neither Mustapha nor myself were in an amiable mood; we were as tired as any of Alexander's soldiers could have been on arriving at the same place. Pipes and coffee, however, followed by pilaw, soon consoled him; nor were they entirely thrown away on me. We next attempted to sleep, but musquitos rendered that

impossible. We therefore pushed on soon after midnight. The cool air produced the drowsiness so much wished for in the khan, but which now proved very distressing by the proximity to a fall it occasioned every ten minutes. Night-mares kept our horses company: our people assumed all kinds of phantasmagorian shapes, now appearing as a party of Kurds charging about with Achillean lances, now a group of Houynnhms dancing on their hind legs. Should a piece of water happen to be a-head, as you thus rouse up from a doze, you view it as through the effect of mirage; in alarm you fancy yourself on the edge of a vast lake, and about to ride into it. This, the overpowering inclination to sleep,—and the Tartars equally suffer—occasioned by the amble and the soft night air, is the most painful part of a Tartar journey. If unable to resist it, you may tell your surrojee to ride alongside and hold one arm. Should he be similarly affected and pull you off, the fault is his, not your's.

The morning breeze fanned soothingly our foreheads: the atmosphere was impregnated with myrtle odour; birds warbled; cicalas

chirped; the tints of dawn played along the purple heathered slopes. We almost wished the earth to stop, and not continue rolling on toward the luminary that would soon make us prefer a cabin to the sweet face of nature. Presently a caravan of camels grew into form, rose up from their circular encampment, and began to wend their monotonous course in the same direction. Just before reaching Guelemkeuy, a small town six hours from Akscheyr, we passed some massive fragments of building. "What town stood here?" I asked. *Eski scheyr*, (an old town,) was the reply. "That I can see, but how was it called?" *Allah bilir*, (God knows,) was the equally satisfied and unsatisfactory answer. Too tired to make further inquiries, which would probably have elicited similar answers, time also wanting, I threw myself on a bench on the shady side of the street, and was soon indifferent to Turkey as she was, or Turkey as she is. Mustapha followed my good example. On awaking, we found some excellent milk and bread ready. We discussed them with avidity, then continued our route through a picturesque and tolerably cultivated country. The peasantry

seemed comfortable: the men wore white turbans, shirts, and drawers — so clean! only equalled by the dazzling head-attire of the women, who were seated here and there in the fields, under trees, preparing dinner for their husbands and brothers. The lower classes in the East have a great advantage in the absence of everything to render them discontented with their lot. They are not insulted by the contrast of luxury. Their wants are duly counter-poised by the insecurity of riches and anxiety about station. In proportion as the wealthy succeed in obviating these, is the condition of the poor man embittered: *their* mental disquietude was *his* consolation. The barrier rapidly widens till the rich cease to fear a fall, the poor to expect amendment. Then distrust on the one hand, hatred on the other, supervenes; and the feeling of the necessity of mutual support gives way to a sentiment of hostility.

Soon we plunged into the deep glens of Mount Temnos; appearing deeper and more solemn after the cheering aspect of the plain. The wildness and beauty of the route lessened the fatigue. Wood and plants of every description, including

the branching oak and myrtle, clothed the sides of the hills, except where rocky masses protruded ready to drop on our heads. Along the bottom flowed a stream; a wild capricious stream, now murmuring accompaniment to the birds warbling around us, now dashing from crag to crag, now flowing deep and clear over a bed of polished rock. Our path was rugged and precipitous, fit only for goats and Turkish horses; leading us beside the brook under leafy arches, or carrying us a thousand feet above it,—to enjoy the sublime,—to tremble and admire,—to think every step might be false, where one false step would go—into eternity; on one side, if you fell, trying your head with a piece of granite; on the other!—shut your eyes. Translucent rills issuing from the face of marble fountains occasionally induced a short delay. Commend me to the man who deems he best serves his God in benefiting his fellow-creatures.* After riding thusfor some miles we reached the summit: we left the stifling heat of the narrow track for a park-like dale, where under a magnificent tree six Turks were taking their *kief*, *i. e.* enjoy-

* We often see in England the pump-handle chained down! —EDITOR.

ing themselves. They rose to make room for us on their carpet. One gave me his chibouque. How graceful is urbanity!

We refreshed ourselves for a while in their good company, on pure air, cool water, and fresh "Salonica," then began the descent. The sliding, shuffling gait of Turkish horses renders the steepest declivity easy to the rider. On clearing the defiles, we saw on our right, commanding a pass, a ruined castle; on our left appeared, as I thought, a suspension-bridge. "Who built that castle?" I asked. "Allah bilir," (God knows,) said Mustapha. On getting this eternal answer in the East to any question, whether relating to the weather, or to distance, or to a person's age, one feels uncommonly inclined, the phrase sounds so like a quiz, to be angry. But I was used to it. I satisfied myself with an undertoned ejaculation, and turned to inquire about the bridge. A similarly direct and simple question would have saved us some trouble: but, sure of the first impression, I inquired whether it were not made of iron, and suspended. "Certainly," answered Mustapha. "Indeed," I observed; "what bey, what aga built it?"

"Oh! a certain bey who lives *there*—who governs a town out *there—there*," said Mustapha, pointing to the horizon. "He must be a clever man, Mustapha." "Certainly he is a clever man." "He must have travelled in Frank country." "Why should he not have travelled in Frank country?" There was no gainsaying this, so we diverged two miles from our path to inspect the phenomenon; I wondering at the march of intellect in Turkey; Mustapha wondering still more, and that audibly, at my curiosity with the sun declining, and the next town a long way off. *Of course* it was of wood, as most other bridges in Turkey are. A fanciful arrangement of the balustrading, seen through dark underwood, had caused our delusion. "Why, Mustapha," I observed in a tone, as much as to say, are you laughing at my beard? "it is not iron." "That I can see," he replied with composure, "but the bey-zadeh said it was, and could I suppose he were wrong?" We rode on.

An apt specimen this, I may observe, of the effect of leading questions; in the use of which, in eastern countries, we cannot be too guarded. Had I inquired whether the Greek, or the Genoese

or the Turk had built the old castle, I should equally have received an answer in the affirmative. An oriental has generally too much tact to show ignorance; too much indifference to display knowledge. Aware of the Frank's superiority, he readily agrees with his remarks. He is, moreover, too indolent, or too well-bred, to differ in opinion. Ask a native about anything, it is a toss-up if he enlighten or confuse you. Say, is not so and so the case, he will be sure to answer "yea." You may thus make a rare mistake; if intent on publishing, may grossly mislead people—"on the best authority." The tale moreover, offspring of a leading question, is retailed as fact to every succeeding traveller, with additions each time: at length reaches the marvellous; then ceases to be credited. Thus I heard an observant traveller in Albania remark, no trust could be placed in the accounts of Ali Pasha by the Greeks of Yanina, for evidently half of them had originated in the fanciful questioning of Franks; supposing a case, and receiving assent as proof. Let a man unfortunately have a theory in his head about Turkey, he will find "confirmations strong" in every town; will es-

tablish it "most satisfactorily," on "undeniable evidence," by the adroit or innocent use of leading questions.

Thus, I imagine, originated a work called "Turkey and its Resources," wherein the country is painted very prosperous, and the poor Turks made to converse learnedly on political economy, on commerce, &c.; to betray everywhere symptoms of a desire to follow European guides. I particularise it, because many persons, out of Turkey, have considered it authority, the talent in its pages claiming attention, the specious arguments scattered throughout them inducing credit. The regeneration of the Ottoman empire being the author's favourite idea, the work naturally embraced two subjects: first, it endeavoured to show immense resources in Turkey; secondly, to prove capability and will on the part of the natives to turn them to account: the immediate result being, of course, a rapid tendency towards amelioration. As his object was to arouse Europe from her apathy on the subject, favourable statements were requisite, on the supposition that the presumed ill condition of the vessel had hitherto deterred insurers.

Two points guided the enthusiasm of the author to peculiar conclusions. First, reform having unfurled her banner over Constantine's city, he expected *la jeune Turquie* would be like *la jeune France*, in a state in which millions may be caught by a novel idea, or seduced by a strange theory: not reflecting that reform ought to be in harmony with the wishes and the habits of the people—ought to be the reflex of their opinions, otherwise it becomes destructive by the clashing of great interests; not reflecting that Turkey is far off the point of instruction where every lad deems himself cleverer than his father; not reflecting that no materials exist for a press * to act on. Education in Turkey is domestic and religious: respect for usages, and a deference for the opinions of their elders, being carefully impressed on the Mussulman youth. He forgot that it required a century of philosophical writing to wean even the French from old predilections, and prepare them for a violent change. Sweeping away at once ancient cus-

* The only substitute for a press, the influence of the mosque with the people, has been weakened (in behalf of the government) by the reform.

toms would be, he imagined, the magician's wand to bring forth Turkey's hidden treasures; perhaps make the men active and leave off smoking, the women prolific and show their faces. He viewed her as the worm which, removed the film of prejudice, would soar forth in new life and beauty.

Pointing out, we may observe, the resources of Turkey is the same as showing a man a marble quarry, and desiring him to build a palace; it is the same as showing him a silver-veined mountain, and telling him to refine the precious metal. "But I have no workmen, no tools."—"Oh! take those fellows, those lazy fellows, who prefer idleness and poverty to industry and wealth; and teach them."—"They will not come, they will not be taught; if I attempt to force them, they resist." It is the same as showing a man a forest in California, and saying, "There is a fleet for you."—"But I have no carpenters, no saws."

Secondly, our author involved himself in a theory on municipal institutions. Finding traces of such scattered here and there, like columns of an old temple, he collected them with the

spirit of antiquarianism, and ingeniously rebuilt the edifice. Vainly everybody in the East looks for it, though lighted up by the torch of fancy. Thus having established finished institutions for Turkey, he necessarily inferred the corresponding attainments in man. Thus, having chosen to accept as gospel a Turk's acquiescence to adopt plans, he could do no less than grant him the intention of following them. Alas! what is will, unaccompanied by energy?—What will not an Oriental promise, but what perform? An Oriental of the present day, professing to case his soul with armour and brave the storms of life—resign himself to them he will—resembles a certain aged bachelor, "chambers"-lodged, planning to go where the "desert ship" sniffs the gale, or the hunter tracks the chamois.

If, however, by municipal institutions, are intended certain habits and privileges inherited from the Arabs, which gave the sovereign unrestrained power *within certain limits*, the feudal noble impunity for outrage, the Turkman pasturage at will, the citizen corporate rights, domestic inviolability to all; and to which, as our author says, "is owing the slow retro-

gression of the Ottoman empire," we will not dispute the point. *They existed.* We might not term them "municipal." Such institutions in Europe grow out of society, to be altered or dissolved at the will of society; but society in Turkey was based on them, its very essence dependent thereon. But while commenting on their resisting and regenerative properties, he neglects to inform his reader what magic influence caused them to be tolerated by so many absolute sultans, on whose power they were direct checks. Be that as it may. They now *no longer exist*, save where upheld by revolt. Strange misconception! the very act, extolled in every chapter as one of the sublimest strokes recorded in history, as the lever of regeneration for Turkey, viz. the *destruction of the Janissaries*, was the death-blow to the exemptions of the Turks — the thunderbolt which crumbled the so called municipal edifice.

I am aware that I am treading on delicate ground. So unanimously have writers agreed on one point, viz. that the Janissaries were the scourge of Turkey, the cancer which ate into her heart,

that it may appear presumptuous in any one to hold a contrary opinion. Nevertheless I am compelled to do so; I feel convinced that many in Turkey will give assent, the years elapsed since the catastrophe having thinned the veil of terror suspended before them. Nevertheless, justice demands a word or two concerning that celebrated body, which will be found, I think, —like the Templars, like the Jesuits,—to have been misrepresented by prejudice; its good points being lost sight of, while the vices inherent to its constitution were held up to popular opprobrium.

Europeans alone, we should recollect, have hitherto judged them: we have not heard the Turks; but we may infer their thoughts on the subject; we may infer them from their regrets.

Instituted first by Bajazet, (Ilderim,) the Janissaries, after being nearly destroyed at the battle of Angora, were resuscitated by Amurath, and received their perfect organisation at Adrianople, 1389. Thus they remained till their final hour in 1826. Originally raised from a tribute of christian children, they became, at length, composed of native-born Mussulmans. Singular feature in

the Ottoman history! Constantinople and the European provinces were conquered by christian renegades. Only one receded from their ranks: that one a hero, the famed Scanderbeg. In process of time, the odious tribute ceased. To belong to the corps then became a mark of honour, of nationality, instead of being a badge of apostasy. Its character also changed; not so much on that account as from the altered condition of the empire. From having been a standing army docile to the will of the sultans, it spread, when the latter ceased to make war their pastime, and preferred the latticed palace to the curtained tent, into a vast national guard. From that moment it became the night-mare of the seraglio. Living then among the people, with the same interests and occupations, participating in the esnafs (corporations,) the Janissaries made their military power, their independence of delegated authority, subservient to civil rights. From having been an instrument in the hands of the government, they became a buckler for the people. The sultans had created them, of Christians, for conquest over Christians: the people retained them, as Mussulmans, for protection against the

sultans. War thenceforward depended less on the ambition of the sovereign, than on the will of the people. Popular opinion had to be consulted on all occasions—was consulted through the medium of the priesthood appealing, in the mosques, to the passions of their audiences.

Entrusted with the command of provinces during the lifetime of their fathers, the early sultans learned that the people possessed rights as well as the throne: the absence of consolidation in their growing empire strengthened the conviction, and caused those monarchs to be least despotic who perhaps enjoyed the most real power. They, however, were not in the position which excites the inventive faculties of despotism. Inheriting the Arabian system of taxation and dues—the only one consented to by Mussulmans—the first descendants of Othman found the amount sufficient for the expenses of the empire, each decade, it might be said, adding to it new possessions; but when Germany emerged from her political infancy, turning the scale of war, and increasing in resources and population, in proportion as Turkey, inevitable result of her religion and manners,

declined in both, the want of money was sensibly felt.

Then the Janissaries appeared in their domestic character.

In its essence a government of oppression, the Porte, having no longer whereon to prey abroad, turned its fangs inwards. To extort money in all ways became its watch-word. As the recognised means did not suffice, Mussulmans, moreover, being religiously opposed to innovation, it was in a constant state of hostility with its subjects. Knowledge of this fact generated in the latter unanimity on one point—resistance. Of this feeling the Janissaries became the expression: they constituted the legal opposition in the state. Their power had frequently occasion to be brought into action; but as very little attention was given to Turkish internal policy by Europeans, on whose accounts alone we have had to rely, so their motives were generally misunderstood, their acts maligned. The deposition of the grand vizier, the firing of the city, a demonstration against the seraglio, would excite intense sensation at Pera, and would be ascribed solely to their

licentiousness. No one asked whether undue authority had been exercised, whether a new tax had been imposed, a monopoly granted, or a corporation oppressed, and as the innovation ceased with the success of resistance, the one being a consequence of the other, and inversely, no evidence would remain to excuse the latter, to which, however, would be gratuitously ascribed all the evils which attend such scenes in civilised Europe. On supposed similar excesses taking place in the provinces, excitement would be less keen, but still only one feeling would remain in the breasts of the Franks, that of the insubordination of the Janissaries (another name for the people ;) no one inquiring whether, perchance, they were engaged in shielding the rights of feudality, of democracy, of theocracy, (according to the portion of the empire,) from the abuse of power in the hands of pashas. What sense of justice, we ask, would restrain a pasha (probably a slave brought up in the seraglio,) on taking possession of his pashalik ? He would be followed by a mercenary guard of fifteen hundred or two thousand men : he would be in debt to some banker for the

first half year's revenue, mortgaged in bribes for his appointment: he would be incited by his firman being only good for one year. What protection would the inhabitants of cities find, save in an armed organisation? It was the sultan's prerogative to send a pasha; but it was their business to see that he governed *according to law*.

The frequency of revolt in Turkey has caused every writer of the last two centuries to prognosticate a speedy break-up; each succeeding writer to express astonishment at the delay of the crisis. *We may now safely prophesy*. It was not remarked that on the occurrence of revolt, generally occasioned by the invasion of a popular right, the national guard (the Janissaries) immediately stood forward: on which the Porte became alarmed; gave up the point; bowstrung its instrument (some pasha) by way of compromise, and order was, of course, restored, without any national injury. We do not hear now of the execution of many great men in Turkey. Why? because the people, since the loss of their representatives (the Janissaries) are without the means of impeaching the ministers of the Porte, when oppressed by them.

The Janissaries were, in fact, as a chamber of deputies. They were elected by the people: *their* rights were connected with the rights of all ranks of the empire, the preservation of which depended on *their* existence. Consider this fact—their subsequent destruction, and the difficulty of understanding the interior Turkish question ceases: the clue of the discontent, open or occult, which is shaking Turkey, from the Adriatic to the Persian gulf, is unravelled; the secret of Russian success is disclosed. Under the influence of Mohammedanism, and exposed to a despotism which might be resisted, but could not be subverted, *sacred as part of the original system*, the Janissaries were unable to effect anything like the good of representative institutions in Christendom; but incontestably they formed in some measure an antagonist power to the action of a most corrupt system, which would otherwise have been greatly accelerated. Look at the Mussulman states of India; look at the kingdoms of central Asia; look at Persia: how much more rapidly they have declined in consequence of having had no shield for institutions and rights on which depend the stability of empire.

One or two examples will show better than argument the value of the Janissaries. Destroying their relatives was, as my reader knows, a favourite practice of the Turkish sultans; in accordance with which, Mustapha I., while the army marched southward for the Persian war, resolved to put his nephews to death; a resolution as fatal as barbarous, for he disliked women: on which the Scheick Islam and the Valideh Sultana wrote to the grand vizier and conjured him to return instantly, or prepare to hear of the extinction of the Ottoman race. Roused by the danger of the princes, the Janissaries with loud cries demanded to be led back. In four days they reached the banks of the Bosphorus: they invested the seraglio; and then the head of the law issued a *fetwah*, declaring the monarch who could meditate the destruction of the imperial race unworthy to reign. Mustapha was dethroned, and Othman, one of his proscribed nephews, a lad twelve years old, "girded with the sabre."

Some reigns later, Mahomet IV. also attempted the life of his two brothers; but their mother, warned by an eunuch, made them leave the

seraglio, and placed them under the safeguard of the aga of the Janissaries.

The same monarch, after the fatal battle of Vienna, endeavoured to appropriate the property of orphans : he gave an order to all the guardians to render an account of the same to the treasury, promising, at the same time, to pay the interest ; a promise, it need hardly be said, of little value under a despot. On this occasion, also, the Janissaries stood forward and compelled the sultan to abandon his iniquitous measure.

Such and such like acts tended to render the Janissaries odious to power.

Though unable to protect the rayas from individual outrage, and from *avanias*, (legal robbery,) they asserted their national and corporate rights equally with those of Mussulmans. They stood between the Greeks and the "ferocious" Selim I., when he issued an edict to compel them to apostatise or abandon Constantinople. They quoted the "book," by which the infidel, on paying the legal tribute, should be unmolested.—They also resisted the farther edict of Selim, which deprived the Greeks of half the churches assigned for their use at the conquest. Three Janis-

saries, each one hundred years old, came forward and swore to having heard Mahomet II. promise them the full number; but as a fire had destroyed the document, confirming the monarch's words, Selim disregarded their remonstrances. And in 1771, they again stood in the breach, and saved the Moreotes from the projected extermination canvassed by the Sultan in full divan, in revenge for their rebellion of the preceding year.—Who were there to speak for the 20,000 Armenians, whom Sultan Mahmoud banished into distant parts of Asia Minor, in 1828?

With Mussulman attachment for everything ancient, the Janissaries carefully watched over taxation. By the Arabian law all fruits of the earth paid one eighth or one-tenth to the local governor, intended to meet the expenses of the pashalik. Had the tax been properly applied, the provinces would not be without roads, without bridges, without fortifications, without magazines; we should not see in every direction ruined khans and fountains. Taxes which might be termed municipal—they were so in the mode of collection, not in the distribution or in the amount,—were also gathered in the towns by

the heads of the various religions, to meet the "misfortunes of the year," such as presents to a troublesome pasha, entertainment of government officers and troops, fitting out of levies for the fleet and army, &c.

Till late years scarcely any other taxation was known beyond a slight one on silk, and on wine exported by the Greeks.

Various other modes, however, existed of supplying the needful; if not all legal, tolerated, at least, for the sake of custom. Large domains were attached to each great department of the public service, more than sufficient for its expenses if not diverted from its legitimate object: the capitan pashalik included the Chersonesus, the Hellespontic district opposite, the Cyclades, the Negroponte, and part of the Morea. The 'Porte' drew the kharatch (poll-tax on rayas;) it drew the customs at the outports; it received "benevolences," *i. e.* gifts, on occasions of royal births, state festivals, &c.; it inherited the property, or more properly speaking the plunder, of officers of the state. These were the fountains of the *Beit ki mali muslimin* (public treasury.)

For the seraglio, *i. e.* privy purse, *arpaliks*

(districts) were appropriated all over the empire; notably in the larger isles, in the Morea, in Albania, in Roumelia, in Bithynia. In accordance with eastern usage, the usage which gave Themistocles Lampsacus for his wine, each division of household expenditure had its respective supply: the revenue of one place would be for this kitchen; of another place for that kitchen; of this town for *henna dye;* of that district for *mastick.* This place would be the dowry of a daughter; that isle the jointure of a sultana mother.

Beyond these the Janissaries allowed not the fiscal touch to extend.

Unfortunately they were "representatives," only in a negative sense. With a right to restrain the exactions of the executive, they had none to control its expenditure, or regulate its actions. Guardians of every right, handed down to them from antiquity, they were equally bound to protect every abuse. They could punish an infraction of the constitution; but they could take no measures to prevent its recurrence. Hence a stationary principle; retrogression the consequence.

Doubtless it was necessary for the honour and

safety of Turkey that the people should give more of their substance to the state; it was necessary that the Janissaries should consent to some change. Can we, however, be surprised at their having resisted innovations? Can we wonder if, on seeing the use made of the taxes already paid, they should decline paying more? Yet nothing existed in the ancient constitution of the empire to prevent the increase of revenue indefinitely. Taxation depended directly on produce, and that was crippled by monopoly and export dues. Turkey seemed like a giant in fetters, of which the government held the key—had lost it, one might have supposed. Had the growth of corn *e. g.* and its exportation been encouraged, or even not depressed, in European Turkey alone, southern Russia would not have become the granary of the Mediterranean; it would have continued waste. Constantinople, with so many fertile domains within fifty miles, remains, as ever, dependent on strangers for bread. The Janissaries did not—it was not their interest—check native agriculture. There was the *Khoubou-bat Naziri** in their time: does not

* The Khoubou-bat Naziri is the officer who supplies the capital with corn, as well as other kinds of provi-

the office still exist with increased power? Such improvements might have been effected, by the simple volition of the sovereign, without breaking the chain of society throughout Turkey, without violating usages hallowed by centuries. They alone would have rapidly increased the resources of the empire, though the change might not have been so apparent, or so much applauded by Europeans, as changing the national costume and encouraging the drinking of spirits. From an improved condition of the people, and an increased value of property, the desire of a better means of national defence would naturally have flowed.

Would the Janissaries ever have consented to that—to a military reform? I am of opinion they

sions. He buys corn in the provinces at *his own price*, then re-sells it to the bakers, who are licensed. He also regulates the quality of the bread. Many of the risings of the Janissaries were owing to this hateful monopoly when carried to excess. When the native produce failed, ships from the Euxine would be stopped and their cargoes taken at the price of the Khoubou-bat Naziri. This was long a just complaint of Russia. The abuse naturally led her to claim the free passage of the Bosphorus—to insist on it—to make war for it.

would, provided the conduct of the "Porte" had been such as to allay the feeling which caused perfidy to be apprehended in all its acts. "Look," I hear say, "did they not dethrone the virtuous Selim, in 1807, because he attempted to introduce European discipline?" Gently! this is an important page in Ottoman history; not one has been worse interpreted.

Like his predecessors, Selim III. felt his power shackled by the shield thrown around popular rights: like them, he wished to have a more abundant mode than the laws of Mohammed allowed of replenishing his treasury: like them, his ideas of reform centred in the attainment of despotic power: like them, he considered himself the nation; enlarge his sphere, all would prosper, the rayas become more obedient, the Russians more circumspect: like them, he considered the Janissaries as the Gordian knot, which if cut the empire would be *his*. First, however, of his race, he saw that any attempt that way, unless provided with a docile military force, would be idle. In order to attain one, and at the same time to mask his designs, he opened the important question in full divan: his favo-

rites dwelt on the necessity of a *tactico* army to oppose to the "infidel;" and the *Scheick Islam* quoted the koran in favour of any innovation that might be detrimental to the enemies of the faith. So far, so good: the Janissaries consented; some of their *odas* (companies) even commenced learning the new drill in emulation of the *nizam dgeditt*, the enrolment for which proceeded rapidly in consideration of high pay and many indulgencies. But mark the next stage. Instead of carrying on the deception, by garrisoning the new troops in the frontier towns for a while, he showed prematurely his real intentions. Passing over the folly he committed in erecting barracks in the capital for thirty thousand *nizam*; passing over his error in taking acquiescence on the part of the Janissaries for submission, we will briefly say that he really commenced operations against them by an attempt on the *Ulema*,* considered as the moral bulwark of Janissarism: he ordained the *confiscation of the property of the mosques* for state purposes. What followed?

* *Ulema* is an Arabic plural word signifying an assemblage of learned men: it comprises the mollahs and chief muderris, and may be said to form a peerage at once sacerdotal and legal.

what could be expected to follow? Called on by their clergy; seeing their church in danger, in that viewing the type of their own ruin, the Janissaries within three months took arms. Selim fell: his *nizam* was disbanded: his barracks were burnt. Would not such conduct be applauded by the citizens of a free state? Did a holier cause unite the English gentry and clergy against James II.? Did a greater violation of faith raise the Parisians in 1830?

Mahmoud reversed his unfortunate cousin's policy. After the stormy interlude of the counter revolution effected by Mustapha Bairactar, too well-known to need repetition here—after the deposition of Mustapha III., stained with the blood of Selim—after the battle and conflagration in the streets of Constantinople, during three days, between the Janissary party and the followers of Mustapha Bairactar—after *his* tragical end, followed by the death of the captive sultan, strangled by his royal brother's order—after all these scenes, Mahmoud swore anew to uphold the institutions of the empire,—to respect the *Ulema*, and the military bodies; and Turkey seemed left to die.

the slow death apparently fated by Heaven. But resentment cowered deep in the young monarch's breast: he ever remembered Selim's advice when they were in confinement together. Revenge took possession of his soul. Every vicissitude of his government was made subservient to the all-absorbing thought of destroying the Janissaries. The rise of Mehemet Ali, the volcanic state of Greece, were shaded by this sole object of his life. "Perish the empire so as they perish first," seemed to be his motto. With greater caution, however, with matchless duplicity—result of women's and eunuchs' lessons—he laid his plans; making no premature exhibition of power, but sowing disunion between the "Hydra" (Janissaries,) and the "serpent" (*Ulema*,) and taking care to remain for a while the only male of his race.

I need not repeat the events of 1826. Suffice it to say, that first he cut down the Janissaries, then he encroached on the mosque.

For his intentions respecting the latter, he is also lauded; lauded by men who raise the same watch-cry everywhere; who condemn certain institutions on account of a name, careless of

how widely they may differ in various countries. Such come to Turkey, and there finding a church-establishment, rich, powerful, and (what they may not have observed,) respected ; "Down with it," is the cry. Would they only take the trouble to inquire into the state of the mosque, their voices might be hushed : if not, it would indeed be strange; for they would see in the mosque the healer of the sores caused by the worst of governments ; for they would find libraries, and schools, and hospitals for the insane on the foundation of the mosque ; for they would see well-cultivated estates belonging to the mosque ; for they would learn that through the agency of the mosque, a man might secure a provision for a wife or daughter after his death. I do not mean to say that Sultan Mahmoud has, while striking at the power of the mosque, overturned its liberal and charitable institutions ; but what guarantee in future will the people have ?—What evils appear to counterbalance the above advantages ? Tithe ? ministers of religion chosen from particular classes ? monastic seclusion ? celibacy ? Not one of the reasons ordinarily urged against a church-establishment is applicable to the mosque.

Giving unto the state all the advantages of a political machine, inculcating obedience, and teaching patience under national calamities, it could never be designated as pampered, aristocratic, or exclusive. But, I repeat, it has been Turkey's misfortune, that Europeans should have judged her of late according to *European rules*. Things were estimated by name, not by substance: parallels were drawn for effect, not for example. The Prætorian guards served for the Janissaries; the church-establishment in some parts of Europe for the mosque. History was silent as to whether any redeeming quality might have resided in the Prætorians, whether any greater evil which they masked might have existed in the empire: prejudice would not allow them to see aught than the errors of the christian churches. So, as the parallels were sought for display, not for investigation, Janissarism must be the worm at the root of the state; the mosque a temple of Belial.

What followed? As if afraid that the spirit of the Janissaries might rise again, all visible token of their pre-existence was removed, their dress proscribed, and the carved turbans on their tombs

knocked off in the burial-grounds about the capital. The immediate result was similar to that of King Charles's death, to that of the 18th *Brumaire;* it gave power. With it Cromwell and Napoleon advanced the glory of their respective countries; each fills a proud chapter in history; the memory of each, surest test of merit, is cherished. As much could not be expected from sultan Mahmoud. Had he, indeed, wielded his new attribute in every sense for the good of his empire, he would have deserved, viewing his education, habits, and companionship, worship as a being directly inspired from heaven. That could not be hoped for. But might we not have expected a middle course between it and the contrary proceeding? Analyse his acts, his intentions, what do they amount to? An increase of taxation for his *personal enjoyment;* and the maintenance of regular troops for *his personal security.*

All institutions radically bad, have, I grieve to say, been preserved; all usages counteracting by their influence the effect of ignorant despotism, and elevating the people, have been abolished. "Too true!" I hear every person in the East repeat. If we seek the causes of the

prolongation of the Turkish monarchy despite the monstrous abuses of its government, we shall find the principal one to lie in the religio-national spirit of the people among all classes. Sultan Mahmoud weakened that, and turned it against himself, by subverting, or endeavouring to subvert, all rights and usages connected with the same, for all are based on the koran, all are considered, even to the mode of eating, and the cut of a garment, as having emanated from the prophet,—by destroying or degrading the ancient families, by nullifying the liberties of the cities, which kept trade in some measure free from arbitrary interference.

If we seek the causes which have reduced this beautiful country to a state of torpor, as though the hot breath of the simoon had yearly passed over it; as though Nature, in her most ireful mood, had denounced it; as though the hand of God had annually smitten it; we shall find the prominent—the sole one—to be CORRUPTION,—the corruption that gave provinces to pashas, born in slavery, and nurtured in degrading servitude,—that withered army after army of fine and gallant spirits by entrusting it to some favourite of

the seraglio, more fit to be one of its water-carriers. These usages Sultan Mahmoud has religiously observed. Corruption still triumphs in all its hideousness. A man's merit still consists in a blind obedience to the sovereign will,—an easy complaisance with his desire, in the absence of birth that may give him honest pride, —of fortune that may, in the absence of mind, instil self-respect,—of education, that may let him feel dishonour,—of nationality, that may give him an interest in the welfare of the empire. Men existed in Turkey, of hereditary wealth, boasting of centuries of loyalty, whose words were as holy writ with the people, and their possessions looked on as asylums for the wretched from the nomination pashalicks. Why, we sorrowfully ask, were they not invited to the councils of their sovereign, and associated with him in necessary reform? Why? Because they would have reformed *him* also.

Many still do not despair; many quote the condition of the empire apparently equally *in extremis* towards the close of the seventeenth century, as a fair ground on which to build hopes for its regeneration again. They quote the disastrous war in

which Cornaro took Dalmatia, Morosini possessed himself of the Morea, the Duke of Lorrain vanquished two armies in Hungary, the Poles ravaged Moldavia; the whole crowned by a revolt of the Janissaries in the capital, to save the lives of the brothers of Mahomet the fourth, then drawing near his end, and increasing in cruelty and suspicion. They dethroned him. Deeming, then, the hour arrived for ejecting the Ottomans from Europe, the Emperor Leopold refused to listen to any terms of accommodation, unless preceded by the entire cession, on the part of Turkey, of Sclavonia, Croatia, Bosnia, Servia, and Bulgaria, to Austria; of Moldavia, Wallachia, and part of the Crimean Tartary, to Poland; of the Morea, the Negropont, and part of Dalmatia, to Venice. Thus was Turkey reduced in 1687. Happy for Europe had that wise scheme of partition been acted on! Was "reform," however—the destruction of the Janissaries—the talisman which saved the empire?—No. Kiuprili, son and grandson of two celebrated grand-viziers, then held the seals. He faced the storm, first, by taking off sundry new duties affecting the good citizens of Con-

stantinople. Next, he attacked abuses, visiting severely the treasurers and holders of public property, but carefully respected fundamental principles. He induced the sovereign to set an example of patriotism by diminishing the seraglio expenses, selling useless slaves of the harem, &c. He encouraged trade. Having thus secured the support of the nation, and increased the admiration already entertained for his family, he set about, confidently, the more arduous task of reforming the Janissaries and the spahis, *i. e.*, restoring their ancient discipline according to the canons of the great Soliman. He fully succeeded. In 1688, the Imperialists captured Nissa, Widin, Orsova, and obliged the sultan to flee in haste from Sophia. Eighteen months afterwards, in 1690, Kiuprili retook those places, replanted the crescent in Belgrade, and beat Veterani in a pitched battle: then returned to Adrianople in triumph.

Here shone the fruits of a constitutional reform. Supposing he had destroyed the Janissaries, and sown discord among all classes by innovation, the views of Leopold would assuredly have been realised. Mark the difference! Solyman the

weak, the bigot, intent chiefly on collating passages of the koran, called to his aid the wisest man in the empire, a man at once belonging to the nation by hereditary merit, and incited by the consciousness of a name to uphold: while at the same time he respected the military force of the empire, although it had dethroned *his uncle and his brother.* Mahmoud, the "great man," summons to his aid, in the task of reforming a stricken nation, men without a name, without one tie in the country. Equally threatened by a coalition from abroad, and harassed by revolt, he meets it by cutting off the only military body in the country. The result has turned out, as was to be expected, the very reverse of Kiuprili's success. Defeated as often as the other proved victorious, Mahmoud at length consented to a disastrous peace in the same city, Adrianople, where Kiuprili enjoyed his holy triumph.* The two men and their measures may be described in a few words: Kiuprili changed nothing, but reformed everything; Mahmoud has changed everything, but reformed nothing. Extend the parallel,

* Kiuprili was killed by a musket-shot at the battle of

if parallel it may be called; Kiuprili fell in battle against the would-be spoliators of his country; Mahmoud lives on the smiles, and will die almost a pensioner, of the hungerers after his throne and empire.

Many admirers of Sultan Mahmoud, however, who have no longer faith in his government, endeavour to excuse him by throwing blame on circumstances which have since arisen to defeat his plans. "If he have failed," they say, "attribute it to his position." Ought we to do so? Even allowing him the best intentions, can anything short of a fortunate result justify an invasion of a people's rights? Surely the mere act of attempting to reform abuses in a state does not entitle a man to exclusive praise; for he only acts on the views of many who, equally with himself, see the taint, yet hesitate, fearful of the consequences, to apply the cautery. Only he has merit, who, aware that no body can undergo a violent change without a corresponding inconvenience for awhile, looks beyond the present to ascertain the probable

Salemkenen, August 19, 1691. His death changed victory into a fatal rout.

nature of the reaction,—to see if no extraneous disorder may supervene—who calculates the possible chances of a temporary convulsion, and prepares resources accordingly. If, on a cool examination, he finds the beneficial working of reform, abstractedly considered, may be endangered by unapparent, but not unfelt or remote, causes, he will stay his hand. Such a man would only be a reformer in due time, or not at all——would abandon a favourite theme, rather than incur a national risk in order to exemplify it. Such a man was Peter the Great!

Where, in the annals of Christianity, shall we find a third to add to him, and to Columbus, to go down with them to all posterity, their claim to the distinction of "great," increasing with each generation, disputed by none? Wonder-working men! what vast, what permanent results from the individual exertions of each!

With unerring discrimination the Czar perceived that, with her existing organisation, Russia could not be elevated. He at once saw the truth, the necessity of change; but could *he* attempt the task,—*he*, untaught, inexperienced? Genius answered, No. He therefore went to

other lands: he studied; he learned to distinguish between what might with safety be destroyed, and what ought to be preserved. At the end of two years, two immortal years, he returned. Regenerated, he commenced his labours. He cut off the factions of the Strelitzes, but he made the remainder available, by placing them under foreign officers, and amalgamating them with other troops. He let the Boyars understand that their hostility to the crown must cease, but he left them in possession of their honours and seignorial rights. He knew that Charles XII. would seek to disturb his infant projects, but he also knew that Charles acted on impulse, was as a cataract that would waste itself in the snow.

With a hundred-fold more reason for caution, surrounded by enemies more powerful, with an empire more complicated, Mahmoud took precisely the opposite line. Passing over his hostility to everything sacred and hereditary, which connect all ancient institutions with a few thousand troublesome Janissaries in the capital, as an act not to be reasoned on; passing it over as a question, the certain result of which,—the broken spirit, and disaffection

of his subjects,—escaped his penetration, other, and more tangible motives existed which ought to have made him pause in his career of reform. *He knew* that the Greeks, comparatively enlightened, united, and wealthy, were merely kept under by the *prestige* of power; if he weakened that arm, they would rise. He knew the disposition of Russia, as a mighty stream, swelling in its progress, and ready to take advantage of a state of transit.

The Janissaries formed the arch of Ottoman greatness. Their bow, it is true, had long ceased to send abroad arrows of destruction: it was suspended idle over the nation: it had become rigid, its string relaxed; yet it continued to act, *in terrorem*, in virtue of the past. To remodel them, in a military sense, no doubt was desirable. "Impossible!" cried prejudice, "easier to destroy them." The consequences! They were not thought of; and the spirit which had hitherto restrained the raya population in obedience, which had deterred the Russians from passing the Balkan, which had checked the corruption of the seraglio, which had found sympathy in the entire nation, ceased to exist. A wise man,

before he raised the sword in that direction would have asked himself, "Will Greece remain submissive?* will Russia leave us alone till the nation be accustomed to the change, till we have time to form a new army? will that substitute work well?" Time has answered these interrogatories, *one and all*, in the negative.

Mahmoud knew not the principles of dominion—the basis on which his stood—or he would never have touched it. He could not distinguish between an empire, whose particles adhere together by mutual attraction, preserving in any position their mutual relation, and one composed of distinct masses, only confined in their places by a superior attractive power. Of the latter description was the Ottoman empire. The power which had drawn together its various elements, cementing them despite their opposing

* It may not be objected to this, that the Greek revolt broke out in 1821, five years before the Janissaries were destroyed. For years before their final hour, their union had been sapped, and distrust sown among them by the intrigues and perfidy which made them fall at length an easy prey.

forces, was the " saintly " soldiery, the Janissaries, on the preservation of which, notwithstanding its anomalous nature, and its stationary principle, depended the integrity of the empire. But it shadowed the throne, and therefore was condemned to yield to an order more consonant with despotism. Could the sultan have effected the change instantaneously, so as not to have given the discontented parties of the state time to feel their strength; could he have transferred the essence of the power possessed by that soldiery, consisting in antiquity, and the habitual exaction of respect, suddenly to its substitute, things might have remained as they were. That, however, could not be. An interregnum necessarily intervened—a season of distrust ensued, and, in the interval, anarchy poised steadily on her pinions.

Suppose the sun's gravitating force to weaken, the planets would soon waver in their course: the most powerful would first give signs of independent action; its orbit would become eccentric, and, after a few struggles, it would dart away on its own career. Others would imitate its example, till, at length, only a few

would continue to revolve round the decaying centre; while the escaped would wander through the regions of space, prey to doubt and anxiety, till involved in other systems. Such is the fate of the Ottoman empire, since its centre of gravity, the integral Osmanley supremacy in arms and politics, has been weakened. Greece is following her own course; Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia, are caught up, it may be said, in the sphere of Russia; Egypt and Syria are elongating their orbits; Albania is tremulous between opposing influences; Algiers is a comet, affecting Tunis and Tripoli; and all this mighty change —completed before our eyes—a sign to those who chaunt so loudly about the regeneration of Turkey—owes its rapid consummation to "reform," impersonated in the destruction of the Janissaries.

It is at all times difficult for an European to draw the proper inference in matters which relate to Turkey: what often seems on a superficial glance to be a cause of her decline, proves, though an evil, to be a lesser one than she would otherwise have endured. The quasi independence of pashas is also usually quoted as a most

crying mischief; but it is easy to show that the prosperity of a province has often depended on this circumstance. Revolt in Turkey has seldom produced civil war; unless, rare occurrence, the contumacious pasha withheld his tribute! then, indeed, the whiskers of the Divan would curl. He generally aimed only at resisting a successor. If his attitude were imposing, the Porte would remain quiet, watching for a treacherous opportunity, or trusting in the chapter of accidents. Meanwhile the people thrived; instead of a new pasha being sent every *bairam* to squeeze them during his year, then return to the capital to squander the spoil in fresh intrigues, they enjoyed a resident governor, whose interest coincided with theirs. Many examples might be cited in illustration of this position, but I may content myself with the pashalic of Bagdad not very long ago. During many years, Suleyman Pasha ruled that extensive province with justice and loyalty. He had a drilled regiment of infantry, with some artillery. He controlled the Yezidees; he restrained the Wahabites; he intimidated the Kurds. The Arab tribes respected his power. Commerce and agriculture

flourished. Moussoul, in particular, was remarkable for the privileges of the Christians as well as for its prosperity. Suleyman had succeeded to the government; he transmitted it to his son-in-law. Ali followed in the same steps; but having a right beyond the mere nomination of the Porte, he necessarily incurred Mahmoud's displeasure. Fearing to attack him openly, the Porte incited the Arab tribes of the pashalick to revolt, and finally made away with him, by means of poison administered by the notorious Khalet Effendi. Look at Bagdad ever since! the Yezidees stop the routes; the Arab tribes own no superior; while the Kurds have for years occupied Turkey's ablest pasha, and her grand army. But though Mahmoud early established as a principle of government to destroy all authority not emanating from him; and though many conscientiously praise his motives, every one will allow that policy should have induced an exception in favour of the pasha of Bagdad, as a counterpoise to Mehemet Ali. Formed on the ancient system, the power of Bagdad could not be injurious to the house of Othman: that of Mehemet Ali had anti-Mohammedanism for its

basis. Preceding sultans had tolerated the modified sovereignty of Bagdad as a balance to Persia. Left as such, it might have checked Paskevitch in 1829; it would certainly have awed Ibrahim in 1832; and it would have spared the Schah, in 1836, the treachery of marching an army part of the way to the succour of Revandooz Bey, the powerful Kurdish chieftain *in revolt against the Porte.**

A parallel existed on the other side of the empire.

Equally obnoxious to the sultan, he equally determined to destroy Ali Pasha of Yanina, careless of the consequences. Sir Thomas Maitland, far-seeing statesman! wrote to our ambassador at the Porte, recommending him to exert his influence in behalf of the rebel. He correctly compared Albania to the columns of the portico;

* Revandooz Bey effected a compromise with the Porte before the succour arrived; but that did not lessen the bad faith of the Persian, the sultan's ally. This Bey, the chief of a fierce tribe of Kurds inhabiting the mountainous country which separates Persia from Turkey and Turkish Arabia, a country never subdued either by Persia or by Turkey, made head in 1836 against the "army of the Taurus," twenty thousand strong, aided by the irregular forces of Bagdad.

if knocked away, the edifice would begin to crumble on that side. He alluded to the embryo Greek revolution. Of course, his advice was unheeded. The star of Mehemet Ali began to shine bright on the setting of that of Bagdad. The Grecian tree of liberty burst into leaf during the final struggle of Ali for power and life. Kourshid Pasha's army, employed and wasted in his reduction, would have shackled Greece. Ali's Albanian army, had *he* been respected, would have overrun it in a month.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ballyk Hissar—Greeks—Divine right—Ibrahim Pasha—Mekhemé—Sou Sithirlik—Cafeneh—Steam-boats—Muhailich—Turkish lad—the Aga—St. Stephano—Barber—Aspect of Constantinople—Lower empire—Historic parallel—Russian Progress—Venice and Genoa—England and France—Russian and English diplomacy—Treaty of El Arish—Revolt in Syria—Mehemet Ali—the Druzes.

LEAVING the *important* bridge which led to so long a digression, we jogged on, neither sorry nor glad, over a rich country towards *Ballyk Hissar*, termination of a long stage of sixty-four miles. "Mustapha," I said, "please God! we will have fish for supper." Mustapha thought a minute; then shook the ashes out of his pipe, and gave that interrogatory nasal twist for which Turks are peculiar. "Truly!" I continued, "the place is named *Ballyk*, (fish,) of course we shall find plenty."—"True!" after a pause, "it

is called *ballyk*—we will eat *ballyk*." He then lit another pipe, stuck his whip in the collar of his jacket, arranged his sacks of trousers, and tickled his steed into the *chackbin*, (ambling shuffle.) No pasha could have smoked more importantly. "Mustapha," I again said, rousing him out of the happy medium between dozing and thoughtlessness, "is the sea near *Ballyk Hissar?*"—"You know; there is no sea."—"Is there a river?"—"There is no river."—"Is there a lake?"—"There is no lake."—"Where then are we to get our fish?" Another mystification, thought Mustapha. He waxed angry, and asked if the bey-zadeh were laughing at him. "You Franks are the strangest people in the world; you cannot be good; you are never satisfied; you always want a reason. Why not leave things as God made them. Fish or not fish, you will get a supper—that is enough."

Ballyk equally mystified one of our old travellers, Pococke, if I remember aright. He was informed, that the great cistern underground at Alexandria Troas was called *ballyk-haneh* (the fish reservoir.) He knew that *bal* signified honey, so therefore leaving out *lyk*,

supposing it a supernumerary particle, he translates it "honey-palace;" then wonders what Priam, (the place was then believed to be Ilium,) could have done with so much honey! whereas it was like the *piscina mirabile* at Bahia.

Little did my good friend Mustapha trouble himself about the derivation of words, or the applicability of epithets. He had passed his days smoking at some consular door at Smyrna, or smoking on horseback between that city and others; and could tell accurately all the nice distinctions of tobacco, define the particular effect of the sparkling *latakia*,* or the drowsy *jibeleh*,† or the soothing *salonica*,‡ or the exhausting *tombecchi*.§ With this proficiency, and a due knowledge of horses, and in the possession of a wife and two children, he professed himself happy. For his journey to and from Constantinople, he received about one thousand piastres,

* Latakia tobacco is grown in various parts of Syria.

† Jibeleh tobacco comes from Egypt.

‡ The best Salonica tobacco is produced in the neighbourhood of Enos: it is preferred at Constantinople to any other.

§ The Tombecchi of Angora is of a good quality: this kind of tobacco is smoked in narghilers (hookas.)

which, after paying for his horses and entertainment, would leave £4 or £5 for the wear and tear of his body and clothes. As consul's *yasakgi*, (guard,) he was paid 130 piastres (27*s.*) a month. An occasional *Backshish*, (*buona mano*,) from travellers, assisted to make the two ends of the year meet. The life, though hard and ill-requited, is much prized by the inferior classes, partly on account of the sort of importance it confers. It just suits their habits; combining a considerable proportion of *otour*, (sit down,) with now and then a sharp fit of exertion. *Occupation* is well paid in Turkey, three or four hours' work will gain a man a competence, yet many decline it for the sake of their beloved indolence. See the police guards, in the hovels called *cafenehs* by the wayside, content to sit down in celibacy on a few piastres a month, gaining some additional paras by supplying travellers with coffee.

Half an hour after sunset, we reached the said Ballyk-Hissar. A good khan and civil attendance refreshed us after our long ride. The easiest mode of revival on these occasions, is to go into a river, if there be one, or get some cold water thrown over you, then re-dress

completely. The feeling is delightful, but can only be gratified in summer, and the ablution has a beneficial effect in the eyes of Mussulmans. The place had an air of competence, the reality of which, in default of other evidence, might be inferred from the number of storks poised on the house-tops. About one half of the population is Greek. The Greeks appear to great advantage in the Asiatic provinces. Away from the field of intrigue, they employ their talents in improving their social condition, in profiting by the carelessness of their masters. Kept under by the Turks, the orignal sin of their nature, vanity, is corrected; they become humble and amiable; and on this account excite an interest, which one rarely feels for the Hellenist or the Fanariote: the one swollen up by emancipation; the other perverted by his education, and too useful to the Osmanleys to be modest.

Generally speaking, in the East, an unusually execrable road denotes the approach to some town. But the one leading to Ballyk Hissar proved an exception. It might almost be termed carriageable, winding for miles through a highly-culti-

vated plain, laid out in corn-fields and vineyards, and, near the town, in gardens. Anybody might feel proud of the aspect of the country round Ak Scheyr, and Ballyk Hissar; the cultivation seemed far superior to any in Spain or Portugal. Hedges of vines and myrtle, interspersed by fine trees, separated some of the fields.

This prosperity, however, is only visible in the vicinity of towns. Vast tracts necessarily remain uncultivated. The district between Smyrna and Constantinople, and the Bulgarian-occupied parts of Roumelia, along the southern face of the Hæmus, offer the most favourable points of observation to a stranger. Yet even here one is sensibly struck with the paucity of population; dense enough, it is true, for individual happiness, but too scanty for national safety; dense enough to give man the desires and habits of social life, but not sufficiently so to wean him from the individuality of a nomade existence; dense enough to create resistance to local oppression, passing dangers, but too scattered to produce an interest in the general concerns of the empire. Fanaticism, embodied in the Janissaries, would draw

together these distinct masses, and bind them in one cause: would encamp on the same field the Kurd and the Bosnian, the Albanian and the Syrian, the Circassian and the Arab; but that has disappeared, or dwindled to a paltry feeling—hatred of the Christian, which once awakened courage *still existing* in all its bitterness, but tinctured now by fear and distrust—and though many hail this change as a harbinger of promise for the Ottoman, as a token of the decline of prejudice, I regard it rather as a sign of his moral, as a proof of his physical decay. In his palmy days, *he despised* the Christian, but he disdained not to employ him with honour, if requisite for the good of the state. He obeyed him in the field, and heeded his counsel in the divan. He held out brilliant prospects to the renegade. In the most glorious period of Ottoman history, the reign of Soliman II., two renegades became grand viziers, and a noble Venetian commanded a corps d'armée in the second Hungarian war. Christian engineers directed the Ottoman batteries at the siege of Rhodes. Now, a renegade lives in scorn, and dies a beggar; now, an Eng-

lish colonel is offered the post of "instructor."* His pride of *caste*, in those days, resembled the feelings which animate and endow with self-respect the high-born patrician of a great country: but now, it savours of the pride of the fallen Italian noble, which serves only to stagnate his own faculties, and leads him to spurn those able to assist him,—see his country perish, rather than saved by ignoble blood.

Hence the facility of any invader occupying the country. Concerted resistance out of the question,—will to combine it not entertained,—patriotism confined to localities. Respect their religion and *éski-adet*, (old custom,) and little care will now be entertained about the possession of Stamboul. The idea of Russia, or any other power, appropriating Turkey, is viewed by the Ottoman with less disquiet every day. It is looked on as destiny. Repose, also, is the desire of the nation. Whenever Russia makes a final grasp at the country, we shall see her do much to disarm the Mussulmans of their hereditary spirit of opposition, by sanctioning old usages, and pro-

* An "instructor" may be compared to a drill sergeant who is ill looked on by his officers.

claiming exemption from conscription and extra taxation for ten or fifteen years. Few people look beyond that term, but the Turk in particular seldom thinks of the morrow. Ensure his actual rights, he will not give a thought to the generation unborn. Russia will act thus, and the time gained will enable her power to consolidate itself. Already in Constantinople—in the provinces prejudice breathes warmer—she is spoken of with temper; people are becoming less sensible of her shadow impending over the land. More than once, I have happened to converse with individuals on the state of Mussulmans in *Crim Adasi* (the Crimea,) and I have heard opinions expressed of their well-being, as indeed travellers agree in stating. Russian troops encamping on the Bosphorus quietly and orderly in 1833, and retiring without having caused any damage or expense, conduct *so* unprecedented, produced an impression in her favour. I do not suppose that the emperor contemplated so far; but it certainly went a long way *in the capital* towards effecting a predisposition to conciliation. This feeling is kept alive by a succession of presents to various

individuals; swords to officers, and medals to some of the troops. The sultan, moreover, by forcing the adoption of Frank usages and garments, is accustoming his people to a Frank government. He himself is breaking down the barriers which separated them from Christendom. He is removing the greatest difficulty attending conquest, viz., the effect of startling innovation.

But "the divine right of the family of Othman," I see held up in answer, and in disproof of the above. Divine right! No doubt the *Cavaliers* trusted in it for the first Charles! No doubt the *aristocrats* hoped it would perplex the understanding of the *National Convention!* Whence, I would seriously ask, should it arise in the present instance? Does birthright give it?—when the founder of the dynasty was the usurper of the inheritance of him—of Aladdin of Iconium—in whose veins a drop of inspired blood might have flowed!—when his descendant was the dethroner and slayer of him—the last of the *Abbassides*, who claimed whatever right supposed descent from the tribe of *Koreish* gave,—who reigned at Cairo in the Caliph's hall of pearls! Is there

a magic in his capital which confers it? That city "defiled" eleven centuries by the christian faith predominant, still "tainted" by its practices, still half filled with its followers! Does his empire give it? An empire consisting in a series of conquests, bound together, by a fiction, in one heterogeneous mass, differing in customs as much as in clime, in language as far as in distance: their customs, their privileges, left to each by the conqueror, on paying the amount ordained by the "book," on yielding the fealty due to a superior? No. From none of these causes arose the so much talked of divine right. It existed though, but in an abstract essence. It existed though, but in an amalgamation of interests between the people and the sovereign. Sitting at Stamboul as sovereign lord, the sultan governed each state, each conquest, as it had always been used to be governed, received from each according to precedent only. Could the people have a better master? Their maxims were his. He heard their wishes, he received their petitions, he settled their disputes. Pashas infringed their rights; he bowstrung them. The grand vizier tarnished the

national honour in war; he decapitated him. The people seemed to reign. At their solemn fasts, at their state feasts, he deposed the sceptre, he appeared as the lawgiver, as the chief *Imam*.—Wearing their garb, speaking their sentiments, he renewed each year his compact with the Mussulman family. With them he rejoiced in honour of their prophet: with them he humbled himself to the ground, and confessed himself the lowest of his creatures.

Now he is the prophet! The fireworks and illuminations which are displayed on Mohammed's birth day, and on the day of the "flight," now celebrate the anniversaries of the sultan's birth and accession. The same homage due to the hem of his garment, as the sacerdotal robe, must now be paid to *his* foot.*

No wonder, if, while acting in his former character, he *were* divine! No wonder, if, thus viewing him, the Mussulmans fancied Allah had specially deputed his family to watch over his chosen people!

* These innovations were ordered in March, 1836. That of the transfer of loyalty from the garment to the foot required a long, and to us a humorous, firman.

But as soon as he began to war against their *usages*—as soon as it became apparent that *He* was the oppressor, not his subordinates—as soon as his acts showed that he considered the people *his* creatures, not *himself* their servant, where was he? As low as he *had been* elevated! What was he? An infidel! His divinity vanished. He became a man—a tyrant. Surrounded by the attributes of his faith, he had been adored as the incarnation of national rights—as two essences in one. Divested of them, he stands naked. He thought himself the substance, he proves the shadow. The rights remain to be cared for—struggled for; the idol is broken.

Not stronger motives, we may be assured, have induced *any people* to expel their sovereign than are now steeling the Turks against the sultan. *Eski adet* (old custom) is now seen to be the possessor of the divine right,—not the *Othman*.

Mehemet Ali had a knowledge of this feeling when he reared the standard of revolt over Syria. Ibrahim knew it on finding every road free, every gate open to him, from Mount Taurus to Kutaya. Certain writers, in order to account for his rapid success, so destructive of their theo-

ries on the devotion of the Turks to the sultan, have endeavoured to inculcate the idea that it was owing to a belief among the people that his operations solely tended to cut off the amicable relations between the sultan and Russia; by no means aimed at the integrity of the empire. Pure delusion! What care people for outward danger—distant evils, when they are eat up with domestic grievances? What care the English about the "designs of Russia," when they are occupied with Irish tithes and corporations? More than three years were elapsed since the Russian had quartered at Adrianople. The event was forgotten: it was written in the book of fate, and the page turned over. Sick of innovation, tired with apprehension, the people were passive, apparently indifferent as to who came. The following trick played off by Emin Effendi, one of the *Ayans* (notables) of Smyrna, shows clearer than a volume of argument the prostrate condition of the country after the battle of Koniah. Profiting by the consternation, Emin feigned the arrival of Tartars at his house, as if from the Egyptian camp, and gave out that he had received a firman from Ibrahim to rule the city in

his name. He then boldly repaired to the governor and desired him to yield up his authority. Tahir Bey hesitated, but dared not arrest him: on which Emin produced a second letter, as though from the Musselim of Magnesia, announcing the arrival of five-thousand Egyptian troops at Magnesia, and of their intention to march on Smyrna instantly: "They will arrive in two hours," continued his rival; "you cannot suppose I would have taken this step unaided." Be it observed that not an Egyptian was nearer than Kiutaya, nor had Emin one soldier to back his modest request. But Tahir believed him. He ceded his post, begged for good treatment, and retired to ponder over the ways of making his talents useful to the new sultan of Asia Minor. Emin, thus successful, made good use of his time: he squeezed all he could out of the *miri* and customs, contracted debts to the amount of 300,000 piastres, (£3,000,) and after three weeks absconded with the spoil. Ibrahim's halt and intentions then becoming known, Tahir, who had not quitted the city, resumed the government as quietly as he had given it up. He excused his supine conduct by affirm-

ing that his refusal would have compromised the safety of the city, for the partisans of the old system all supported Ibrahim, and the appearance of a single Egyptian regiment would have proved the signal for a general rising against the Porte.

What a farce to act in 1833, in the chief commercial seat of the empire! within fifty hours' ride of the capital! But what must appear still more curious is, the transaction would long ere this have been forgotten, had not the debts of the said Emin Effendi, causing many law-suits since, kept it alive in people's minds. Two years afterwards, I happened to be in the *mekhemeh* of Smyrna, when a shop-keeper brought an action against a *Tchiaoush*, formerly in Emin's service, and who had quitted the city in his suite, for the value of two embroidered belts. The *Tchiaoush* admitted the purchase; but only by his master's order and for his use. As the plaintiff could bring no witnesses to prove the contrary, the defendant was called on to make oath on the koran to the truth of his assertion, which he readily did, to the evident chagrin of the vender of belts. The Mollah then called for

fresh pipes and another cause, which being equally soon disposed of by the aid of the said koran, we adjourned to his saloon to enjoy more refined smoking and drink sherbet.

Between the koran and false witnessing, an honest man has little chance in Turkey.

* * * *

After some refreshment and a little repose, for mosquitos would not allow of more than one nap, we remounted, and after riding six hours, pulled up to breakfast at Sou Sithèrlik, a small town pleasantly situated at the foot of hills and watered by the Ryndacus. The harmonious name of the river is thus changed (to Sou Sithèrlik) on account of buffaloes coming to bathe in it. The country for some miles preceding is picturesque and richly wooded.

This day I tired uncommonly—the effect of riding forty-eight hours with little intermission, after a quiet ship life. The horses, too, were weak, owing to the heat, and often came down. I doubt if any continuance reconciles a person to the fatigue. To bear it tolerably, one need be a Tartar or a cavalry-man. I mention the latter, because the feat of our countryman, Colonel

Dundas, who rode from Constantinople to Belgrade in less than five days, has few parallels. The custom in Turkey of entering a town, or of approaching a *cafeneh*, at speed, makes the uninitiated traveller feel worse all over. *Haidee hau! Allah hu!* is the cry: at the sound the horses seem to acquire new life; they prick their ears and gallop away, amidst the rattling of baggage and the cracking of whips, while your aches, which had made even the motion of an amble seem intolerable, derive fresh intensity every second, until at length you gain a tolerable idea of the rack. As we ascended the brow of a hill, I perceived at the extremity of a long descent a *cafeneh*. Grateful sight! The noble plane tree overspreading it waved invitingly cool, but—to reach it!—I looked imploringly at Mustapha. Hard-hearted, hard-bottomed man! he heeded me not—his Tartar honour was concerned: *Haidee hau!*—away we started, and drops of agony rolled off my forehead. I thought since of the feat with complacency: our keeping the jades in a gallop down the hill, Mustapha shouting at the top of his lungs: our charging up beneath the said tree: our reining in right beside the benches; all the *cavedjis* and *chibouqjis* of the establishment

running out to aid us to dismount, and the company stroking their beards as if in admiration of our chivalrous deportment. Oh! the charm of coffee and tobacco to a tired man, as, reclining on carpets, and backed by cushions, he inhales their fragrance; and the glass of cool water afterwards; and then—the fresh chibouque! I could have remained that way for a week. No one has truly felt repose till he has thus alighted from a Turkish hack after a jog-trot of some hours.

The courtesy of the company is balm. "*Hoch ghieldiniz, sefa ghieldiniz,*" (you are welcome, you are doubly welcome,) is repeated by all; not together, but separately, that you may be distinctly aware of the goodwill of each. If you appear tired, some one points out the pleasantest seat; if you have no chibouque, one of the company offers his, another furnishes tobacco, a third calls for charcoal. You are then left quiet for a few minutes. Having sipped your coffee, and beginning to look around you with a renovated air, you may be asked "*Nerdan ghieldiniz?*" (whence come you?) "*Ne haber?*" (what news?) To which,

and similar questions, having replied, you will do the proper thing by inviting two or three of those present to take coffee. "*Ghidelum,*" (let us go,) then says your Tartar, shaking the folds out of his capacious breeches, and tightening his sash. The *cavedji* holds your stirrup. *Hoch ghieldiniz* is again pronounced, and *oughr ola*, (bon voyage.) In all parts of Turkey this agreeable scene occurs. Not only the high-born and wealthy, but all classes—shopkeepers, labourers, &c.—show the same urbanity and native grace. The manners may not be polished, but the heart is. As marked though, in the contrary sense, with few exceptions, is the conduct of all who are connected with the Porte. Vain and hypocritical, they often think to show importance by treating the stranger with indifference, unless it be their interest to be civil, and then the string of his shoe is too good for them to touch. Among the lower and middling classes, also, you may often obtain correct views of the existing state of things, the nature of grievances, indications of political changes, opinions thereon, &c. for their habits incline them to truth; their individual freedom,

and local customs, lead them to exercise judgment; and they obtain news from the errant dervishes, shrewd dirty fellows, "their pride showing through the holes of their garments," who are equally at home on the pasha's divan or on the cotter's rug; feared by the former on account of their being frequently employed by the government as spies. Seeking real information from personages about the capital, you may readily be imposed on; for deceit is half the ladder of greatness in Turkey, and only one tone is heard—the echo of the master. Unfortunately, steam navigation, while bringing many more persons to Turkey than formerly, causes its real condition to be less known. The weary ride, the naked khan, the peasant's cot, the river's ford, are exchanged for speed and European comforts in the wheeling bark: the latter inducing hundreds, thousands, who would shrink, ignorant of the joys of excitement, from the former, to explore the wonders of the East. Here they are disappointed; illusion is dimmed by privation. After journeying over the wastes and hills of Turkey, the comforts, such as they are, of Constantinople, or Smyrna, or

Adrianople, or Damascus, are relished a hundred fold more than their intrinsic worth; and thus our wants being satisfied, the fancy, the reason, has leisure to rove and revel. By comparison with the fatigues of the road, everything wears an elysian aspect. But, since steam hurries the votaries of pleasure and travel, from the rich and crowded ports of Italy and France straight to the scales of the Levant, disappointment is the first sensation awakened, instead of the burst of joyance we used to feel as the minarets of an Oriental city appeared in the distance. More than once of late have I seen travellers, unable to reconcile themselves to the want of accommodation at Pera, order horses, and gallop off for Vienna before the expiration of a week. Reader, let me advise you as a friend, if your object be pleasure or distraction, reach not Stamboul the first time by steam. If your object be knowledge, give yourself the advantage of a comparison. Solid information is, generally speaking, in the ratio of the difficulty incurred in obtaining it; and a six weeks' tour in the interior gives more than a residence of many years in a city. The man who rides about the country

acquires more knowledge of it than the hundred who pass from city to city in steam-boats. Quick locomotion also begets an impatience of repose, and thus a country is scanned over, instead of being dwelt on; a slight sketch is made of it, but no details are filled up. A general idea is obtained, but none of the minutiæ which fix identity. Necessity brings a traveller into close intercourse with the natives on the road; he is glad, for the sake of pastime, to question his *surrogee* and his *Tartar*, the *khandgi* or the *kodgia bashi* or the *aga* of the village he stops at; but few motives, save abstract ones, exist in the cities to make a man cultivate their acquaintance. With access to agreeable European society he rarely seeks that of Orientals. By the influx of travellers of late to Constantinople —hundreds descending by the Danube, hundreds ascending by the Hellespont—intentional error is moreover widely disseminated. Truth lies on the ground, it requires searching for; but error floats in the air, and is easily carried away. Truth is supposed to find its own way, and is, therefore, rarely obtruded on notice by its admirers; but error is sure to have ad-

vocates, loud and eloquent. The theorist on the policy and character of the sultan, settled at Constantinople, and holding forth to the many who are glad to listen during their ten days' visit, instils opinions which are not doubted on the spot, and cannot be corrected, but with difficulty, in other lands; their value being apparently confirmed by the testimony of a few Europeanized Osmanleys. A previous tour, or a prolonged residence, would show the quackery of the former—the delusion of the latter. We have smiled, at Constantinople, to see a person supposed to have printing intentions, or a travelling newspaper correspondent, taken hold of and stuffed with a certain bias: the result appearing after a couple of months in a long article at Paris, or in a pamphlet, in which fact and mistatement—ascribed to the fault of the recipient—are curiously dove-tailed.

M. B——e, on his return to Paris, issued a *brochure* to enlighten the world on the state of the East. The *official* singularity of his errors amused his readers, but more particularly excited the wrath of his political feeders at Constantinople. They had expected much from him.

"*L'imbecille!*" they said, "how could he have so mistaken our meaning? Were we not at him day and night, stuffing him for a week without intermission? We scarcely gave him time to eat."—The gorge proved too much for the poor man's digestion.

After riding a short way from our pleasant *cafeneh*, we overtook a caravan watering at a fountain. The drivers have large metal vessels, which they fill and place between two of the animals, refilling it till their water-stomach "is complete." The camels know their turn and wait accordingly. We saw one young camel, however, put its nose where it had no business, and as this was a serious misdemeanor, it immediately received an unmerciful beating. This showed me what I had not before known, that the creature's extraordinary patience is more owing to discipline than to nature.

We now approached the sea of Marmora. At Muhallich (Mekalitza) we halted for a couple of hours, and regaled ourselves in the interval on some delicious *ya'ourt* and *kosh'ub*; then, with fresh horses, we trotted on to the *Scala*, about seven miles farther, through groves of trees and

garden-disposed grounds, along the left bank of the blue, meandering, flowery-margined Ryndacus; preferring rather to embark at once, than to ride ten hours farther to Mondania, whence Tartars usually cross to the capital. On the road we overtook a young green-turbaned Turk, who, on his way to Constantinople, afforded us an apt specimen of the personal freedom and independence of this people. Weary of provincial life, he had quitted his home, at ten days distance in the interior, and had performed the journey on foot, without a piastre in his pocket, with no recommendation beyond his own good-humoured countenance and gentle manners. "How did he contrive to live?" I asked. The question raised a smile, as if in pity, I thought, of my ignorance. "Anybody," he said, "would give him food at night, and a rug to sleep on."

Many provincials thus arrive at Constantinople every year.* Employment is easily found in a place where the supply is less than the demand. The usual resource for the *tyro*, is to offer his ser-

* The influx of the natives of the Cyclades, in order to act as domestics in the Greek families of the capital, is considerable.

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vices at a *cafeneh*, or at a bath, or to vend sherbet and *bonbons* in the street, or to take an oar in a *caique*. He is seldom reduced to "chance" it, as the London "cads" say. The last-named occupation is the best: it pays well owing to the constant water thoroughfare, as much on pleasure as on business; and a careful young fellow may readily borrow,* after a time, one thousand piastres (ten pounds) to buy a boat. In two or three years then he will have saved enough to return home, and probably will do so unless restrained by the ambition of owning one of the elegant four-oared, or six-oared *piadés* of the Bosphorus. I thus traced the career of one of my favourite *caikgis* on the Golden Horn. I had occasion to use his boat, a borrowed one, soon after his arrival in the capital from the neighbourhood of Amasia. I liked the lad, and used to employ him in preference; so that when Achmet was at the *Scala*, no other waterman would offer his services

* Money is employed at an enormous interest in Turkey, notwithstanding the express prohibition of the koran. Two per cent. per month is not uncommon. One or one and a half per cent. per month is usual; but in no country perhaps is so much money lent *for friendship*, among the lower classes.

to me, but in good-humour make way for his boat. His readiness and good-humour procured him many other friends. In two years he had realised a little sum, sufficient to redeem some paternal acres from a mortgage, and he returned to the south. As the object of such is to amass, they usually club five or six together, and engage a large room to sleep in, for about ten piastres a month; reasonable enough, where a man may earn half as much at least per diem. Each subscriber finds his own carpet and pillows. They may give as much more to some old man, generally a relation of one of the party, to take care of the common apartment, and prepare supper for them at night. The veteran fills the offices of caterer and arbiter, and as age is very much respected in the East, he thus passes his days happily. His expenses are paid, and the youths who employ him, do for him the offices of relatives and domestics.

What became of my young traveller in question I scarcely remember. He obtained a supper at the *cafeneh* we stopped at, fairly earning the same by attending on the guests, and I gave him a lift over the water in my boat. I had

wished to start immediately, but the ill-will of the aga detained us till near midnight. After two hours—two hours of a precious fair wind—Mustapha returned to me indignant: "The aga," he said, "was decidedly a *Pezaveng*." Repeating that, and commenting on the unusual disrespect to a functionary like himself—if not a regular Tartar, at all events performing the office of one—he lit his pipe and puffed away for five minutes. That over, he informed us, for he addressed the whole company, that the aga would not give an order for a boat. "What did you tell him, Mustapha?" I asked. "Does he know I am an English officer?"—"Oh! he does not care for that or for *me* either."—"Indeed!" I observed, rather nettled, and sitting up on the carpet on which I had been reclining, waiting, like a true Oriental, the course of the stars, "suppose I were a Russian, would he not give me a boat?—Aye, and the best in his power—*Inshallah!* he shall give one also to an Englishman." We are not yet sunk so low, I thought to myself. All present enjoyed the justness of the sally. In no country is so much licence allowed against persons in authority, or so

much enjoyed ; " for," as they say, " they are all *pezavengs.*" *Bir Pasha, bir masha, hepsi bir dir ;* it is a pasha or a masha, (charcoal pincers,) all the same thing, is a favourite expression of the Turks. Seeing me draw on my boots, a respectable-looking man in a white turban offered to accompany me to the aga. " *Dour, dour djanem,*"—(Stay, stay, my soul,) said Mustapha ; " if he will not listen to *me,* do you think he will to *you ?* The *bey-zadeh* can go ; Franks do as they please." I went accordingly. Expecting the visitation, my gentleman had surrounded himself with official pomp, strewing papers on the sofa, and filling the room with attendants, among whom he appeared inclined to make me " eat dirt," i. e. keep me standing like a raya. This I soon remedied, and then he was quite the contrary—" Welcome ! how is your health ?"—" My health is good, but it will be better elsewhere."—" Ah ! very good !—will you smoke ?—bring pipes—coffee." With such preliminaries our affair arranged itself. Of course, he threw all the blame on Mustapha, for which Mustapha afterwards, in thought and speech, took care to dishonour his father and

mother. "Do I not know," he said, "that the English are great friends with the sultan? Am I an ass? — Would I stop the sultan's friends? You shall have a boat to-morrow—at midnight—now. Here, Achmet, Zadik, Halil, go—tell Suleyman Rais (Captain Suleyman) to get his boat ready immediately. Your *eltchee* (ambassador) is a *buyuk adam*, (a great man,) make my respects to him."

But Suleyman Rais, as if in league with the aga's first intentions, ran us on a bank at the entrance of the river. There we remained till day-break. A fair breeze next carried us a few miles out; it then changed. A long passage was before us. I looked out for the "Turquoise" yacht, knowing it was her time to be in the same direction, for the change from our unawninged deck to Captain Lyon's cabin would have been marvellously agreeable. No such luck! though she passed up that very day, and reached Constantinople a few hours only before me. Expecting a short run, I had brought no provisions. Mustapha had shown no more foresight; but I saw that he, by tightening his sash and smoking, could last out for some time. My

fellow-passenger, however, a Turkish trader, relieved my uneasiness on that score by inviting me to share his little stock. No act could be kinder or more apropos. The slenderness of our meals made them delicate, and proved salubrious after the exciting ride. Two days and nights thus cooled my blood.

On the second morning, at three o'clock, a squall from the Bosphorus unrolled us out of our cloaks. Men and things went to leeward. The canvas gunwale of the boat dipped; its bag of a sail immersed itself—it was touch and go. Recovered from our surprise, and the squalls recurring, we ran away for the little harbour of St. Stephano, a pleasantly situated village, with a royal kiosk and barracks; resorted to by Franks in the autumn for quail-shooting. Off its cliffs, old Dandolo first cast anchor after passing the Hellespont.

Landing, we stretched our legs a few minutes on the quay, then went into a *cafeneh* to enjoy the oriental luxury of being shaved. I wish another name designated the *artiste;* it conveys no idea of his talent, nor of the services he renders, nor of the pleasure you experience. Hav-

ing given by word and gesture the usual courteous welcome, he places you on a bench. One attendant brings you a chibouque, while another prepares coffee. Nothing is done in a hurry in Turkey except cutting off heads. No business or pleasure can advance without the pipe; its fragrant clouds seem essential to temper the sunshine of existence. While you amuse yourself with one, the master turns down your collar, rolls up your sleeves, and envelopes you with spotless linen—almost without your consciousness. Thus prepared, you resign your head into his hands. He places it in the right position over a large basin, and turns a stream of hot water on it from a metal vessel which is suspended above to a movable rod. With his long nimble fingers, which leave no pore unvisited, he runs over and cleanses the surface of the cranium, face, and neck, with surprising dexterity: then laying first one cheek on his knee, then turning over the other cheek, he manipulates with a woman's softness of touch, and soaps, and shaves, the steel passing smoothly over the skin, and sleep wooing, till you feel all over new and fresh and bright. Such is an eastern barber. If, in addi-

tion, a tooth aches, he will pull it out; if your head aches, he will cup you; if your side aches, he will leech you.

Thus purified and refreshed, we engaged a six-oared *caique*, and shot away in the direction of Pera.

As we rowed swiftly along the southern face of the city—so mighty in its fame, so wondrous in its decay,—a familiar scene extended before me—oft visited, oft enjoyed in other days. From *Yedi Kaleh* (Seven Towers) to *Saray Bouroun* (Seraglio Point) I thought I recognised every house on the water's margin. Nothing seemed changed. The same solitary tree—Nature's banner—still grew out of the summit of a tower. I knew again the kiosk we often used to indulge in, lulled by the murmuring Propontis, and gazing on the beautiful isles. Cypresses still shaded *Ghul Hhaneh*, (rose meadow,) the quarters of the cavalry of the guard. The seraskier's tower still looked over the seven hills. Sophia's minarets and those of Achmetie still pointed gaily upwards, like glittering arrows, to the sky. The same diadem of cypresses still crowned the heights of Pera. Still the ancient tower of Galata sur-

vived the often repeated efforts of flame. Still the same spreading branches shaded the artisans employed on the frigates on the stocks. Vessels of all nations crowded, as usual, the noble harbour: myriads of gay boats skimmed along the glittering waters: caparisoned steeds waited at the landing-places ready to convey the indolent up the hills; while everywhere a babel of tongues denoted the activity of trade and employment.

What a picture of prosperity for a stranger as he opens the harbour! What bursts of admiration escape from his lips as he stems the current, in the midst of cities: newer scenes, brighter prospects, opening on him on every side, and varying with every stroke of his oars; till, at length, he fain closes his eyes in order to seek relief in darkness from the splendour of earth, sky, and water, mingling in one overwhelming mass of colouring and harmony.

What may he infer on seeing the splendid ships of war mirrored on the Bosphorus, the bright latticed palaces smiling on them from either side, the gardens on its banks rivalling those erst famed of Babylon, the hills garlanded with the white and green tents of the guard, the

colonnaded bazaars detailing the riches of the East and the West, the superb mosques, the pomp of pashas, the veiled luxury of their master, the gilded curtained equipages of Scutari, the lovely crowds at each pleasant place enjoying sunshine and fragrance, the stream of pleasure and occupation, with scarcely a beggar to wound his sight, with scarcely a complaint to check the feeling of hilarity, where even a wretch suspended by the neck to a crooked nail above a shopboard hangs gracefully, and dies—a picture.* What may he infer of the empire, no other part of it visited? What hope may he not entertain for its preservation? Let him infer nothing—let him not hope; but let him turn back the page of history, and see the state of the Greek capital during many years—its gorgeousness, its wonders, its display—when a handful of fanatics could make it tremble, and a band of Turcoman horsemen might ride up to the opposite bank, and shake their scymetars in its gaze—when *Moldavia and Servia boasted of*

* In May, 1836, a band of forty or fifty robbers was thus disposed of. They were strung up two in each village, along the banks of the Bosphorus.

native princes, and Albania reeled in anarchy, and an Otho reigned at Athens, and Arabs overthrew the imperial armies on the plains of Syria, and Paleologos implored the aid of Bajazet against a rebel,† and the Turks enjoyed sovereign rights in Constantinople.‡* Ponder over the marvellous coincidence. Read the same chapter opened again: see the same play reacting, *on the same stage*. Transpose a few names: in the place of Greeks put Turks; in the place of Turks exhibit Russians; in the place of the maritime powers of Italy introduce England, and the scenery will *perfectly* answer. Nor are there

* After Otho de la Roche, (of Burgundy,) a Castilian family reigned at Athens, then the Florentine Accaioli, the last duke of which was put to death by Mahomet II. in 1456, three years after the conquest of Constantinople.

† Jean Paleologos obtained the assistance of the Turks against the Prince of Bulgaria, who was advancing on Roumelia—Mahmoud sought Russia's aid against Mehemet Ali. Cantacuzene had already given his daughter, Theodora, in marriage to Orkhan.—Quere. Shall we see a czarovitch claim the hand of a princess of the house of Othman?

‡ Bajazet insisted on the establishment of a mosque and a judge (cadi) in Constantinople for his subjects. The peace of Adrianople gave Russia equal power—greater exemptions.

wanting similar arguments, similar accidents, a similar misestimation of cause and effect. Do not the same motives which induced Europe to remain a quiet spectatress of the fall of the last Constantine make her look calmly on the overthrow of the Ottoman? viz. internal struggles, now as then, causing each country to attach more importance to the attainment of some political right, the subversion of some religious dogma, than to the existence of an ancient empire? Has not the same spirit of economy, the same distrust of each other's motives, the same hereditary rivalry of interests, the same mutual jealousy, which caused Venice and Genoa to defer the struggle *until too late*, acted on France and England? To which add a similar unexpressed, but not the less existing, hope, on the part of one, now as then, to profit singly by the great fall—to turn it to a rival's injury. Could the war of Chiozza be forgotten or *forgiven*? Could Venice forget the threat to bridle the horses of St. Marc? Could Genoa sink in oblivion's wave the fatal wreck of her hopes and ambition? No, no! And can France cease to writhe under the recollections of Trafalgar and Waterloo? Never!

Is it in human nature for any Frenchman to unite himself to us for our advantage? Is it not rather human nature that every Frenchman should willingly suffer for our abasement? Should *we* not so feel—so act—if the column of our naval glory had been overthrown, and the fleets of Gaul had ridden triumphant at the Nore and at Spithead?—the thought is distraction! and they who expect France to join with us, because *her interest* lies in the union, will be deceived. Evil to *herself* from Russian aggrandisement she thinks problematical: to *us* she deems it certain. For the sake of the latter she will risk the former. Does not also as virulent a fever, though arising from different causes—politics instead of religion—which at that period paralysed Germany, equally agitate the Austrian empire in the present day, and stay her interference in exterior objects? And is not Russia, for like reasons, in the position respecting Europe then occupied by the Ottoman? for in the ratio as the inconveniences of the feudal system ensured the latter victory, so is the mutability of representative governments a buckler to the former. The latter ruled a stranger to the pursuits, to the interests of

Europe: *he was styled a barbarian.* The former remains a century behind Europe in civil liberty and popular instruction: *she is termed barbarous.* But did not that vilified *barbarism* pave the road of conquest to the one, as it opens the gates of victory to the other? by giving to each secrecy in council, concentration of power and unity of action. As the ambition of the early sultans and the fanaticism of their followers, so is Russia's aggrandizing system, and the willing obedience of her subjects.

Some writers, of late, have based grave arguments for Russia's inability to act up to her plans of conquest, on the ground of Turkey's continued existence with all the attributes of empire. Should we not smile on reading of similar opinions respecting the Ottomans, because the imperial eagle survived near a century after Amurath had occupied Adrianople? The jealousy of nations is to Turkey what the victory of Tamerlane was to the Greek empire—it retards the crisis. We marvel at the progress of the Turks, from the hour Othman unfurled his banner at the distant city of Iconium (Koniah) to that when his descendant planted the crescent on the

dome of St. Sophia ; yet scarcely so much as at the delay in the long predicted consummation ; to be attributed only to the majesty which still invests declining empire—the halo of its former renown giving it a form it hath not, a strength it doth not possess, gaining for it the respect it doth not deserve. Cautiously we approach it : one by one the veils drop off ; and when, at length, the last is rent away, the spoiler smiles at the phantom raised up by his apprehensions—reproaches himself with having allowed his reason to be so long scared by a shadow. But more, much more, need we marvel at the advance of Russia in the face of Turkey. Look at her condition little more than a century since : her capital a marsh ; her navy comprised in the "Little Peter;" her Liverpool (Odessa*) a Turkish village ; her corn districts barren steppes, inhabited by wandering Tartars ; her arsenals and her ports of the Euxine profitless in the hands of the

* This fishing village, Hodja-bey, was ceded to Russia in 1783, but not till 1796 was the new town commenced. The Turks still call Odessa, Hodja-bey.

Turks; her rivers, now running with streams of commerce, emptying themselves unheeded through the Ottoman states! For her to have thus gained, what must have been Turkey's loss! If while struggling into power, Turkey still fanatic and strong, she effected so much, why should we disparage her now? Is there reason therein? No, my countrymen! to oppose Russia *now* we require other weapons than newspaper tirades and pamphleteering eloquence—than demonstrations and threats of "rousing the British Lion." The Vatican, to continue the parallel, hurled its thunders at the victorious Ottoman, as he hunted in the Greeks: as vain, though more sneered at, will be the thunders of the press to check the march of the Cossack. Once on a time steel and powder were our arguments. At all events, if it be needful to wait, let us wait with the calmness of determination; let not the lion lash his tail unprepared to use his talons. Honour, the honour of our name, bids us cease the torrent of invective we have poured out on Russia the last five years, holding up her emperor and her nobility to the

indignation of Europe, her people to its scorn. Ignoble, impolitic on our part! Why add rancour to hostility? we shall yet meet them in battle. Surely it is wise to give our enemy credit for some good qualities: more honour then in vanquishing him; less shame in the reverse.

Why do we thus revile her? Why? Blush, consistency! for simply acting as we should act in her place—for doing the tithe of what we have done in India, are doing,* and must repeat in the case of Runjeet Singh and the King of Oude's territories!—for pursuing exactly the course of our Indian policy as laid down by Lord Clive—to rule first under the semblance of the native prince, entering into *a defensive treaty*, so that none other might interfere in his affairs, ever ready to *support him against a rebel;*

* In 1834 we dethroned the Rajah of Coorgh, for hanging two demi-official spies sent from Calcutta, and writing a spirited letter (termed insolent) to the governor-general. For these acts, the son of the man who mainly aided us against Hyder Ally and Tippoo Saib, on the overthrow of whom depended the consolidation of our Indian power, is a prisoner at Vellore; his kingdom annexed to our empire! Of course *we were right*, politically speaking.

then, making a pretext of his incapacity or tyranny, relieve him, by fraud or force, of the burthen of reigning. For acting also sundry parts of the drama, respecting the Greeks, which we might have taken on ourselves. Had we stood forward in their support under real or supposed grievances, they might not have regarded Russia as their only hope; we might then have converted them from rancorous serfs into useful allies of the Porte. When Greeks, to go no farther back than 1821, were daily massacred in the streets of Constantinople and Pera, had the representatives of western Europe raised their voices, instead of placidly looking on; demanding their passports rather than remain to witness such horrors,—fanaticism would have stayed her hand, and the Ottoman have been spared a bitter reproach among civilised nations, which almost excited sympathy with Russia's encroachments. To this day people often shudder at the recollection of the indifference of one or two of their excellencies amidst these dreadful scenes. Their remonstrances would have proved effectual, for it was Sultan Mahmoud who ordered the populace to arm and slay the infidel; who com-

manded the execution of the patriarch and his principal clergy; nor till a ball from a fanatic grazed his robe, one Friday, as he was going to mosque, did he think of allaying the fatal storm raised by his word.

Had *we* also insisted on the free navigation of the Bosphorus, as honour, duty, and interest dictated, instead of countenancing the trickery and bad faith of the Porte,* we should have deprived Russia of a just ground of complaint,

* The Porte constantly arrogated to itself the right of preventing the passage of certain cargoes from the Euxine to the Mediterranean; and of detaining corn vessels of any nation for the use of the capital, purchasing their cargoes at its own price. Russian trade thus suffered, since the impediment deterred merchants from sending their ships into the Black Sea. On this account we used to obtain firmans for our vessels to pass through by exhibiting simulated manifests, i. e. *mistating the nature of the cargo.* The practice became so common, that it was scarcely heeded, though not the less discreditable to a great nation like England. In consequence of some disputes, however, which arose thereon with the custom-house, it was officially brought under our ambassador's notice in 1821. His Excellency, however, directed the practice to continue: nor did it cease till the peace of Adrianople in 1829. Russia then relieved our vessels from the necessity of using counterfeit bills of lading.

and an ever-ready pretext of war: she would not now be in possession of a clear sovereign right in Turkey, *the guardianship entire of the navigation of the strait*, conveyed to her by the seventh article of the peace of Adrianople: "The "passage of the Bosphorus and of the Dardanelles "shall be free, as well for Russian vessels of what- "ever burthen, as for those of all other nations "with whom the Porte may not be at war. Each "infraction of the stipulation of this article, for "which the Russian minister should not obtain "prompt and full satisfaction, may be considered "by Russia as an act of hostility, and authorise "her to retaliate against the Ottoman empire."— By foregoing our own rights with the erroneous idea of pleasing the Turks—we are not yet cured of the practice—we constantly seconded Russia's policy. As the friend of Turkey, we should have religiously claimed them; and, farther, we should have endeavoured to make her act up to the very letter of her treaties with Russia, in order to prevent the war sure to ensue in default. We should have known that forbearance on our part would only encourage her, in accordance with the oriental character, to provoke Russia; and

that the privileges we yielded up, or waved, Russia would attain by arms.

Had *we*, also, I may add, acquainted ourselves with the military resources of Turkey, as it was easy for us to have done, we should not have given the Ottoman troops credit for being able to oppose Russia in 1828-29. We should not have assumed the defence of Varna as an earnest of her strength, by which the capture of Adrianople came on us like a thunderbolt, and the Caucasus and the mouths of the Danube were signed away before we had time to ascertain the extent of the one or the value of the other. Neither should we, in 1832, have fallen into the greater error of mistaking the relative forces of Egypt and Turkey, which compelled us, taken unawares, to reject, in 1833, the last chance fortune could hold out to us. Russia knew the state of the country. She knew the inefficiency of the *nizam dgeditt;* Deibitch therefore marched through Roumelia confidently with a feeble, diminished army. She knew the Turks could offer no opposition, moral or physical, to the Egyptians; she was therefore ready, and within a few weeks of the Sultan's request for assistance leaving the

Divan, her fleet lay at anchor in the Bosphorus, and her troops were encamped on its shores. What trickery is there in all this? What undue influence? What, in short, but the legitimate result of talent and foresight? If we do not choose to adopt the same precautions, have we a right to be angry with any one *but ourselves?* Can we, consistently with our adoration of intellect, vilify Russia's success? If we admire the perseverance and address which sapped and overthrew the empire of the Mogul and the kingdoms of India, ought we to decry her skill in undermining Persia and Turkey, in the face of the diplomacy of the west? Consider the position of Hyder Ally, if France could have maintained ambassadors at his court, and have sent fleets and troops to Seringapatam; then you will accord Russia her due share of talent. Ought we to be surprised if the Turk applies at length to us his proverb—*aq'l duchman aq'lsiz dostdan eyi dir*—a wise enemy is better than a simple friend.

To enumerate our *friendly* acts towards Turkey would require a volume. Let us state one, in justice to a gallant officer. By the treaty of *El Arish*, between Kleber and Sir Sidney Smith,

the French agreed to evacuate Egypt with arms and baggage, and to return home in their own vessels or in those of their allies. Statesmen refused to ratify this act of a sailor, because too favourable, they averred, for the enemy. What was the consequence? Within little more than one year, July 1801, the French obtained *the same terms* at Cairo—*the same terms to a letter;* but in the interim, the Turks, our allies, had lost fifty thousand men, at, and in consequence of, the battle of Heliopolis; not to mention our cost of sending eighteen thousand men to Egypt under Abercromby, and eight thousand men from India under Baird; not to mention the assassination of Kleber and the death of Abercromby.

Had the gallant Sydney Smith's political sagacity, which enabled him to arrive at just conclusions, and his instinct of the Oriental character, been duly profited by since, we should have escaped the fanciful reasoning which has attributed the actual unhingement of Turkey to Russian ubiquity. Not a movement of a Kurdish tribe, we are told, not a stir on the hills of Albania, not a fire at Constantinople occurs, without her intrigues. This is an *ignis fatuus;* it leads us, as I

observed before in Greece, from the right path. A few years since, Turkey was supposed to be capable of acting such scenes without being prompted. I grant Russia has eyes everywhere, her hands extend in all directions, but they only aid the spirit of anarchy, they only foster the snake, corruption. To lose sight of this fact is to confound the Turkish question. Because deep knowledge and correct observation enable her to profit by each succeeding plunge of Turkey into difficulty, to advance a foot securely as the other recedes, is that a reason for ascribing to her the causes of the result?—Is it not sufficient for her, is it not keener policy, to take advantage of a slip? We should be careful of assuming result as the proof of action; the world, in that case, might just as well argue that the *red ribbons* given at each crisis of late years, to our ambassadors at the Porte, in reward of their skill for not having suffered bad to become worse, were conferred by Russia. Hers alone was the gain, who else could have conferred the reward?—the benefit of the revolt is hers, who else could have excited it?

"Occasion makes men." But Russia in-

verses the aphorism, and makes men for Turkey. When necessary to insinuate undefined fears into the divan, to excite the timid Selim with extravagant propositions about the Greeks, the adroit and supple Italinsky wound the skein of diplomacy. When necesssary to *talk* Turkey into a war, to tread on her till she turned, the imperious and overbearing Strogonoff threw the shuttle. But all being gained—the outworks levelled—fanaticism broken down—the horror of invasion overcome, and Russia desirous to grow—to slide, into the places of the Turks, the accomplished, the gentlemanly de Bouteneff weaves the web. Familiar with the country and cognisant with national character, he now represents her at Constantinople.

In no ways relaxing as the goal rises distinctly in view, Russia adds by every means to her intellectual agency—that occult but mighty engine. Her minister is not isolated. Secretaries familiar with the subject and respectable for talent reside with him. Russians study Turkish at Constantinople. Influential Greeks and Armenians are interested in her service. Her celebrated dragoman, Franchini, dies; in-

stead of taking the next in the list to fill the important situation, as we should do, fit or unfit, in order *to save a pension*, she looks among the rayas; she selects a Fanariote noble, Prince Handjeri, one of that clever fawning race, accustomed from childhood to the intrigue of the East, and versed in its ambiguous dialects; equally adapted to treat with the lettered Osmanley or to ornament European society. She flatters his *amour propre*, and enhances his position in the eyes of the Porte, by the title of councillor of embassy. Prince Handjeri in himself is a host. Add to these, a command of money to assail the divan in its weakest part, with threats to hold up on occasion. In the provinces we meet her agents: who are they? unknown? obscure? on *secret missions?* No: we see secretaries of legation, generals, colonels; men of information, with instructions to be liberal in words and gold, thus gain heads and hearts at once.

With this outline of a splendid diplomatic picture, compare ours. What is the custom? Scarcely has an ambassador time to look round him at Constantinople, often led, be it observed,

judging from precedent, to consider the post as a stepping-stone to a better embassy—anticipating among the tombs of Pera the *Prater* or the *Bois de Boulogne*—scarcely has he leisure to discriminate between falsifiers by profession, and exaggerators by habit—between wilful misinformants and flatterers who readily make their reports tally with his opinions, than he is recalled. Scarcely has he begun to feel his game, when the cards are snatched from his hands. Excellencies! is not this true? *During the last fifteen years—such years!—we have had four separate ambassadors at Constantinople, each* (excepting one) *new, each* (excepting one) *for the first time.* While there, he stands alone. His secretary of embassy is, as a rule, never in the country at the same time. He may have one or two attachés sighing to leave the "horrid place." He has frequently only one working dragoman.* He has scarcely a shilling *to per-*

* Four dragomans receive English pay, exclusive of one retired on a pension; of these four *one* does the business of the embassy. Two are *quasi* invalids: they ought to be pensioned off. Should any accident deprive us of our zealous, right-hearted first dragoman, Frederick Pisani, Esq., no one is ready to fill his place. We should provide for the casualty.

suade with where thousands sterling are requisite. Thus circumstanced, a Chatham would fail.

Opinions are hard to change. The statesman brought up in Europe sees Turkey through the medium of European impressions; studies her with European ideas. Can he *all at once* be expected to unlearn the lesson of a life? Can he *on the moment* contradict the theory of his youth —the written dicta of his ripe judgment? The more talented the individual, the more difficult is the attempt. The very intellect which elevated him in society, which distinguished him among his fellows, sickens at the thought. Self-love stands forth in arms. His mind therefore—the course is natural—unwilling to be diverted from a former pursuit, seeks on a first acquaintance to render the new order analogous to it, and exerts its energies to reconcile existing facts, with pre-conceived notions. Its own brilliancy obscures objects visible to every other understanding, however ordinary, accustomed to regard them direct. Hence Turkey, fancifully represented and ill-painted, often receives injury from her warmest friends.

Inscrutable are the ways of Providence. It

would be a curious metaphysical inquiry, on a large scale, in tracing the fall of Turkey, to refer many immediate and remote influences to the mental complexion of the various European ambassadors, who have each brought a store of experience, or a list of experiments, to puzzle or forward or retard the would-be undeviating pace of the Osmanley.

Our ambassador is still more dependent, in general, on chance or on his own judgment, in forming an opinion of the military state of the country—of the effectiveness of troops, or of the chances of a campaign; on which, after all, will depend in great measure the solution of the Turkish question; on which the very existence of Turkey may unexpectedly hang again, as it has done on two occasions of late years. Conversing on his overstatement of the Russian army at Adrianople in 1829, the late Mr. Duvéluz * said, "But how could *I* be expected to furnish a sound report? I gave the best in my power to procure. I examined, I listened to opinions, I compared, I visited the troops, but—*I never saw an army before.* Why did they not

* This gentleman was British consul at Adrianople in 1829. He died of plague in that city in 1831.

send a military man for that purpose, if the subject were deemed of importance?" Yet such information of that army, given by a gentleman who had *never seen an army*, living in a city of which not one of the residents had ever seen one either, was nearly all of official Sir Robert Gordon had to rely on, by which to decide whether or not it were equal to the conquest of Constantinople. We may thank Sir Robert for the prudence he displayed under such manifold privations of the commonest aid and intelligence. On his arrival at Constantinople, after eighteen months of total suspension of intercourse* with the Porte, on our part, whether diplomatic or

* On account of the sultan's refusal to sign away Greece immediately after the battle of Navarine, while his pride still smarted under the effects of that blow, the French and English ambassadors deemed it expedient to leave Turkey together with all their consuls and dragomans, under the idea, that so decided a step would, by exciting his fears, have induced acquiescence. Unfortunately, the departure of their excellencies produced no effect on Mahmoud's determination; but it caused an alarming discouragement among the Turks, who fancied thereby that France and England were agreed with Russia in regard of the anticipated war then about to be declared by the latter power.

consular, he stood absolutely alone. In the six weeks which elapsed until the arrival of the Russians at Adrianople, it was absolutely impossible for him to establish correct channels of communication; but if one or two experienced officers had been employed in Roumelia the preceding six months, watching from the summit of the Balkan the movements of Diebitch, their reports would have prepared him for the inevitable result, and have given him fair play in discussing the merits of the forth-coming treaty. Inexplicable indifference! I suppose if Russia, at the beginning of 1828, had said to us, "I am going to make war on Turkey, I wish therefore you would withdraw all your agents, for I do not like my movements to be observed or anticipated" —I suppose we should have laughed at her. However, *we did so*; and M. Ribeaupierre took care to keep his colleagues occupied about Greece while his master's armies fought their way unnoticed, save by a few travellers, towards the Ottoman capital.

Have we then a right, I seriously ask, to be surprised, and cry out treason if Russia outwit us? Outwit is the wrong word. She only plays

the obvious suit; we can hardly be said to take an interest in the game. If we desire to have any influence in the East, we must place ourselves on a par with Russia in this respect. Our representatives must be surrounded by a competent staff. They must be aided by men able to distinguish between soldiers and armed peasant boys—between reform and change—between the accents of energy, and the vapourings of cowardice—between the reports of seraglio dependents, and the opinions of a man of the people—between insurrection caused by oppression, and revolt excited by foreign intrigue. Then we may see the way before us. Then we may ascertain the important fact of whether Turkey can be saved or not—or how she may be assisted. Otherwise, we may as well pack up the king's picture and plate-chest at once, and ask Russia to allow her ambassador to protect our merchants and their trade as long as it may please her to leave Constantinople under the Ottoman. We only commit ourselves at present: we force the Turks to distrust us: we confirm them in a saying of late years, that the English have *aq'l chok*, (much sense,) but *fik'r yok*, (no judgment).

A small portion of the sums laid out by us in facilitating, although unwittingly, the dismemberment of Turkey would, if employed in ascertaining its condition, have propped up its fabric for half a century longer. If, for example, our ambassador had been aware, previous to 1821, of an extensive organic change operating throughout the country—of the breaking up of old institutions and the establishing of new laws—he would probably have thought more decidedly on the subject of the Grecian revolt, for he would then have seen that the existence of such a reform, with the prolongation of civil war, would immediately tend to the destruction of Turkey and the aggrandisement of Russia. We should then have seen the necessity of freeing Greece at once, or of restoring it to the Porte? We should not have blown hot and cold with the same breath—have succoured Turkish fortresses one month and respected Greek blockades the next—have let the Greeks be massacred on the one hand, and encouraged their piracy on the other—have denounced rebellion to the sultan, and have then attacked him for attempting to put it down. One

day, I trust, for the sake of truth, that the secret history of that period will be unravelled by ONE who is well competent to the task.

But without recurring to the past, we may say that occurrences arise, more or less, every year to show the necessity of skilful observation on the state of a country, an unexpected turn in the affairs of which may kindle a general war. In Syria, during the summer of 1834, the horizon appeared tranquil, the sea smooth. The political barometer was however rapidly falling, and a current of revolted atmosphere flowed wildly towards the vacuum. *We* knew nothing of the circumstance, not a word. The distant thunder—the evanescent flash, was unheard, unseen by us. Reports from Syria represented it as unusually tranquil, commerce thriving, the pasha's measures beneficent. Scarcely had the ink of this *faithful* notice dried, when the smothered resentment of the mountaineeers burst forth. Akka, Saphet,* Naplouz,† raised the cry of vengeance. Two Egyptian regiments, sent

* The district of Saphet is the ancient Galilee.

† Naplouz is situated five or six miles south of the site of Samaria.

to put down the *emeute,* were nearly cut to pieces: Damascus quivered on the verge of rebellion; and Aleppo sent to Redschid Pasha, commanding the sultan's army of the Taurus, to say that she would rise if aided by 2,000 men. The fruit of thirty years' of toil and energy—the Arab kingdom raised by undaunted ambition—trembled in the balance. Fortune's star gleamed for Sultan Mahmoud. But, unforeseen the event, no one was ready—except *Russia.* She alone saw the inevitable consequence of the oppression laid on the Syrians *with arms in their hands,* and her interest deprecated any explosion which might precipitate events in Turkey faster then she wished. A Russian officer obtained at Naplouz, the evening of the final resolution of the conspirators, a hint of their proceedings. He instantly procured horses,—though with difficulty, for the excitement fastened suspicion on every one—and rode off to the pasha. Ibrahim ordered a regiment to march. "Three regiments will scarcely suffice," observed his informant; "this is only the beginning." Without this timely warning, a carved turban and a cypress would soon have told the final tale of the victor of Koniah. Even

with it, ruin impended. On his march from Damascus to Jerusalem, his baggage was pillaged, and his cavalry shot down before his eyes; he with difficulty succeeded in reaching the holy city, where he remained so closely blockaded, in the upper quarter, that had not a messenger for Egypt succeeded in getting through the lines, the rebels would soon have starved him out.* They stopped, and searched the runner, but omitted to break his pipe stick, in which Ibrahim's despatch was concealed. On receiving the alarming intelligence, Mehemet Ali displayed all that energy and decision to which he already owed so much, and which showed him on this occasion worthy of empire. Such promptitude in Europe would have rung from end to end—have exalted the ministers above praise — have furnished a nine days' matter to the "papers." Sending one corps over the desert, he embarked in person at Alexandria, with 8,000 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 24 pieces of artillery. August the

* So certain did the rebels esteem themselves of their prize, that they had acfually prepared cauldrons in which to cook Ibrahim and his officers.

first he landed at Jaffa. Surprise—consternation, was the immediate effect. 'Tis "*scheitan*" (Satan) said the credulous Arab. The Emir echir tendered homage anew: the rebel forces broke up: and as soon as Tartars could speed over the country with the news, Syria again crouched, tranquil and submissive. Taught by this severe lesson, the pasha adopted the only measure fitted to keep under a people oppressed by new and harsh laws. He disarmed them. To ensure the fulfilment of the edict, every man was ordered to produce a fire-arm of some sort or other, whether owning one previously or not. Not a village escaped; and by the following autumn, of 1835, Ibrahim completed his arduous task, which his adversaries deemed impracticable, by relieving the Druses and the Maronites of their arms. He obtained his object by a combined masterly operation. He first sowed apprehensions among the people, by cutting off the mountain from the plain of Baccaar, its granary; he then separated it from the sea by marching a column along the shore, while a third column penetrated into the fastnesses. Surprised, or betrayed, or panic-stricken, the na-

tives offered no resistance. From that time Ibrahim has had nothing to apprehend: he can securely levy taxes and conscripts. He can march on Asia Minor without any anxiety about his rear. The independence of Lebanus prevented the development of Djezzar Pasha's authority: its subjection assures the supremacy of Mehemet Ali.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the game we lost, if indeed we had been then inclined to play it, by ignorance of the state of Syria that year. Had we really wished to liberate it from the Egyptian, then was the time. The following year, a year too late, we thought of it. We then urged the Emir to raise the Sultan's standard, and resist the usurpation of Ibrahim. "Can the Sultan send an army to my aid?" asked the old man. "No: but Ibrahim Pasha can. Will you submit to *him?* he will tyrannise over you, he will impoverish you and yours." "As to that matter," replied the aged chief, "I have but the choice between two hard masters, and Ibrahim is nearest to me."

Had we foreseen the crisis in 1834, as we ought to have done,—the Sultan on his part warned and excited, and we on ours ready to throw arms and

ammunition into Lebanus,—success was certain. That chance, wishing to profit thereby, we lost. But other similar ones may occur. Shall we be blinded to them also? Struggling as Turkey is, it will yet require fifteen or twenty years to elapse ere her final hour arrive. Shall we abstain from qualifying ourselves to assist in directing the fall of the mass? Shall we then have to learn the nature of the elements breaking up? Albania, for example, is a prey to a hundred interests, ready to throw herself into the arms of the first suitor; yet how can we attempt to say a word about her tendencies, when in the whole of Upper and Lower Albania, we have only one consul—at Prevesa. Asia Minor is alternately a mine of discontent, or a theatre of obstinate civil war:—throughout its extent, between Smyrna and Erzeroum, we have not *one agent*. Wherever Russia has established a paramount interest, as in Wallachia and Moldavia and in Servia, we crowd consuls. It is of equal importance to place agents where she is not; it is easier to prevent than to eject her.

CHAPTER IX.

Fires—Population of Constantinople—Pera—Intrigues—The press—Frank *imperium in imperio*—Treaties—Commerce—Infraction of capitulations—Janissaries—Maltese and Ionians—Outrages—German medical men—Tahir Pasha—English merchant—Kiaya of Scutari—Reis Effendi—The Bagnio—The Sultan—The English ambassador—Akhif Effendi's dismissal.

Alas! poor Pera! Was Russian influence also the cause of thy great disaster? When flames rose up from the valley of St. Demetrius, o'ertopping the palace of the British embassy, did thine imagination figure Russian eagles in the dense roll of smoke which heralded destruction?

Such a fire! in three hours every family was houseless.

Such devouring rapidity! A friend of mine breakfasted at home, then went to his counting house at Galata; scarcely had he written a let-

ter, when he was informed that his house was resolved into the primitive element.

The authorities aided the flames by affecting assistance. The Turks stroked their beards at the spectacle. "This," many observed, "will make up for Navarino."

Destruction had also revelled on the other side of the harbour, since my previous visit to the city, and obliterated thousands of dwellings. Few traces, however, remained to indicate the extent of a fire which had laid bare one eighth of the superficies of Stamboul: only a few more open spaces scathed, with here and there a houseless chimney, or a mosqueless minaret, standing alone, were added to the many already existing, denoting the little pressure of population.* It cannot be said though, that the po-

* The population of Constantinople, (in the registers the towns and villages on the Bosphorus are included,) is approximately, as follows.

Mussulmans, (male and female)	480,000
Greeks	250,000
Armenians	140,000
Ditto (Catholic)	18,000
Hebrews	65,000
	953,000

pulation is sensibly on the decline, as, from the condition of the empire, we might suppose ; for a consequence of that condition is, that the capital and the provinces bear no relative proportion ; but, like the heart in our system, the former continues to beat vigorously, while the extremities are paralysing. Each fresh slice cut off from the empire, each new accession to the reign of anarchy, causes many families to reflow on the capital. Artisans of a certain de-

About 500,000 of the above inhabit the city. If built on in the European way, the site of Constantinople, including suburbs, would contain much above a million, but nearly every family has its house, and nearly every house has its garden. Besides, the Bazaars, the Mosques, the Baths, the Khans, subtract largely from the habitable space. The above computation was obtained by inquiry among well informed persons of the various sects. It is at best, perhaps, comparative. Accuracy is out of our reach, owing to domestic inviolability and individual freedom, and the absence of correct registers. Many authors have calculated by the consumption of some article, as coffee or bread. But this is uncertain, for the misery or well-being of the people is a necessary condition of such a calculation. In the beginning of the century, for instance, the consumption of provisions at Paris equalled the consumption of the present day, though the population was *considerably less* then than now.

scription are often wanting, and in that case a forced immigration takes place. In 1835, for example, two thousand young Armenians were pressed and brought up from the interior of Asia Minor; the harshness of the measure being increased by the season of transfer. They were supplied in the capital with soldiers' pay and rations, and employed in plastering and carpentering on government account. But the poor youths arrived too late; the severe winter immediately following, which froze the upper part of the harbour, killed one half of them.

The caprice of despotism! Seven years previous, Sultan Mahmoud banished from the capital several thousands of the same nation, enjoining a residence in their native province.

Fires, caused so frequently in the East by the practice of building of wood, are useful. They have proved the stimulus of Turkish industry, the chief aliment of the arts. Without their operation, the trades would often remain in stagnation, and the artisans languish without employment. So satisfied is the Oriental with the *statu quo*, so indifferent to improvement, fashion having no charms for him, and society not ex-

isting to induce competition, so given also to hoarding money, that without an absolute necessity, he would rarely buy new things, unless it be slaves and jewels. His pipes, his saddles, his furs, his sofas, would last him his life, and be handed down to his son. How different then would be the aspect of the bazaars! But a conflagration now and then sets all things right; gives old clothes and furniture to the proper element, roots plague out of corners, unfolds purses, animates trade, and restores the equilibrium of circulation. In all countries destruction of various kinds of property is useful to the mass, but in the East it absolutely conduces to its well-being, by compelling expenditure. Nor is the individual loss equal to what we might suppose. The furniture of a Turkish house is that, nearabouts, of a tent. Excluding the sofa, it might be carried away on a couple of horses: a few metal dishes to eat out of *with the fingers*, a metal washing-basin and jug, a few glasses, and a couple of sherbet decanters, with a few quilted coverlids, and two or three rugs—*voilà tout:* painted wainscoats, curtains, and the sofa running round three sides of the apartment, give a

finish and an air of elegance. Man requires no more. The shops and wares are in the bazaars, which are fire-proof.

Wealthy individuals, however, suffer; for the meritorious task of rebuilding mosques or other public edifices is assigned to them. I was surprised to find an acquaintance of mine making application to be allowed to repair a certain mosque. I gave him credit for patriotism; but when the firman appeared, assigning various reparations to various individuals, the one he had solicited for turned out to be the very smallest perhaps in the city. Sure to have been selected, he thus escaped cheap with honour. This is one of the ingenious modes of the sublime Ottoman Porte for extracting ill-gotten gains from its subjects. Building men-of-war and palaces is another means of emptying their purses, and as these works are carried on, it may be said, under the sultan's eyes, a fair account is gained. But if a fortress has to be thus erected in a province, it rarely rises above the foundation: false reports, easily obtained, save at once the victim's purse and credit. The most favoured do not escape this kind of taxation.

One day, in 1834, while pleasuring on the water, the sultan observed a line of mean houses, and remarked on the disfigurement they caused to the Bosphorus. The seraskier pasha took the hint: he purchased the royal eyesore, and on the site, at Beshick-tash, commenced a superb palace for his master's use. Among the said houses was a *tekeh*, (dervishes' hall.) The dervishes would not evacuate it. "Very good, my lambs," said the seraskier, and commenced building at either side of them, at either end of his new palace; trusting to intrigue, or intimidation, or annoyance, to eject them. He succeeded at last. About the same time, the Kislar aga (chief of the black eunuchs) had to submit to a similar bleeding. He grumbled excessively, deeming himself exempted by immemorial usage from such proofs of loyalty. The Porte may be said to deal out poetical justice: it cannot err; the great men in the capital, all, more or less, owe their riches to corruption.

Each conflagration somewhat indicates the decline of Turkey; each time the streets rise with less dignity. The altered appearance of its inhabitants too may speak a similar tale.

Their retinue, their studs, diminish. A few years back saw them dressed in native silks now; English or German articles deck them out. The habitual costume of a *ridjal* (gentleman) would then be worth one hundred pounds; now six pounds will pay for it. It is rather singular, that the best market in the present day, the only certain one, for the manufactured silks of Asia Minor, is among the Tartars of the Crimea—*Russian subjects*. The Padischah wants his people's money, he therefore exhorts simplicity, and expends the balance on his own pursuits, or in endeavours to create an army which may enable him to extract more.

Pera is decidedly the most flourishing quarter of the capital. In the short space of three years it had risen again; not so solid or so commodious, but more extended, owing to the increasing Frank population, and a number of Hellenic settlers.* Little more than the ruins of their excellencies' dwellings, that of ours resembling from the harbour an ancient temple, remained to show the extent of the disaster. Placed on

* Good houses fetch from eighty to one hundred and eighty pounds a year.

a commanding spot of ground, presented by Selim III. to mark his sense of our services at Aboukir and St. Jean d'Acre, the British palace, by its imposing appearance, towering like a feudal castle over the town, long typified our position at the "Porte." How changed! There was a talk of rebuilding it, and Captain Jones, R. E., came from Malta to make arrangements about workmen and materials. But a difference of opinion on the propriety of building at Pera or at Therapia marred the project. Fortunate I think that it did so! for as the fate of Turkey is dubious, it would seem useless to lay out thirty thousand pounds (the estimated cost) on a stone house, which might after all become the quarter of a Russian general. We should follow the example of the Ottoman; we should encamp, as it were, in the country. The foundation and part of the *materiel* of the old dwelling remain: a superstructure might therefore be run up in four months, *equal to the palace of any pasha,* for three thousand pounds; add two thousand pounds for furniture; and one thousand pounds for a chapel.* A residence in

* We maintain a clergyman at Constantinople, but we have no place in which he can officiate. All other nations

Pera is absolutely necessary, as well for the convenience of official intercourse, as for the interests of commerce. Therapia is too far; the distance, which at times precludes communication with the city during winter, is neither compensated by its proximity to the Euxine, nor by the warning aspect of the valley of *Hunkiar shellesi* opposite.

Business, which requires personal intercourse, is ill performed by "notes." I could mention more than one affair which would have taken a favourable turn had we had an official residence at Pera. No reasonable objection could be offered to a wooden house: the royal palaces are built of wood, and our ambassadors have resided entirely in one, a ruinous inconvenient concern, the last five years.*

have churches or chapels: even the Americans have one. The Turks, in consequence, think *we have no religion.* Protestants have increased of late at Constantinople. We had a chapel once, but I believe it was converted into a stable.

* The house belonged originally to an Armenian, who was exiled in 1828; it was then confiscated and presented by the sultan to the embassy. On the recal of the exiles, and consequent reinstatement in their property, the owner re-demanded his house; but we refused to surrender it, (although

The Diable Boiteux never disclosed more scenes of intrigue than the fire of Pera unroofed. Ambassadors, dragomans, priests, lawyers, merchants, doctors, instructors, adventurers, travellers, were thrown at once on the pavé; property to a considerable amount was destroyed, including a valuable library of Arabic manuscripts collected by Frederic Pisani, Esq.

The essence of the intrigues of Europe flavours Pera. The Grand Turk is the sufferer, relieved, however, occasionally by an under-play of mutual jealousy. He may in this view be compared to a great puppet. Half-a-dozen legations have strings tied to his neck, at which they pull from time to time; some courteously, as Austria and Prussia; others by starts, as France and England; others periodically, as Russia. France and England make him shake occasionally; but Russia is very rude, and sometimes nearly destroys his balance. Then there are twenty or thirty dragomans to manage the minor wires; they are constantly jerking them, so that the

the Turkish grandees gave up their share of the sequestrated property,) on the plea that the *national honour* was concerned in retaining it. We since consented to pay a rent for it.

poor fellow has no peace. Half a hundred *jeunes de langues** are laughing and chattering at him, anticipating their turn to set the figure in motion. Twenty consuls, also, have strings leading to his pocket, but I do not think they pull now with much effect, for he is becoming restive about custom-house dues and smuggling. From time to time a company of merchants approach and hold up a placard before his eyes, with "CAPITULATIONS" on it, which erst magic word, however, is now losing its effect. None but a Turk, and he a philosopher, could resist. He is often, nevertheless, very much perplexed; gives oracular answers to one, nods his head at another, mystifies a third; lies when convenient, and speaks truth when nothing is to be gained by the contrary. He always smokes, and consoles himself by saying of his tormentors, "*Beiaz domouz siah domouz, hepsi domouz durler*, (there may be white swine, there may be black swine, but they are all swine.) As long as he was puppeted according to *eski adet*—old usage—so, so; but lately several new wires have been fitted on, and

* Young men who are educating for dragomans are styled *jeunes de langues.*

they puzzle him exceedingly. Newspaper correspondents (a legion of them reached Pera) manage these; and they have played upon "moral effect," "demonstration," and "public opinion," until they have quite bewildered his brains. He never rightly apprehended the two first, for Russia destroyed his dawning reasoning on their properties by "physical effect" and "conquest." Of the third he acquired some kind of knowledge; though, as frequently happens in such cases, he turned it against the originator. Some time elapsed, and much instruction was expended, before he could understand why "public opinion" should prevent his allies from assisting him. "Ah!—I see!" "Now," says the wire puller, giving him a twitch, "we are all writing in your favour, we are making you out the finest fellow in the world."—"*Pek eyi,*" (very good;) bring another pipe?"—"We are praising your reforms up to the skies, result of deep talent, admirable foresight, able calculation."—"But, the people revolt against them, the *Ulema* are furious."—"Hush, hush, not a word on that score; we say nothing of the failure."—"*Pek eyi,* bring cool sherbet."—"We are painting Me-

hemet Ali as a wretch on account of his monopolies."—"But *we* practise them also."—"Never mind; we will not let the world know this."—"*Pek eyi*, bring preserves."—"We are describing the Russians as barbarians, as the enemies of Europe."—(Aside, "*Hep kiafir millet bir dir*," all infidel countries are alike.)—"Thus by whitening *your* face, and blackening the faces of all opposed to you, we will draw public opinion to your side."—"*Agnadem*," (I understand.)—"And then you will only have to ask and be gratified."—"*Eyi seuyledi*," (he has spoken well.)—"Now," says the representative of a liberal government, "unite with us: never mind your engagements, your ideas were then under a cloud: we have made the world believe that the Russians are slaves and poltroons and that you are heroes and patriots; the tide of public opinion is setting in your favour; forward, and it will carry you to Moscow."—"*Mashallah!* (pleasing to God,) but suppose, when you have got me half way, public opinion should change—should discover that the Russians are very strong and that we are very weak? *dour, bakalum.*" (Stay, we must see further.)

Pera (with Galata) is remarkable over the towns of the East, as the capital of the Frank *imperium in imperio*, inhabited by some thousands of individuals, subjects of the different states of Christendom; the upper classes united by a bastard French language, and by a vanity of origin beyond any comparison; the lower classes bound together by a common exemption from all laws save a few of convention. Its French-furnished magazines attract the Turkish ladies, otherwise a stranger might deem himself in any dirty Italian town. Annexed to Constantinople, it is as independent of it as though part of Pekin. A quarter of the Mussulman capital, it exhibits all the paraphernalia of Catholicism, in feasts, processions, burials and masses. Seven churches (three in Pera and four in Galata,) pictured and tintinnabulous, shock the devout Mohammedan. There is an apostolic prefect, and a bishop, (archbishop *in partibus* of Constantinople.) There are friars without number, intolerance without example among the different persuasions: while the Turks show to all unlimited toleration.

Tekeli lived in Pera some years, a pensioner

of Louis XIV. and died there at the commencement of the eighteenth century.*

In the protestant burial-ground, sleeps William Hampden, (merchant,) first cousin of the PATRIOT.

A precedent for the exemptions and privileges of Franks, till lately very great, amounting to absolute freedom of thought, speech, and act, existed in the position of the Venetians and Genoese. Every peculiarity of the lower empire finds a parallel in Turkey. The right is now loudly cavilled at by the *doctrinaires*. They say: "How can the country be expected to thrive with such an abuse?" and they applaud each infringement of a treaty by the "Porte." An extra-judicial authority in any country may certainly appear injurious; that foreign merchants should pay lower duties than the native trader

* The Count Tekeli's name was not mentioned in the peace of Carlowitz; and from that hour he remained in Turkey as an obscure exile. His revenge, or his ambition, or his patriotism, caused the war which may be said to have been the setting in of the tide of Ottoman disasters, and it fixed the rule of Austria over his country, to avoid which he had joined the Turk.

may seem unjust, and may be supposed to lead to murmuring on the part of the latter; but so far from either one or the other usage having had the result which we might have anticipated, we can readily show that the *imperium in imperio*, in as far as relates to commerce, has greatly benefited Turkey, is actually retarding her decline, and has ever been considered by the nation as a valuable ally. The inhabitants of the Cyclades, being secured by their insular position and by many separate privileges, might not have cared much for it, but all over the continent, the "capitulations" were regarded as a charter by the rayas.

Security of acquired property, and certainty of protection, form the basis of commerce. The Frank offered the anomaly of enjoying the one and the other *by right* in Turkey: and, by participating in his commerce, the native merchant, who could not command either, although both might be tolerated, withdrew his concerns from the interference of the "Porte." Herein lies the secret of the success with which trade has been carried on in Turkey by the Greeks and the Armenians. Under the protection of Frank

rights, from which emanated the *berats*,* and with the spur of Frank capital, their local knowledge and experience fully made up for the difference of two per cent. duty on their merchandise.† Frank rights operated, mediately or immediately, all over the empire. Their effect was

* The *berat* is a license which gives a raya, in some measure, the privileges of a Frank. Formerly, ambassadors issued the berats for the purpose of protecting rayas attached to their service; but they converted the privilege into a lucrative monopoly, and *sold* their protection, indiscriminately, to the christian subjects of the Porte, thereby making a handsome revenue. This practice of their excellencies was at length stopped by the Porte taking the berats entirely into its own hands. Three berats, supposed to be good for life, are issued together, one for the master of a family and two for his servants. The former costs about £40: the latter £8 each. But as the servants of a *beratlee* are rarely molested, the inferior *berats* are resold to petty traders. The *beratlees* are under the protection and jurisdiction of the *beylikgi effendi*, an officer created for that purpose on the privilege being withdrawn from the ambassadors. In the present day, the *berats* are of less value; because Frank rights, on which they were modelled, are circumscribed by Sultan Mahmoud.

† Franks pay three per cent.—Mussulmans pay four per cent.—rayas pay five per cent.

very evident in the cities, but they also extended far inland; and the respect *hitherto* paid to them may be truly stated as the cause why the culture of silk, opium, &c., flourished vigorously under the withering rod of the "Porte." The Frank merchant, relying on the inviolability of his treaties, feared not to advance capital in order to produce a crop, or to become the purchaser of in one anticipation; in either case rendering the soil, for the time being, sacred as Frank property;—while the certainty of obtaining fair prices promoted industry.

Bearing in mind the exposure of the native trader, unless a *beratlee* of a city, to the arbitrary deeds of pashas, and the value of Frank exemptions to Turkey is apparent at a glance: bearing in mind that a pasha might by means of a monopoly, an *avania*, and a transit duty, wither the hope of a harvest and sap the profit of a cargo, we may form an idea of the importance of the right. According to the "capitulations," Frank commerce is liable to an *ad valorem* duty of three per cent., adapted to general convenience by a *tariff*; on payment of which the merchant might land his goods at any port, dispose of them on the spot, or

transmit themto any part of the empire, without any further tax being imposed. A piece of cotton paid no more duty at Angora than at Smyrna. Inversely he might buy the productions of the country anywhere, transport them to the coast, and there ship them, on payment *in all* of three per cent. This right, as beneficial to Turkey as important to the Frank merchant, has been undermined within the last six years. Defining the three per cent. to apply to the landing and shipment of goods only, Sultan Mahmoud first taxes produce intended for exportation at the place where it is purchased, imposes then a further duty on transit, and leaves the original three per cent. to be added over all at the outport. On landing a cargo a similar artifice is resorted to: the legal three per cent. having been paid, the goods intended for local sale are marked with the *damgha,* (stamp,) for which the retailer pays two and a half per cent; those destined for other parts are charged with a transit duty, leaving the *damgha* to be affixed on their arrival at the place of destination. Frank protection now extends no farther than the quay of the custom-house. In order to neutralise the com-

plaints of the Frank merchants, which would otherwise be entitled to consideration, the sultan has ordered, (at Smyrna, to wit,) that no produce of the country shall enter the city unless in the name of a raya, on whose merchandise of course he may impose what duties he pleases without his having the *right* to murmur. By treaty, Franks are forbidden to carry on "interior trade;" by which is meant, and it has been so interpreted for two hundred years, local trade between one town of the empire and another: but the "new light" in Turkey includes the transmissal of goods from the interior *for shipment* in this restriction. Let merchants look to this new feature of Turkish commercial polity; let them consider that such dues may be increased arbitrarily every year.* Let politicians reflect that, by making the "Porte" act up to the "capitulations" which relieved some portion of the resources of Turkey from the incubus of her despotism, they will most benefit the country. By submitting to their infraction with the view of *hu-*

* As yet they do not tell much, for in consequence of the fall in manufactures of all kinds, the level of price is preserved to the consumer in Turkey.

mouring her, they only injure their own position without advancing that of Turkey. By allowing encroachments on British trading rights, they will embolden the "Porte" to practise the same on Russian privileges, which will be seized on, I repeat, occasion serving, as a pretext for war. She gave us a valid proof, among others, of this disposition, in a barefaced attempt (May 1836) to levy double duties on some English vessels from the Danube; nor was she easily induced to forego the demand.* Now, let us suppose a similar case of detention, and, that in consequence of our hesitating to insist on our rights, the owners, being devoid of proper English feelings, should have recourse to the Russian ambassador as the *guardian of the navigation of the Bosphorus*—should we not stand in a very pitiable

* These vessels were from Brailoff, where they had cleared out *en règle*, and paid their dues to the local government. Using a subterfuge, that Wallachia belonged to the empire, the Porte for some days refused to issue their firmans to leave the Bosphorus, unless the said dues were paid over again to the imperial custom-house. Wallachia is nominally Turkish, but in all that respects government and trade it is independent, *by the act of the Porte.*

light? The tenor of *the seventh article of the treaty of Adrianople*, quoted in the last chapter, should put us doubly on our guard. An Ionian captain would not scruple to play us such a trick, and the representative of Russia would be obliged to accord him protection. We have been lowered enough of late years in Turkey; let us not incur *that humiliation*.

The design of the Porte, studiously acted on since the peace of Adrianople, to weaken Frank commercial privileges, deprived of which it will be difficult for merchants to reside in the country, for they would then be in the position of rayas without their local advantages and connexion, without their habits of submission and talent at evading extortion, will, if continued to be submitted to, increase the influence of Russia every year, much faster than it has any reason to do. Expecting nothing from us, and having apparently satisfied herself of our reluctance to go to war with Russia, the Porte is ready to conciliate the latter, even though at our expense.

Many Frank merchants already see their error, already trace, finding the consequences act on themselves. effects to their causes; al-

ready think that Janissariism might have contained something more than the elements of an idle, dissolute soldiery, fit only to scare their wives and daughters from the bazaars. As producers and consumers, the Janissaries very much admired certain Frank exemptions: whereas the sultan merely sees in the commerce of the Frank a means of increasing his revenue temporarily.

Particular cases of hardship led, I am inclined to think, to the outcry among Europeans against the Janissaries. Western notions generated the error. We are accustomed to judge of the condition of the mass by the treatment of individuals, so as the latter be respected, we infer well for the former; whereas, in the East the interest of the majority claims regard, the individual is abandoned as one attainted with bad fortune. Herein lies the broadest line of distinction between the East and the West. In the West oppressive laws, hereditary abuses, grind the masses; in the East individuals are crushed by power. Be there an *emeute* in Europe, for example, the mob is fired on, the *known* instigator allowed to escape; in the East, the latter would be hanged, the people bid return home. Thus the circum-

stance of a merchant, on his way to a khan, being pushed into the gutter by a swaggering "ladle bearer,"* or a lady's *green* veil being snatched at by some fair fanatic, would make the Franks apprehend in it a common practice, should they venture out much — would cause them to overlook that the continuance of their immense privileges, *no taxation*, *freedom of commerce*, *religious toleration*, *security of person and property*, was owing to the mantle which the Janissaries, i. e. the Turkish middle classes, threw around everything having the sanction of custom, the bond of a treaty. Some among them, and such exist in every country, might spit contempt on the individual; might call him infidel, at which he might smile as though a dog had barked; but his person

* Cooking implements were the military emblems of the Janissaries. Great importance was attached to the ceremony of carrying the dinner to the different guards. The boiler of soup was carried by two of the Orta (company) preceded by another Janissary, brandishing a gigantic ladle. Nobody had better stand in their way. As they approached the guard-house, the ladle-bearer hurled his instrument at the man standing at the door, who was expected to catch it.

was safe,—but the Frank collectively was their honoured charge, their *musafir* (guest.) During part of the year 1821, when no Greek could show himself in the streets without being shot at, or cut at, by the vile *canaille;* when the term christian was synonymous with every thing hateful, — a Jew considered superior—a dog, cleaner, — the Frank merchants passed from Pera to their counting-houses in Galata and back, every day, safe, each under the protection of a Janissary. Could they enjoy such protection now, in a similar political religious ferment? *No! not for an hour.* They know, we all know, this truth.

But in other respects, I admit, our *imperium in imperio* has been exercised in a mode neither so honourable to Europe, nor so beneficial to Turkey. I allude particularly to the contempt we show for justice. One might suppose that European ambassadors have resided at Constantinople solely for the purpose of giving impunity to crime. Let Franks rob or murder each other, or rob Frank churches, there is no punishment for them. Screened by treaties from the operation of Turkish law, on account of its arbitrari-

ness, there is no tribunal at which to try their offences. Should the police, indignant at the peace of the city being violated by such vagrants, or their patience worn out by the repetition of villany practised by a chosen few, take any of them up, the majesty of embassy is called upon to release the offenders.

In the beginning of 1834, a Greek girl at Galata, in connexion with her mother's paramour, murdered the wretched woman. That the man gave the blow was certain; equally so that she abetted him. The Turkish guard arrested them. The Turkish law would have inflicted due punishment; but the matricide rejoiced in British protection, her lover called Otho king. Both were claimed! both were protected! both were freed!

At Smyrna, in 1833, the noted B—— committed a cruel murder in open day, and on the broad quay, on the captain of an Ionian vessel. Fifty witnesses deposed to the fact. Unable to proceed against him on his own authority, the French consul, nevertheless, drew out a *procès verbal*, and sent him to Marseilles for trial. That could not be allowed. The prisoner was at once

released, and the consul received a reproof for overstepping the line of his duty. B—— returned to Smyrna to glory in his triumph. He since heads a gang of robbers (Greeks,) and spreads terror in the vicinity of Smyrna.

Still more galling to the Turks is it when the case lies between a Frank and a Turkish subject;* the former often escaping through the intervention of his legation, while the latter undergoes the rigour of the law. This is particularly observable on the discovery of a domestic intrigue. In the above-named year, an Italian ran off with a Turkish female to Cyprus. They

* Between Frank and Frank, the Porte has no right to interfere; but when the question lies between a Frank and Turkish subject, Turkish law comes into play. The trial takes place in a mekhemeh, the Frank, in accordance with the capitulations, being assisted by the dragomans of his nation. Whatever the sentence may be, it cannot be carried into effect without the consent of his ambassador. A decided case of murder would probably be given up: but manslaughter creates a difficulty, because the Turks draw no line between murder and homicide. The course then to pursue, is to compound with the relations for "blood-money." If the aggressor were too poor, the Porte would probably connive at his escape as a favour to his country.

are sufficiently civilised at Constantinople to shut their eyes to such casualties, unless forced on their notice. But the mother of the fugitive, foolish woman! raised an outcry, and appealed to the cadi. In consequence, a *chavass* (gensd'arme,) was sent in pursuit; they were apprehended and brought back. An untimely end awaited the unfortunate girl; but the cause of her disaster obtained his release through the interest of his legation. The mother affected despair: less at her daughter's fate—*that* she must have expected—than at the Italian's escape from the noose, which would not have been a native's luck.* A raya was hanged within two years for a similar offence.

Of course we are very glad at the escape of anybody for so pardonable a fault, according to European ideas: blameable the man is who

* About the same time, a wealthy German Jew intrigued with a *Rouspy*. He thought himself in great luck! The Turk would not visit *his* offence with all the rigour of the law. His princess was whipped, and he himself thrown into the bagnio. He remained in confinement three months, then escaped by means of a bribe of two thousand dollars to the capitan pasha's doctor.

leads a female into so fatal a snare, and he should resolve, on taking up such a fancy, to save her or perish together. We merely allude to the feelings of the Turks at finding justice so unequally distributed. Let a company of coiners or burglars be discovered, the native part of the firm would be hanged, while the Franks would be given over to their own authorities, who, being unable to try their offences, would set them free.

Many other acts of necessary partiality of late years I could mention; but it might seem to be casting a reflection on the European agents in the East, than whom in general it would be difficult to meet with a more honourable set of men. Their motives are good; the fault is not theirs: they are naturally anxious, it is their bounden duty, to guard the privileges entrusted to their care; the fault lies with the different governments in not giving a limited power to their representatives to act according to circumstances, —to make their residences halls of justice, instead of sanctuaries for crime.

Any attempt also—rarely, however, made, on account of the difficulty of conveying the necessary

witnesses—to bring offenders to justice by sending them to Europe for trial has generally proved abortive. In 1834, we prevailed on the Pasha of Egypt to give up Giuseppe Camilleri, a Maltese, in custody for a crime which brought him legally within the operation of Turkish law, and we agreed to send him to Malta for trial. Mehemet Ali consented. But as the Maltese courts could not proceed against him, the case being out of their jurisdiction, the local government felt obliged to order his release; writing to the Resident, at the same time, to express its regret that he should have thus inadvertently favoured the evasion of a criminal. *

A yet stronger instance of the inefficacy of our endeavours, as the law at present stands, to execute justice, occurred in the case of an Ionian vessel, whose crew defrauded the owners, and committed an act of barratry, by selling the cargo at an intermediate port. On arriving at their destination, Constantinople, they swore to a fact of piracy, to having been plundered at

* The Sardinian government empowers its agent at the Porte to send offenders to Genoa, with the *procès verbal*, for trial.

sea by a Greek. The falsehood of their story was certain, but proofs were wanting: eyes were therefore kept on their future proceedings, and within two years, (in 1835,) Mr. Brant, our consul at Smyrna, obtained decisive proof of the transaction. He arrested the offenders, acquainted the ambassador of the same, and his excellency directed them to be conveyed in a man-of-war, with the necessary witnesses, to Corfu. But on appearing at the bar of the tribunal, they were instantly liberated, on the plea of the incompetence of the court to try any offence, except piracy, committed out of the Ionian waters.*

We are like a colony in Turkey; we should therefore have the means of dispensing justice. We should either establish a court of criminal jurisdiction at Pera, to effect which the consular and judicial power might be united to a greater extent; or we should cease to pre-

* Quere? Need the learned judge have drawn a line in this case between barratry and piracy? In reality, barratry is piracy in the highest degree; for the same reason that domestic robbery is of a graver nature than a robbery which does not involve a breach of trust.

vent the local authorities from punishing crime *when proved.*

The immunities in our favour were intended to protect innocence, not to screen guilt. They were conceded by the Porte in favour of a few merchants, established and living as gentlemen in Turkey: they are now applicable to thousands of Maltese and Ionians who frequent the Levant with British rights and privileges, and who often prostitute the protection accorded them, to our discredit.* Whenever it has occured to me in Turkey to hear complaints of my countrymen, sure to be some of the above-mentioned gentry, I carefully explain the difference between them and Englishmen. I make it clear to a Turk's understanding, (and no other way exists) by terming them *British rayas.*

* Their daily misdeeds in every part of Turkey, Egypt, and Barbary, are subjects of universal complaint. The legislature should give our authorities in the Levant power over *them.* It might easily be made legal to try and punish them at Corfu and Malta. Light offences ought to be dealt with on the spot. A regard to justice, as well as to ourselves, demands this. English freedom does not require that they should have the exclusive monopoly of doing wrong.

The subject requires earnest attention ; not only on account of our relations with the Porte, but also for the more important ones growing up with the states of Mehemet Ali, in which, (as being equally Mussulman,) we must never give up our privileges as citizens of Christendom. Our honour may be involved any day by failing in an attempt to rescue an offender, may-be an assassin, from the exercise of what we should term, and be justified in terming, an usurpation of our rights. Our position may be rendered embarrassing by the Porte; she becomes less scrupulous every year, making a stand, *with a good case*, in the face of treaties, in which she would be countenanced by Russia, who fears not the precedent, as *her* subjects live under control. The English ambassador now, if a reasonable man, if a just man, must often be inclined to forego acting up to the letter of the "capitulations," in protecting some vile offender, or rather, in demanding reparation for a bastinado righteously inflicted ; but this feeling recoils on ourselves, and cannot be indulged in, for it encourages the Turkish officials, who never discriminate between forbearance and weakness, to be

wanting towards those for whom respect *must be enforced*,—for whom, if outraged, satisfaction *must be insisted on*. There is but one step for a Turkish officer, between ordering his chavasses to beat a Hanoverian Jew detected in passing base money, and sending an English gentleman to prison for some fancied disrespect; between Halil Pasha giving the captain of a merchantman a black-eye for not rising as he passed, and doing the same by the captain of a British frigate. "And when I asked who had struck me," said the offended Maltese in his report, "they told me it was his highness, the sultan's son-in-law."

So indifferent, I again observe, are the authorities become, since no longer restrained by the Janissaries, to Frank rights, so difficult is it to obtain redress for their arbitrary actions—so ready an excuse is forthcoming in our habitual shielding of crime, that unless something be arranged,* and a firm stand be made thereon,

* Since the above remarks were written, an act of parliament has been passed, entitled "An Act to enable his Majesty to make regulations for the better defining and establishing the powers and jurisdiction of his Majesty's Consuls in the

Turkey will soon become, I repeat it, too hot for any one except *Russian subjects, their protegés, and Americans.* Franks unanimously will cry out against the "barbarians," and pray that *even Russia* may take their place. Already we see many foreigners* (besides Greeks) sail under the

Ottoman dominions." 6. 27 William IV. c. 78. By this act, after reciting that the entire control over British subjects within the Ottoman dominions is vested by treaties in the British ambassador and consuls, a power is given to his Majesty by order in council to issue directions touching the rights and duties, jurisdiction and authority, criminal as well as civil, over his Majesty's subjects residing at or resorting thereto, to be exercised and performed by his ambassador and consuls, and also directions for their guidance in the settlement of differences and disputes between his subjects and those of any other Christian power in the Ottoman dominions, in cases where their interference may be necessary.

No final directions, I believe, have as yet been issued in pursuance of this statute, but it is to be hoped that some permanent arrangement founded thereon will not be long delayed. Of course it will be necessary to be very careful as to the persons in whose hands any extensive powers over Englishmen may be lodged.

* Sardinian vessels often take the Russian flag. One Genoese merchant alone sails nine vessels under it. Sar-

Russian flag, on account of its superior protection. Already we have seen, on more than one occasion, a feeling of insecurity possess the respectable portion of the Frank inhabitants of the capital.

Various cases, confirmatory of the above, occurred during my visits to Constantinople in 1834-35-36. I will simply mention two which happened in the latter year.

Two medical men disagreed: one of whom, Markaiki, a Greek apothecary, exercised great influence with the capitan pasha in the capacity of his body-attendant; the other, a diploma'd surgeon, named Gluck, an Austrian subject, served the hospital at the arsenal. As was to be expected, the apothecary, taking advantage of his position, wounded the doctor's pride by his assumption, and turned an "honest penny" by supplying him with inferior medicine. Gluck's

dinian trade is increasing fast in the Levant and Euxine: if not already so, tacitly, it will soon be entirely under Russian protection. Vessels under the Russian flag pay lower consular duties than any other: they are free from the annoyance of the Turkish custom-house officers. They look only to the Russian chancery.

credit thereby suffered; the sick complained and died out of all proportion; and on the pasha inquiring into the cause, Markaiki cast the blame on his colleague, who forthwith received his discharge—*à la Turque*, that is, was put at the door without arrears of pay, or certificate of service. Conceiving himself, however, entitled to both, he repaired the following day to the Admiralty, and stated the hardship to the capitán pasha in person: for which temerity Tahir gave him a considerable quantity of abuse and a beating on the spot; then sent him to the bagnio, where he was loaded with irons and chained by the leg to a felon at hard work. To increase his misery, his fellow chain-bearer (a murderer) was taken ill of diarrhœa the same night. As he had been in the Turkish service, the less sympathy was felt for him, and the Austrian legation, according to its rule, would not interfere officially. On which Dr. Wiedman, a Prussian, generously stood forward, and going in the first place to the drug vendor, whom he rightly considered as the cause of his friend's mishap, he threatened to shoot him unless he used his influence to obtain his immediate release. He

gave him twenty-four hours to consider. Astounded, Markaiki denied all knowledge of the affair. Frightened, he placed himself under the protection of his patron. Next day, Wiedman, missing his man at the shop, went to the Arsenal to intercede direct with the pasha for his unfortunate countryman. He found him in the billiard-room with Achmet Pasha, with Namick Pasha, and other grandees. He spoke with freedom. Tahir, the most irascible and cruel of mortals, unused to be thus addressed, soon foamed. Dropping invectives for violence, he broke his cue over the Prussian's head, then stunned him with the butt-end; and on his coming to his senses he ordered him to be ironed and set to work in the bagnio with his countryman. The following day, he regaled himself and other pashas with the unusual spectacle of two Europeans thus arrayed. Their plight long continued a favourite joke of his.

For his treatment of Dr. Gluck the pasha might frame an excuse:—for that towards Dr. Wiedman none could be invented. Pera was aghast. The same fate might happen to any one. Roused by the excitement, the Internuncio

went himself, as he would not act officially, to Tahir Pasha, and asked as a personal favour the release of his countrymen. Tahir flatly refused it. The Reis Effendi, on the requisition of the Prussian minister, sent him a note to the same effect. Tahir laughed at it. And thus they might have slaved and died—to die in the bagnio is easy—but the question affected all Europeans, it involved a principle: the legations in general espoused the cause, and in eight days obtained the release of the unfortunate doctors, in woful plight, on condition of their leaving the country. One went to Odessa, the other to Trieste. Thus, for no crime, without trial, two men of liberal pursuits, were beaten, treated like felons, and exiled—all to gratify the spleen of a vile apothecary, patronised by a minister of state.

The representatives of Austria and Prussia did not act with sufficient firmness: they had everything on their side—right, treaties, and *a good case*. I grant that the "Sublime Porte" no longer exists, save in its pillars and archway; that no one, since the *Grand*

*Viziriat** has been rendered nominal, is responsible for the acts of the heads of departments, with authority to check their *prepotenza*; but they might have gone to the sultan and remonstrated against the abuse of power on the part of his officer; and he, whether privy to it or not, must have listened to them. In other days, their chief dragomans would have addressed themselves to his *alter ego*, the grand vizir, who would probably have condemned Tahir

* The office of *grand vizir* is absolutely necessary in oriental monarchies. The grand vizir divided the empire with his master; but he had the cares of it for his portion, while the latter enjoyed the pleasures. He held a court every day, and was accessible to all, high and low, of any religion. All pashas were as dust before his dignity. Despotic power in his hands was tempered by the knowledge that there was one over him. His head was still answerable for his acts. No chief of a department would dare then to infringe a treaty, for the mode of complaint was easy, and punishment might be summary. Now, each of the great pashas is irresponsible, except to the sultan, and they know he is inaccessible. No one but an ambassador can obtain an audience. I look upon the suspension of the power of the grand vizir as one of the worst consequences of the reform: it has opened a wide field to injustice, while it has closed the avenue of redress.

Pasha to the same treatment he had inflicted on the Germans, had he ventured so to tyrannize. But since the sultan has pretended to take that office on himself, he should be made to bear the weight of it in some measure. Ambassadors may be assured that no pasha in power at Constantinople dares to infringe a "capitulation" directly, and persevere in the same, without feeling himself supported by the sultan, and therefore they often only waste their time and the patience of their dragomans in seeking redress of the offending functionaries themselves. They should exercise their right, and demand an audience. They would not have to repeat it often, for the sultan's honour would be concerned in appearing to support repeated violations of treaty.

As we foresaw, the supineness shown in the above affair encouraged the sultan's officers in further encroachments. Scarcely had the Perotes recovered from their alarm, and begun to console themselves with the reflection that it only related to doctors, against whom, as interfering with the operations of *khismet* (fate,) the orthodox Mussulmans might entertain malevolence—scarcely

had the thousand-and-one reports, offspring of it, begun to yield to milder topics, than the town was thrown into greater consternation by an outrage *on an English merchant.*

The circumstance has been months before the public; it forms almost an event in the fall of Turkey; it therefore merits a few words.

Nearly opposite to the Seraglio Point, on the site of Chalcedonia, the residents of Scutari have a summer retreat in the village of Kady-keuy. It is a very pleasant spot, and many Franks have also preferred it at times to the more European-like villages on the Bosphorus. But the habits of Europeans—their late hours and their love of movement—are so totally at variance with those of Orientals, that the inhabitants at length petitioned the sultan to enforce the regulation which forbids Franks to inhabit the Asiatic side of the strait. "We give you Pera, Therapia, and Buyukdereh," say the Turks; "do what you please there; drink, dance, gamble, but come not into our quarters." Thus they argue; perhaps they are right.

The desired firman was issued, and Kady-keuy accordingly declared sacred to the Otto-

mans and their subjects; but Achmet Pasha made an exception in favour of Mr. Churchill, in consequence of his long residence on the spot, and of the inconvenience that a removal would cause to his business. Under these circumstances our countryman should have been doubly cautious in respecting prejudices; and so probably he intended to be, but unluckily, one fine evening, some quails alighted in the vicinity, which it may be observed is used as a public promenade. Unable to resist the temptation, he took his gun, and went out. No quail ever yet caused such a sensation: the shot destined for one of them entered the leg of a litle boy, who had just arrived from the country with his father (a Turkish gentleman) in order to have the honour and spiritual advantage of being circumcised with the heir apparent, for which ceremony vast preparations were then going on at *Kiat-hana*. At any time such an accident might have placed a Christian in an awkward position for the moment; but in the actual conjuncture, the irritation caused by the connexion of Franks with Kady-keuy still unsubsided, added to the association of the injured lad with the sacred rite of

circumcision, it came very *mal-à-propos*. Running to the cries of the boy, who was more frightened than hurt, the neighbours set on his aggressor *di cuore* and drove him with abuse and violence to the nearest guard-house, vociferating that the "infidel" had shot at a Mussulman child. The officer of the guard took them at their words, and without more ado caused four men to hold the said "infidel" down on his belly, while two others inflicted a cruel beating with sticks. That over, he led him away to the residence of the kiaya, notwithstanding the casual nature of the accident was ascertained, and the boy, paraded on a donkey to excite the mob, appeared unhurt. The kiaya proved as regardless of his duty as the officer: he received the prisoner with foul abuse, and threatened the bastinado on the spot. The bystanders joined in the outrage; a young Turk present cut open his head with a stick, and a chavass (gend'arme) congratulated him on his good fortune in not having fallen into his hands, for he assuredly would not have left any breath in his body. For a long while Constantinople had not witnessed such an exhibition of anti-

christianism, to cause which, however, other circumstances, which would occupy too much space to dwell on, also contributed. In vain Mr. Churchill begged his tormentors to consider that he was a British merchant—that honoured title in the East—and the consequences on their heads of so treating one. The kiaya knew him well: he cared not, he said, who or what he might be: were he the *eltchee* (ambassador) in person he would serve him in the same way. Mr. Churchill must have peculiarly felt the outrage; for as the correspondent of a London morning paper, he had been the warm panegyrist, during three years, of the Turkish reform and the government. He mentioned this circumstance, I believe, while under the sticks; if so, only another reason for the beating, his tormentors must have thought. No admirers of the art of writing, the Turks think that if a Christian speak his mind, he must write in their disfavour, if not, he is only quizzing them. Finally, the kiaya removed any farther responsibility off his own shoulders, and complied with the regulation respecting Franks, by transferring him to the "Porte," in the *toumrouk* (prison) of

which he passed the night, bruised and ill, on the bare floor.

We scarcely credited the report of the transaction when it reached Pera on the wings of exaggeration. Instantly our consul-general,* to whom the Franks of all nations look up as the firm interpreter of their rights, as their chief barrier against the encroachments of the sultan, set his wits and satellites in motion for the relief of our countryman. At first we trembled for his safety; but on hearing of his transmissal to the Porte we felt re-assured. The conduct of the authorities of Scutari, we said, might be glossed over; they might have felt awed by the populace; they might feign ignorance of Frank privileges; but now the affair is in the hands of the Reis Effendi, before whom the rights of Franks are daily urged and acted on: instant release of course will follow, amends, and punishment of the offenders. Even the few who had their eyes open to the existing state of Turkish interior policy, and were accustomed to couple the arbitrary acts of the officials towards Franks with a

* John Cartwright, Esq.

settled will of the sultan, expected the same. Bad, however, became worse: a personal injury grew into a national insult. Regardless of the treaty which called on him to give a Frank, *howsoever guilty*, up to his own legation *in the first place;* regardless of the energetic remonstrances of our first dragoman, speaking in the ambassador's name, the Reis Effendi declared his intention of committing his prisoner to the *bagnio*. He grounded his decision on a full and circumstantial *ilam* (report) of the cadi of Scutari, in which *malice prepense* was asserted, and the wound described as highly dangerous: although if true, word for word, the law remained the same. But not even the *ilam* excused him; *he* knew its nature. "This," said the dragoman, unfortunately losing temper, "is *bokdan;* are you going to make us eat your dirt?" Nothing availed.

Often and often had I visited the dreaded *bagnio*, but never before with shame; and shame indeed shook every nerve on seeing my countryman in a cell ironed amidst the felons, who, even they, seemed astounded with the boldness of the act, and made way for us with respect as

we groped along the dark narrow passages. Shame indeed possessed me on reverting to the different position I saw us occupying at Constantinople five years before, when the possibility of such an occurrence could not have dwelt for a moment on the mind of a Turk. We consoled the prisoner with hopes, and supplied him with writing materials, that he might tell his own story. As we left the *bagnio* we were seen by the governor of the arsenal: he summoned our guide, and threatened him with the bastinado for having dared to admit us after the positive injunction which had been given to allow no Frank to visit the prisoner.

A century and a half had elapsed since anything like such an outrage had been committed on an Englishman. Then, Cara Mustapha, the proudest of grand vizirs, confiscated the property of an English merchant who, as having married a Greek,* became, he averred, a subject of the

* A law passed in the reign of Mahomet IV. declared that any Frank who should marry a subject of the Porte made himself thereby a raya. As this could not be tolerated by the christian legations, and was opposed to the spirit of every treaty, the law was soon afterwards repealed, and in-

empire; and, as such, dying without issue, the Porte became his rightful heir. Mustapha carried his point, in spite of the efforts of the executors, two English merchants, whom he imprisoned and fined. But at that period, we should recollect, the Ottomans were masters of the Ukraine, of Podolia, and of Dalmatia. They had garrisons in Hungary; Michel king of Poland paid them tribute: and they had just ejected the Venetians from Candia. So, in reference to their present humiliated condition, our first dragoman, with more spirit than tact, observed to the Reis Effendi, "When you had pashas at Buda and Peterwaradin, you dared not treat us thus."

Every Frank in Pera felt the outrage as though he himself had been the object of it. One must have resided in the East long enough to *feel* the relative position of Turk, Frank, and raya, to understand the keen excitement it occasioned. "Out of good comes evil though," they said; "now we shall see if the English will allow themselves to be trampled on like Austrians and Prussians." Fifty absurd reports were circulated

stead thereof the Porte forbade any female raya to marry a Frank. The law is in force to this day, but is often evaded.

in consequence, dictated by a sense of the injury.

A cutter was seen running down the Bosphorus: "It is the English admiral's tender," they said, "dispatched to order the capture of the Ottoman squadron."

A steamer left the port: "It is the sultan's steamer," they said, "ordered to recal his ships lying at Mitylene."

The personal character of Akkif, the Reis Effendi, a mild and gentlemanly Osmanley, rendered the affair still more inexplicable. There was an object though: if a British merchant could be outraged, what other Frank would have a right to complain?

On finding his remonstrances ineffectual in saving his countryman from the treatment of a convicted felon, our ambassador addressed the following "note" to the Reis Effendi:—

"The undersigned, his Britannic Majesty's ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary, has the honour to acquaint his excellency the minister for foreign affairs, for the information of the Sublime Porte, that his excellency Akkif

Effendi, having violated the rights of a British subject—rights conferred by the sultans of glorious memory, and most particularly respected by the illustrious sovereign now reigning, for the happiness of his subjects—the undersigned is obliged to declare to the Sublime Porte, that the undersigned will not any longer hold official communication with his excellency Akkif Effendi, and the undersigned respectfully submits to the Sublime Porte, and emphatically to the sultan himself, his just complaint against the minister who has dared to violate the laws of his own sovereign, and insult the British nation.

"The undersigned has the honour, &c.,

Signed "PONSONBY.

"*Therapia, May* 10, 1836."

This spirited "note" failed in procuring either release or explanation. The why and the wherefore, anybody may see who chooses to analyze it, bearing in mind that the Reis Effendi acted in compliance with the sultan's policy. It was dictated in the belief that the sultan was ignorant of the transaction, and in that view we

may admire the tact with which the monarch was intended to be conciliated personally, while the weight of indignation would fall on the official. But as the contrary happened unfortunately to be the case, the import of the "note" fell differently from its intention on the royal ear. With a less favourable opinion of Mahmoud's character, his excellency would have obtained his end easier. Inculpated with his minister, the sultan's conscience took the threat held out to Akkif Effendi as one indirectly conveyed to himself, for he did not imagine that his share in the invasion of Frank rights was doubted, for he did not suppose that any one could believe that his ministers would dare to infringe treaties on their own responsibility. He therefore supported Akkif, and, by his silence, applauded the act. He might have had an ulterior object: he might have wished to bring the question of Frank rights to an issue: he might argue that as he no longer expected any aid from England, why should he continue to allow her privileges, which, in consequence of the freedom of her subjects, as I stated before, caused frequent embarrassments.

Mr. Churchill therefore remained in prison. No apparent mode of extricating him presented itself; for the embassy had cut off its only recognised means of communication with the government, viz., through the Reis Effendi, who declined to undo as Akkif Effendi what he had ordered as a minister of the crown. Achmet Pasha also, the acting capitan pasha, refused to order his enlargement, saying "it was not his duty, he had not placed him there." The prisoner therefore resigned himself to an uncertain detention, especially as religious Mussulman fêtes were then celebrating at the "sweet waters," when who would give a thought to a *ghiaour?* But his ambassador watched over his safety; he ordered his dragomans to use demi-official instances with the powerful Seraskier, who, aware of the mistake that had been committed in opening a question with England, and perceiving the excitement to extend so much farther than his colleagues had anticipated, yielded, and ordered his release after five days. "You should never touch an Englishman," said the politic old Turk, alluding to the fuss, "they are a people who will burn their bed to find a flea." When the

order arrived it was late, and as none of his friends were on the spot, Churchill wished to remain in till the morning, but he was told to go at once, or he would be driven out with blows.

Three weeks earlier, an *Armenian*, very insolent to the same Akkif Effendi, on account of a nephew who had renegaded, and was then living under Akkif Effendi's roof, was ordered over to the corrective treatment of the *bagnio*. "I beg your excellency to remember," said the man, who richly deserved chastisement, "that I am a *Russian subject*." Enough. He was placed instead under arrest in a room at the "Porte," whence in a few hours a Russian dragoman released him.

Official intercourse between the Porte and the embassy continued in abeyance nearly two months. As the sultan found himself supported by the ministers of Russia, France, and Austria, he held firm, and refused to discard Akkif Effendi. Various conferences ensued between the Seraskier Pasha, Wassaf Effendi and the English ambassador, but all proved infructuous, and people began to ask themselves how the affair would terminate. At length his excellency, who could not

with honour or advantage recede, closed it by painting to the Seraskier in strong colours the designs of Russia on Turkey, and pointing out the disastrous position of the sultan should a refusal of the demanded satisfaction lead to a rupture between the countries.

Thus situated, apprehending on the one hand England's resentment, unwilling on the other hand to lower his dignity by dismissing a minister on requisition, Sultan Mahmoud chose a middle course; and, displaying considerable finesse, removed Akkif Effendi from office by the following letter to the grand vizir:

"My Vizir,

"Considering that the department of foreign affairs is one of the highest importance, and that the person entrusted with its direction should display unceasing assiduity in the discharge of the duties attached to this office—I have lately thought proper to raise this functionary to the rank of *mooshir*,* and increase his salary. Akkif Effendi, under whose direction this office is placed, not being able, in consequence of ill

* *Anglice*, a privy councillor.

health, to attend to the discharge of these duties, I have considered it necessary to remove him from this post, and to appoint in his place Achmet Coolopee Pasha.

"Thou shalt therefore call him into thy presence, and after acquainting him with my will supreme, and investing him with the mantle of honour of *mooshir*, give him to understand that my will is, that he may every day attend at the Porte, in order to go (with God's assistance) through the duties of his employ, and to watch attentively over the constant and scrupulous observance of the treaties and conventions existing between this empire and foreign states.

"Akkif Effendi being an old servant of my Porte, I grant him a monthly pension of ten thousand piastres, (100*l.*,) which thou shalt take care may be regularly paid him by the Treasury.

"May the Almighty lend ye all his assistance."

Thus we saw for the first time a Turkish minister dismissed without exile or confiscation.*

* Akkif Effendi remained in high favour. It was at first expected that his secession from the divan would be favourable to England's interests, as he was known to be partial to

Thus terminated this tedious and embarrassing affair, which had its origin in a desire to shoot a small bird. The result proved the weight of England's threat, but it diminished the bitterness of Russian protection. It was, however, a most important result; and every Frank in Turkey may thank Lord Ponsonby for his perseverance in obtaining it. We regret the whole affair from beginning to end; it has turned Mahmoud's face from us even more than our refusal in 1832 to aid him against Mehemet Ali was calculated to do; but we distinctly say that his lordship, consistently with his duty as an ambassador, and with his feelings as an Englishman, had no other course to follow. Had he unfortunately given way, Frank "capitulations," in as far as related to inviolability of person, would have remained from that moment a "dead letter," and the bastinado which gave rise to the discussion would have been the commencement of a series.

Russia. But he was dismissed, not disgraced. His influence continued the same behind the scenes, sharpened by a sense of what he might choose to call an injury.

CHAPTER X.

Pera—Resources—Turkish naval officers—Capitan Pasha—Arsenal—Ships—Crews—Turkish corvette—Naval school—Conscripts—Education—National garb—Scheik Islam—Egyptian troops—Conscription—Instructors—Military organisation.

NEVERTHELESS, in spite of such occasional departures from the rules of decorum, Pera, with all its peculiarities—its diplomacy and its dragomanerie, its chicanery and its charlatanism—is still an agreeable place to reside in. You have society of all grades, and opinions of all shades, with perfect liberty to enjoy the one and to express the other. You may be *ultra* either way, and still be acceptable to all parties. You may dine at the ambassador's hotel, and smoke your chibouque at the Effendi's divan. You may be convivial with the merchant, and mysterious with the professor of tongues. You may exult

with the Fanariote, whose thoughts aspire to independence; and sympathise with the Carbonaro, who looks mournfully back to his country. Formerly, gaiety prevailed more; but since many of the Representatives are deprived of town residences by the fire, the task of receiving and doing the honours of the carnival has devolved chiefly on Madame de Bouteneff and on Madame Sturmer, whose attentions leave a stranger nothing to desire. All conveniences of life may be found at Pera, except a decent hotel.* You have the post once a week from Vienna and from Petersburgh. Steamers in the season bring you the figs and melons of Smyrna, the intrigues of Greece, and the fresh butter of Odessa. I resided there several months in 1830, and the friends I then left I met again with joy four years later. And again and again I visited that fair spot, whose dark corners are brighter than the bowers of other lands, and each time the

* So many travellers now visit Pera, that a good hotel is much wanted, and the speculation is worthy of the attention of an enterprising Boniface. In the meanwhile every accommodation may be obtained, by a limited number, at the boarding-house of Giuseppino Vitalis.

smile of friendship welcomed me. Ye know who I mean; ye know the names I would fain name; yet all were civil, all were kind.

Warm greetings also awaited me on the part of my former associates of the Turkish navy. I scarcely expected to find any, or, if finding them, to be remembered. But little Mehemet, who had commanded the *Selimieh*, the ship I sailed in during the war of 1829, still retained the same qualities which then endeared him to every one. I took a boat the second day, and went alongside the *Mehsoudieh* (120 gun-ship.) "*Ne istersiniz?*" (What do you want?) said the bare-footed lieutenant of the watch as I stepped on deck. "My friend, the captain."—"*Your* friend!—you must wait." Just then Mehemet came up the companion-ladder. To look at me, to know me, was one and the same thing. Forgetting his Mussulman creed, forgetting my Christian origin, he ran up, took my hands, and embraced me before the crew. How surprised, how glad he seemed at the reappearance of his English friend, whom he could never have thought to set eyes on again. If he had never seen his own relatives since he left Trebizonde in 1812, how

could he expect to meet again the stranger who had departed bound to the far isles of the west? He scarcely knew how to make enough of me. He led me all over the ship, then into the cabin. We there smoked the *calumet*. The mocha coffee, the sherbet, the sweetmeats, were produced. Nor was that the last time by several I gazed over the peerless palace-embroidered Bosphorus, and watched the gay, gilded, gliding *caiques* from his stern windows.

Another of my friends, Deli Mustapha, the capitan bey, proved equally reminiscent. "Here," he said, showing me his cabin; "here, if you like it, is your home; my servants are yours; come and live with us." They introduced me as their dear "guest," who had accompanied them into the Black Sea to encounter the Russians. Such remembrances on the part of "true believers" were very gratifying; I felt them the more, because government officers in Turkey rarely obey impulse—rarely show attention to any one who is not in a commanding position. But the exception was easily to be accounted for: low pay, and a want of consideration, attach to most of the naval situations; they

are consequently scorned by the bought slaves of power, and left to men who have ties of kindred in the country. Few individuals leave the precincts of the seraglio to follow the sea as a profession, especially as the *Capitan Pashalik*, nearly the best prize to Ottoman ambition, is, as a rule, given to a landsman.

The afore-mentioned Tahir Pasha, whom I found in the situation, certainly proved an exception to the rule; but as he had only attained the fatal position between ignorance and knowledge, with yet a glimmering of the truth, to make him cautious of distinguishing merit, the service did not materially benefit thereby. One scarcely knows how to apply rules for Turkey, unless it be the rule of contrary. The navy was essentially better under the "shoemaker" admiral with whom I sailed; because, aware of his own complete ignorance, he would listen to counsel, and allow his guns to be exercised occasionally. Achmet Pasha's brigade of cavalry, for another example, is the best, by far the best part of the Ottoman army: himself a waterman ten years ago, he pretended to no knowledge of the subject, and therefore, alone of the Turkish officers, supported his "instructor."

Aware of the sultan's capriciousness and favouritism, causes of infinite mischief to the country, Tahir determined to keep off competition, and in this view he applauded the appointment, which excited infinite discontent, of our friend Namik Pasha, over the heads of all the captains, to be vice-admiral of the fleet. Namik owed everything to his knowledge of French; a smattering of the tongue would have been sufficient to supply the place of all talent. Because he knew French, he was rapidly advanced to the rank of general. Because he knew French, he went ambassador to London. "Why is he placed in so novel a situation?" I asked. "Because he knows nothing of naval affairs," growled out Mehemet Bey. "Is that a bad reason?" I at first thought, recurring to our own beloved and much-lauded practice. But a moment's reflection showed me the injustice of the comparison. Above individual inexperience, and solidly enough based to withstand the whirlwind of the frequent changes of the "board," our matured organization can work by itself for a time; whereas, in Turkey, the will of the chief constitutes the system, on his caprice

depends its continuance. We will suppose a case, and place an inexperienced young man in command of an English frigate: all, nevertheless, will go on smoothly, provided he have the sense to remain quiet: he has a first lieutenant to command the ship for him; other lieutenants to keep the watches; a master to navigate her; a purser to victual her; a clerk to keep the accounts; leaving nothing for him to do beyond signing his name where bidden, and flogging when required. But the commander of a Turkish ship must have an inkling of his work in all its branches, or everything, as it generally is, will be in confusion; there is no one to aid him, no system performing its own functions.

Brought into European notice by Navarin, of which battle, by the way, he is uncommonly proud, as he well may be, with prints of the same in his cabin, Tahir Pasha had previously gained considerable notoriety in Turkey by his strange life. He first distinguished himself by an act of barratry, selling a merchant vessel of Mehemet Ali entrusted to his charge. This exploit, which would have hanged an European, made a gentle-

man of him. With the proceeds he travelled seven years, learning in that time Italian, which renders him accessible to Franks, and for a long time caused many, misled by a single interview, to entertain a favourable opinion of his heart, for his manners were very good, and his language studiedly honeyed. He paid a visit to London during his travels, but of that mighty city he only remembered so much as to talk of Covent Garden and Vauxhall. Having succeeded at length in emptying his iniquitously filled purse, he went to Russia and obtained employment in one of the ports of the Euxine. Soon tired of that, seeing no opening for the display of his talents, he then came to Constantinople—refuge for the misfortune, field for the intrigue, sanctuary for the crime of the empire—and entered the service of the arsenal as a rigging boatswain, in which capacity his zeal and cruelty obtained notice and advancement. Afterwards, he commanded a frigate during the Grecian war of independence, wherein, if he failed to commemorate his name by any brilliant exploit, he at least avoided some of the faults of his colleagues, and escaped from the more fatal

brulôts of his opponents. Once, while at anchor near Tenedos, a brulôt fastened on him. His crew were fleeing to the boats, but Tahir drew his sabre, slashed away amongst the cowards, and compelled them to assist in tearing off the *Centaur's tunic.* On another occasion he found Greek artifice as dangerous as "Greek fire." While lying to off one of the Cyclades, he sent ashore to a *capitano* of his acquaintance to beg he would supply him with some fresh provisions, of which his ship was much in need. "Willingly," said the wily Greek: "Do you think I am not glad to serve my old commander? send your boats at such an hour to such a point, all shall be ready." Tahir consented; he went in person: but as he drew near the land, a fire of musketry whistled treason in his ears. He never forgot this trick. Many years after, in 1835, as he was walking down one of the streets of Galata, he thought he perceived his friend, in the shape of a captain of a Hellenic merchantman, sitting before a magazine. Tahir made sure: then called for a stool and sat down before him. The Hellenist stared, but stirred not. "Do you not know me?" said Tahir from

between his teeth. "No," said the man, "I never saw you before." "You liar," said the pasha, "look well; I am not so altered." Still the Greek persisted in his ignorance; or, perhaps, he spoke the truth; but whether or no, Tahir would have it so, and finished a string of recapitulation and of invective, by knocking him down.

In that same arsenal I first met him, supreme; in character no way changed, no way softened by prosperity, abusing his pasha's power as mercilessly as he had used the boatswain's rattan; still an Eastern, though under a christian garb—still a savage, though with gentle manners. The watchfulness of his attendants showed the parvenu; the trembling his presence excited in the arsenal indicated the tyrant. A morbid delight in human suffering, joined to an irascible temper, often produces fatal results. Sultan Mahmoud has gained credit for depriving the pashas of the capital of the right of decapitation—doubtful to me if they ever had it—but he leaves them full power to bastinado and torture, which Tahir has often extended beyond life. He caused the death of his own son by the bastinado. I do not suppose he

intended to kill the lad, but such was the result. Solicitude about his own comforts, and an ostentation of luxury, rendered his want of regard for others' sufferings still more odious. In his heart he hated the Franks on account of their superiority ; hating them particularly because unable to carry on some works of the arsenal without them ; hating them the more because not allowed to vent his wrath on the bodies of those in his pay. Some English artisans often tried his patience. Furious one day at their frolics, he sent for their director, and swore that if the same happened again he would assuredly cut off the delinquent's head, even though his own should follow next day. He gained something by his motion ; at all events, he frightened them, for one does not willingly trifle with a passionate man, who has only to say " Cut," and be obeyed. If Tahir could have named *one* wish, that wish would have consigned the representatives of Christendom to his tender mercies. How he would have enjoyed " turning up " their excellencies' heels ! One day the secretary of the Greek legation remonstrated with him about his arbitrary treatment of some Hel-

lenists : on which Tahir, in a towering rage at the idea of being questioned by a Greek about Greeks, bade him leave the apartment, or he would order him the bastinado also. Manos vanished.

Sending a native to represent Otho at the Sublime Porte amounted to a fault. The individual may be an able man, but still he is *a Greek*, and the actual generation of Turks will never get over a sore feeling on that subject. Why not have named a Bavarian or a Philhellenist? The Sultan would have taken it as a compliment. Such get plenty of situations *in* Greece which would be more advantageously filled by natives. Moreover, the Greek rarely acquires the esteem of the Turk: his obsequiousness in adversity, his arrogance in prosperity, is hateful to the staid, balanced son of Islam. Hear Messrs. Zographo and Co. speak of their late masters. "What can be expected from such barbarians?" was a common expression. Rich! from the tongue of a Greek! And another, alluding to the Reis Effendi's dinner, said he would not have touched it on any account. Cleanliness, as every one knows, belongs to the Turks; but the Fanariote,

who ten years before would have kissed the effendi's feet, to complain! The secretary, it is true, made this remark while seated at the most polished *recherché* table of Constantinople; and the contrast with the Ottoman minister's solitary repast, might have affected his imagination. Mr. Manos was one of those Greeks who were exiled from Constantinople at the beginning of the revolution into the interior of Asia Minor: he there remained in custody for several years, but as the authorities in those parts are strangers to the feelings about Greeks which so readily exasperate the European Turk, he and his companions passed their time very agreeably. An Oriental has no medium in his conduct, he has no idea of oppression or punishment on principle, and, therefore, if he do not kill his prisoner he will treat him well—he will nurse him the day after he has inflicted the torture. Mr. Manos, therefore, was allowed to live as he pleased, to have books and paper, with the range of town and country:—"*Les Turcs sont si stupides; c'est si facile à les tromper.*" Dr. Maroncelli, who was by, and heard the expression, wished, no doubt, for his brother's sake, that a similar stupidity had ruled in the dungeons of Spielberg.

Tahir's wanderings on the fruit of piracy, taught him to add European pleasures to Asiatic luxuries. He indulges in wine and plays at billiards. He may tolerate women, for they are necessary to a pasha's dignity,* but his ill-usage of the sex shows that he cannot love. Many tales are whispered of his domestic cruelty, but I will not repeat what, after all, may be exaggeration. His official tyranny as capitan pasha could not remain a mystery; it has been the opprobium of the country who witnessed it, and of the master who allowed it. It has been equally displayed since at Tripoli, and more to *our* detriment, for which reason, and as he is likely to be employed, either there or elsewhere, in situations which will bring him in frequent contact with our authorities, and with our subjects, I dwell more on him and on his acts than I otherwise should have done. One day, during the summer of 1835, his abuse of power being the general theme, for he had just bastinadoed a

* In private life a Turk is often contented with single wedlock, but this is inconsistent with official importance. On gaining an additional "horsetail," a pasha usually takes unto himself a new wife.

man on the belly till he died, he received a summons to attend the sultan at the palace of Begler-Bey.

Mahmoud received him good-humouredly; and after awhile invited him to eat some sweet cakes which were brought in by a page. Tahir inclined himself to the honour, in doubt, however, whether his sublimity were complimenting him or joking. "Eat, eat," said his royal host, on seeing him suspend his attack on the fly-envied pile; "eat, they will do you good." Tahir bowed his head anew, and continued the luscious task. "Go on," repeated the sultan, "I insist on your eating every one." Tahir now paled; he fancied he saw in the proceeding something beyond a frolic, and he knew the oriental use of the metaphor. He continued, however, the irksome process; at length ceased, well nigh choked. "The prophet's vicegerent, Allah smile on him, might do what he pleased to his slave, but he could not eat more; he might take his head away, but his throat would not swallow." Now for the moral. "How do you then think," said the sultan, "people can 'eat' five hundred strokes of the bastinado, when you are unable to eat fifty cakes?"

My reader may fancy that Tahir never ate sweet cakes again of his own accord; but they may be assured that the royal wit did not prevent his making others "eat the bastinado" whenever his mustachoes chose to curl.

To give him his due, he improved the revenues of the department, and paid more attention than usual to the appearance and decoration of his ships. Farther he thought not: so as he had a handsome squadron to float before the royal palace, he cared little for more essential points. Light and lofty rigged, with bolts, guns and bulkheads polished, on all three decks, his flag-ship was as beautiful an object as one could wish to set eyes on, and many a landsman has gone away in consequence with an exaggerated notion of the Ottoman navy; but her guns seemed only intended to polish, her decks to 'holystone,' her sides to paint. As far as *they* are concerned, the ships appear to be equal to any work in Mediterranean weather, but on looking at the soul which animates the body we find it inferior to any comparison. Owing, in the first place, to the instinctive dislike to regular service, it is diffi-

cult to obtain men; owing, in the second place, to the absence of discipline, for Turkish discipline is like that of schools, only fit for children,—is like the control of women, dependent on caprice, they are with difficulty retained. The ambition of a boy is to be a man, to consort with men, but to do that he must quit the service. Out of 1,200 in a first-rate, not more than 100 would be rated with us higher than first class boys. The Capitan Bey was surprised at hearing of the smallness of our crews compared with the shoals launched on board Turkish ships; "but," he observed, "it requires twenty of these lads to run out a gun." One occasionally witnesses ludicrous transformations on the quarter deck. "Do you not remember me?" said the lieutenant of the deck one day to me on board the *Mahmoudich*, (flag-ship,) "I rowed you over to Scutari in the summer." True enough! a few months before he had plied for the waterman's fare. His promotion was more flattering than profitable: any waterman on the Bosphorus may gain double the pay of a lieutenant.* It gave him consequence,

* A lieutenant's pay is 150 piastres a month; a boatman, if hired by the month, is paid 10 piastres a day.

however, and the power, as officer of the water-guard, of paying off old scores. More recently, a young Circassian friend of mine was transferred from the command of a troop to the quarter deck. I had left him in Upper Albania ready to charge at anything, and, within four months, I met him at Constantinople dancing attendance, with anchor buttons on his coat, at the Admiralty! Laughing at his own metamorphosis, he said the only reason he could give for it was, that his name, *Bahri*, meant the sea. A complete specimen of this kind of officering and manning was seen by our squadron when lying at Syra. A Turkish corvette, seemingly a frigate in the distance, so long and lofty was she, working up for the anchorage, mistook the passage, or did not look for it, and steered end on for the land. The *Fanal* above her head at length attracted the notice of some one. Not a moment to lose: there was just space to put the helm down, let run everything, and drop an anchor. There she lay, her stern about a cable's length from the breakers, the wind and sea increasing. In this dilemma the captain showed wisdom: hoisting out his boats, he sent one alongside the "Caledonia."

Aman, yardem ! (mercy, help !) cried in piteous tones, attracted the sentry of the middle watch ; but no meaning did he gather from the strange sounds, and the night was too dark to distinguish more than a boat bobbing in the swell alongside. After some time we contrived to extract the tale from the quaking Mussulmans, with sundry additions, as that she was bumping, filling, sinking. They were alarmed beyond measure, and to all our interrogatories as to her position, and the extent of assistance required, the fellow could answer little else at first than *tchapouk, tchapouk,* (quick, quick.) Our men standing at the entering port took the word for *chibouque,* (pipe,) and sundry jokes, in consequence, passed on the Turk—a true Turk—asking for a pipe though his ship were sinking. We sent him back to his vessel with hopes ; and followed in the galley to see what might be done. Her situation was perilous : she had squeezed into a cove, iron-bound, right into which the wind and sea were setting. There she lay at single anchor, top-gallant yards across, as unconcerned, apparently, as though in a basin. On account of quarantine (she came from Tripoli) we would not board her; but we hailed her

captain, to send his light spars on deck, and seeing a second anchor at the bows, we told him to let it go. "The cable is rotten," cried out a dozen voices. On heaving up the anchor afterwards, at which the vessel had been riding, we found *it* also defective, with only *one* fluke. The sea already ran so high, that difficulties presented themselves on every side of the question of saving the corvette. Our first idea was to lay out anchors, and give in the ends of the cables, and leave her to ride out the gale. The "Medea," however, offered a better mode. Getting up her steam with celerity she proceeded round the island, off the spot: then with the skill for which he often showed himself remarkable, Captain Austin backed in, and anchored in the very position for taking the corvette in tow. We supplied the necessary hawsers, and sent a party on board to conduct the operation of slipping or cutting, for in a manœuvre the slightest hitch of which might have compromised our superb steamer, we could not trust to any one else. All being ready, the two vessels slipped together. For a few hundred yards they advanced steadily—slowly but steadily—through the heavy sea; their

progress then slackened—then became stationary. It was a beautiful, but an anxious sight, as the "Medea" at the top of her power was turning up the waves, and dashing them, whiter, with more force, on the bare rocks; the corvette, the while, pitching deeply and making her tow ropes at each 'scend vibrate like harp-strings. After a few minutes they began drifting bodily to leeward. The "Medea" let go her anchors, and the squadron's launches prepared to give further aid. But she held on. Presently, another lull; she slipped again, and this time succeeded in dragging her charge clear out of danger, round into the harbour, where two of our boats waited with line-of-battle ships' stream anchors. *Of course*, the Turk expressed gratitude, with Eastern hyperbole—crowned us with all the images of Oriental eloquence: compared the admiral to a beneficent spirit; the "Medea" to Mohammed's war camel. By no means so: "It is very evident," he coolly observed, "that Allah placed the English squadron there, *in order to save us*." Was there ever such an exemplification of fatality? We could not help smiling; but really it was rather vexatious, after all

our trouble, to see the credit transferred from us to Fate. It was the first voyage of Yussuf, the captain, whom I had met, nine months previous, in the suite of Achmet Bey. " Do not fear," we said to him, seeing his apprehensions of a reckoning, " *we* will not tell Tahir Pasha."

Such accessories as a nautical school (at Khalki,*) as a military school (at Dolma Bakcheh,) sedulously shown off to all who visit Constantinople, as proof of the regeneration of Turkey, and as an earnest of returning ardour, (though to many, I am sure, the mode of teaching, and the hubbub of juvenile repetition must appear ridiculous, calculated to confound rather than to enlighten, where the science of mathematics is applied to memory rather than to reason,) will not, cannot effect any change. I believe they are merely intended as clap-traps—used as playthings. *Russia knows their worth.* Such, at all events, allowing them to have intrinsic merit, can only be used as ornaments of the capital, they can never serve for the base of the column. Actual

* The naval school at the isle of Khalki was suppressed on account of the familiarity between the masters and the boys, too open even for Eastern notions.

service, example, and an *esprit de corps,* are the real elements of efficiency, and they are totally wanting. We, of all people, have been the least tinctured with science, for what did Portsmouth, what did Sandhurst teach?

The anticipations of many in regard to the Turkish youth who may be sent abroad, to western Europe, for education, will, I fear, be also disappointed. None but such as travel under the excitement of self-instigation, or are urged on by ambition, are likely to become of permanent utility to their country; for the ardour which impelled them at the commencement, will then uphold them through the laborious work of self-instruction, and their devotion to the cause will lessen the ridicule usually attached to innovators. But boys sent, as it were, to school, learn as schoolboys, and equally sigh to leave their tasks for the pleasures of our great towns. We see their pursuits in London and in Paris. They return home invariably more taken with the delights than with the arts of civilisation. Their temporary migration is soon only apparent in superior cut garments, and in a keener relish for "barley-water" (cham-

pagne.*) They import customs which raise the contempt of their countrymen, but no knowledge which may gain their esteem. They encounter ridicule from their elders, they dread the word "infidel," they feel the awkwardness of their position: interest, inclination, and early habit, come to the aid of indolence. Possessing no moral courage, no patriotic motive, they soon forget their lesson, and re-become Turks. See the ambassadors and their suites, a few weeks after their return from foreign capitals; you would say they had never left Turkey. They shake the dust off their boots, and resume at once all their ignoble usages. They tell the sultan that there is no city like his, that no country is like his, that he is the only sovereign; and he believes them.

Let me not be understood to say that I think a fusion of new ideas, gained by sending youth abroad, is not calculated to prove of service to a

* The Turks always called beer *arpa soui*, (barley-water.) On taking to champagne a few years since, they took advantage of its creaming over like malt-liquor, to christen it alike. Very clever of them! since, thereby, the good Mussulman may drink thereof without scruple; it is not wine.

state. It may do so, if time be allowed for the diffusion of the transfused matter. But time, time is wanting in the present case. The wave of dissolution is rolling rapidly in on Turkey, and carries off barrier after barrier. It may indeed appear doubtful to some if any antiquated people can be thus revived by the infusion of mental blood from another source. Old age is rendered more graceful by the addition, but I question if real strength is thereby imparted. It may, like the physician's draught, serve as an anodyne to the disease, but it will not, I fear, divert its course. Has the intercourse of Spain and Portugal with England retarded their decline a whit? Do their off-sets in America acquire vigour? Have the example of British troops and vessels rendered their army and navy more effective? Can we then anticipate more by similar means from Turkey, one hundred-fold more, physically and morally, stricken with the spirit of decay. In Egypt and Syria there is hope: for time may be granted,—for the spirit of the emancipated serf is working,—for there, there are energies which feel new strength on being relieved from the stagnating effects of

Ottoman despotism. And a hand has arisen to guide them. Equally so will the energy of the Greeks lead to a great result under an iron rule. As bondsmen, the Greeks and the Arabs have retained youthful impressions: as masters, the Ottomans have lost all sense of youth in indolence and debauchery. The instruction of the former is facile, while that of the latter is unpromising.

But the Portuguese troops became effective, did themselves credit under English officers,—showing that the moral disease lay in the upper classes; and so, perhaps, might the Turks, had Sultan Mahmoud summoned Frank officers to form his troops on the destruction of the Janissaries. It was his only chance. The panic caused by that display of energy might have enabled him to succeed. It is also a matter of surprise that the French and English governments, so deeply interested in the revival of Turkey, should not have supplied him with adjutants, instead of leaving him to choose among the exiles of Europe: who, unsupported, uncountenanced, could do the Turk little service, and reflected little honour on their respective countries. It is

averred that the sultan, in 1827, wished to procure French officers, and give them actual rank, or, at all events, power to enforce respect; and that Count Guilliminot was spoken to on the subject: but some members of the divan opposed the project, and the idea dropped. A Russian minister, sure of the sultan, would have bribed the divan. The chief barrier to a military reform would have been thus overthrown. Once in possession of military rank, Europeans might have offered counsel on other subjects. All this might have been accomplished by a little foresight and address; all this would have been acceded to us *without bribery* in 1828, and again in 1832. Now it is too late. Only such officers, if any, as are pleasing to Russia, will be henceforward employed.*

Mehemet Ali showed wisdom from the begin-

* June 1836, Lieutenant-Colonel Considine, (accompanied by Captain Cooke,) went to Constantinople with the idea of obtaining the command of a regiment. Other officers of the Maltese and Ionian garrisons held themselves in readiness to follow. After dancing attendance some months, the colonel discovered that the Porte did not require his services. He then returned to England.

ning. In no respect has he shown more talent than his sovereign, or steered clearer of his errors, than in the formation of his army and navy. In addition to giving due encouragement and honour to Frank officers and talent,* he received with open arms the men of rank whom Mahmoud compelled to flee their country, and employed them as superior officers. Born noble, and habituated from childhood to military authority, command and the exaction of respect were natural to them. The Arabs, on the contrary, had always been slaves under the Turks, and therefore were unfitted to have authority entrusted to them at once: they could only be subalterns. But in 1835 Ibrahim opened the rank of captain to them, and in a few years he will be able to do without foreigners or Turks—he will have formed a body of Arab officers.

Had Mahmoud acted similarly, he might have followed up his reform, which consisted in no

* Mehemet Ali engaged colonels and naval captains of France to instruct his ships and regiments, at salaries of from £2,000 to £3,000 a year. The highest pay Mahmoud gives is £220 a year. General Boyer was the chief instructor of Mehemet Ali's infantry. Sergeant Galliard was, and is, the chief instructor of Mahmoud's infantry.

other than the subversion of the people's liberties, with the intention of rendering them as submissive as the Egyptians. But, unlike his regal vassal, he stopped at half measures. He was ignorant that no medium existed between the Osmanley in his former state, obedient by religion and free by custom, and a slave toiling in the ring of European discipline.

Europeanising his capital, and denouncing ancient usages, so nearly filled the measure of the disgust of his subjects, that the few more drops necessary to form an army would have made no great difference. No other means existed of rendering the new order of things permanent. Universal discontent existed, a reaction was to be apprehended; himself had destroyed his "divine right," had cut away the natural props of his throne. Force alone could preserve the balance. And to force he resorted, but in a way that evinced total ignorance of the instrument he wished to fashion. In the place of the Janissaries, the men of the state, he collected the boys. He armed and dressed them alike, then called them regulars. Discipline may be judged of differently, according to the observer, but

there can be no two opinions about the physical condition of the Ottoman troops. The Porte expected probably that the inconvenience of juvenile levies would remedy itself, and be amply repaid, should they grow up untinctured by Janissariism; by which time also it hoped that the anti-reform feeling would be worn out, when the people would no longer object to the new order of things. But its expectation failed. The same spectacle at Constantinople of regiments of boys, inferior in size and strength to those of Sandhurst, continues to afflict our eyes and mock our hopes. British troops would scarcely condescend to unsheath steel against such children as appear in some of the regiments. Several times have I questioned them in the camps on the banks of the Bosphorus, and have found fourteen or fifteen not to be an uncommon age among the conscripts. "Still they must grow," we say with astonishment; "what becomes of them?" There is but one answer—"They die, they desert." Men will not enlist, so the original evil in part remains. While training in the capital, where they have a certain share of attention and comforts, they escape with the diseases in-

cidental to youth ; but in the interior, marching through roadless countries, without a commissariat, without a medical staff, and fleeced by their officers, death rapidly thins their ranks. About one half only of the conscripts raised are realised, that is, become serviceable as men to the state. Twenty per cent. is said to be the annual mortality among the grand army of the Taurus; this too *in its own country*. By keeping the troops in arrears, the Porte turns this frightful account to profit ; in half-a-dozen years it saves a twelvemonth's pay.

Apart from considerations of moral influences, the condition of the Turkish soldier would not seem so objectionable. The pay amounts to four shillings a month, which, if it were regularly paid, may be called sufficient. It was, on the establishment of the nizam, eight shillings a month, but the depreciation of the coin * has halved that sum. The uni-

* In 1826, the exchange was from fifty to sixty piastres to the pound sterling: in 1836, it varied between ninety-eight and one-hundred and four.

In 1813, eighteen piastres went to the pound.

Many an Armenian, master of the mint, has been sacrificed to the resentment of the people; the depression of the coin

form is very repugnant to them: it partakes somewhat of the dress of the Frank, with very little of that of the Turk; it is ludicrous to the former, and hateful to the latter. It costs very little (its only merit,) and it is generally ragged. We should bear in mind, while considering this point, that in addition to the sense of *amour propre* common to all people, above all to military bodies, in addition to the religious and patriarchal sentiment attached to it, the oriental garb is entirely adapted for the state of society in the East. Cure of disorder is the result of art: prevention of it is the instinct of nature. Who would think of depriving man of the latter until the former appeared? With surgeons, with hospitals, with attendance, the European soldier, or labourer, as may be, exposes himself heedlessly, or may be exposed, for there exists

being ascribed to his cupidity. Amurath the Third's reign was also signalised by the depreciation of the coin and by revolts of the Janissaries in consequence. Each time the master of the mint was put to death by the Porte *for obeying its orders.* For the very same causes, to appease the murmurs of the people, Sultan Mahmoud executed, a few years back, the wealthy and esteemed Armenian brothers, the Douz-Oglou.

wherewithal to remedy his imprudence or to administer to his necessities: his rheumatism may be nursed, his inflamed eye may be assuaged, his fever may be arrested in its destructive course. But in the East, science comes not to the aid of suffering humanity: to avoid requiring her therefore became the problem, and man early discovered, above all in hot or variable climes, that the head and the loins were the chief inducts of disease. Hence the *turban* and the *sash*. The turban parries *coups de soleil, coups de vent, and coups de sabre;* it combines the defence of a helmet with the comfort of a cap, and it particularly saves the eyes. The sash guarantees the part so peculiarly vulnerable to *malaria* viz. the loins: it preserves the wearer from bowel complaints, so fatal in hot countries, and it guards the region of the kidneys. The loose-breeched trousers, also part of the old dress and now also forbidden, enable a man to sleep warm and comfortable when dressed, which is a desideratum in a bedless country. The use or abandonment of the old dress therefore is not merely a trial of prejudice, it is a question of health or sickness to the people. As well might we think of depriving them of their vapour baths.

Can we then wonder if they cling to their old garb so pertinaciously? or if its substitute is scouted by every one except the dependents of the crown? Unfortunately the part of the nation the most in need of its preservative influence, viz. the army, is the part most completely deprived of it.* The *Scheick Islam* of the day refused to issue a *fetwah* sanctioning the change of costume, on which Mahmoud sent for Meki-zadeh Effendi, a Mollah of great personal influence on account of his wealth and noble descent, his family having furnished several *Scheicks Islam* to the state, and demanded if authority for the proposed alteration might not be found in the Koran. "The particular case may not be cited," answered the courtier, "but it is written that the desire of the prophet's successor shall be law." Charmed with the decision, Mahmoud, in order to render it authoritative, deposed the unbending head of the law, and appointed Meki-zadeh Effendi in his place.

* Mehemet Ali, with his usual sagacity, while assimilating his troops to European models, left them the essentials to their health and comfort in the sash and the bag trousers.

The diminished number of the inhabitants on whom the conscription falls, necessarily decreases the value of the army. Each year an inferior description of individuals remains; while the conscription itself, if I may borrow a simile, is like a spider's web, catching the weak flies but allowing the strong ones to break through. The raya population, half of the whole, is exempt from military service: the Kurds and the Albanians resist it, arms in hand: there remain only the Mussulmans of the plain country of Roumelia and of Anatolia. The sultan might have allured the Albanians and the Kurds to his service would he have enlisted them in their own way, forming them into national regiments, armed and dressed after their own fashion under their own leaders. So the Russian utilized the Cossack, till he had sucked the last drop of nationality out of his soul. So we, with all our power, amused the Highlander with his kilt and tartan, till clan and claymore became uninspiring sounds. How much more obvious such policy in a country where power is balanced and prejudice is firmer rooted! But Sultan Mahmoud framed his army like Procrustes' bed, intended

for every one but suiting nobody: the boy conscript cannot be stretched out to its length, the mountaineer will not allow his free limbs to be curtailed to its proportions.

We who are born and bred among the restraints of civilisation, can form no adequate idea of the irksomeness of military life to the Turks. In Christendom it is simply a heavy link of a long chain, varying in pressure according to place and circumstance. Where population weighs on existence an individual submits patiently to his lot, supported by the knowledge of a worse condition elsewhere; barracks are better than the workhouse, and rations are preferable to alms. Such is the case in Germany and France. Where individuals are less plentiful, repugnance is of course greater: but it may be modified by glory; success in arms will reconcile a man to the life; and discipline changes the bent of his mind. Such is the case in Russia. But where every man may literally sit under his own fig-tree, and is used from childhood to personal freedom, where real discipline is wanting to ensure confidence, and success to inspire self-respect, and war is seen without its pomp and circumstance, and

recollections of home and friends are not balanced by hope or glory, the objection to the military calling becomes insuperable. Such is the case in Turkey.

The officers correspond with the troops, both in selection and equipment. As anybody might command under the old system, no matter whether he were a tailor, or a camel-driver, or a seraglio page, so it was supposed that with the aid of a few months' drilling under an instructor they would prove equally ready with the *nizam dgeditt*. But even that instruction, if instruction can be given by a man whose scholars may spit on him, and who often sees himself obliged to cringe to a pasha for his bread, turns out of no avail: on the parade he directs the movement, but on the field of battle there is no prompter. As an example of the kind of men who are entrusted with the honour of the country, I may mention that in 1834, thirty field-pieces left the capital for Sivas, under the command of a man who had been a *hammal* (porter) five years previously. Such a metamorphosis might occur in Europe without exciting ridicule, for there emulation and the

means of self-instruction exist to develope the talent which may lie hidden under a lowly garb. About the same time three thousand of the guard, cavalry and infantry, marched for the same destination under a black eunuch named Redschid Pasha. I would not be thought so illiberal as to insinuate that a eunuch must necessarily be devoid of ability, or should not be employed; but certainly, the education of the seraglio, and the contempt of mankind for the species, show that the appointment could only have been due to corrupt influence. Shortly after his arrival at the head-quarters of the army, he had a serious dispute with one Bekir Pasha, who took advantage of his temporary absence to effect the abduction from his tent of a barber's boy. Furious at the act, Redschid, on his return, armed forty or fifty of his people and led them to the rescue of his favourite. It was a parody on Agamemnon and Achilles. Swords were also drawn on the other side; a skirmish ensued, which ended, however, by Redschid carrying off the lad in triumph. Not long did he enjoy it. The affair of course reached the ears of the commander-in-chief, Redschid Mehemet Pasha.

He sent for the Black. He upbraided him by an allusion to his misfortune. "What have *you* to do with a barber's boy?" he said ironically; "what excuse have *you? you* have no beard." At this cruel taunt, the black blood flowed impetuously, and overcame every other feeling. He replied insolently. Enough! The vizir had him disarmed, then sent him back to the capital, where he only escaped death through the protection of the Eunuch corps in the seraglio.

Many other officers I could trace to as unfit sources, and all are equally devoid of military education. No gradation of rank beyond name exists, as yet, among them; all are on a level in the eyes of the colonel, the colonel himself too happy to present a pipe to his general. All are open to a backsheish (present) all are liable to the bastinado. In 1836, we knew two colonels bastinadoed, then cashiered; and shortly afterwards Tahir Pasha inflicted the bastinado, on the quarter-deck, on two of his captains for mismanaging their ships, which nevertheless they continued to command.

We may go a step further and say that even

were the regimental organisation good, the Turkish army would still be comparatively useless under its generals, who have hitherto been chosen from the ancient vizirs of the empire, men wholly untaught in the art of war, and totally unused to military service, who are either dreaming away their days in oriental luxury or exercising their wits in intriguing after place, so that it usually happens that the field of battle is chosen by chance or is marked out by the enemy, and that afterwards every colonel acts separately as may seem good to himself, for want of a head to direct him.

APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

A. – Page 98.

Return of the POPULATION, *and of the* BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, *and* DEATHS *in* 1835.

Country, or District.	Males.	Females.	Births.	Marriages.	Deaths.
MALTA.					
Natives	47,478	51,740	3,353	733	2,412
British residents, exclusive of the troops .	447	489	21	8	29
Foreigners	2,499	594	2	6	37
	50,394	52,814	3,376	747	2,508
GOZO.					
Inhabitants	8,140	8,407	592	150	327
	58,534	61,211	3,968	897	2,835

B.—Page 102.

Return of the PRODUCE, STOCK, *&c. in* 1835.

Wheat, acres	8,532
Meschiate, acres	8,668
Barley, acres	5,935
Beans and other pulse acres	3,137
Cotton, acres	14,066
Gardens, acres	4,179
Forage, acres	6,126
Sesamum, acres	404
Cummin-seed, acres	1,083
Pasture, acres	7,316
Total number of acres in crop	59,446
Number of acres of uncultivated land	48,138
Horses, mules, and asses, in number	5,022
Horned cattle, in number	6,501
Sheep, in number	12,535
Goats, in number	6,981
Wheat, bushels	104,799
Meschiate, bushels	175,305
Barley, bushels	113,164
Bans, bushels	25,557
Sesamum, bushels	867
Cotton, cwts.	63,985
Garden produce, cwts.	342,544
Cummin-seed, cwts.	43,647
Forage, soma, or load of ten bundles	172,106

Page 103.

Return of MANUFACTURES *in the four Cities, and in the various Casals of* MALTA *and* GOZO, *in* 1835.

	£.
Cotton sailcloth *	24,000
Nankin, tablecloths, counterpanes, blue and striped cloth for trowsers, &c.†	58,500
Cotton-yarn spun by hand	35,000
Black and other silk stuff‡	
Malta stone wrought into vases, flower-pots, &c.§	970
Wrought gold and silver ‖	12,000

At one season of the year, viz. from August to October, great quantities of a particular kind of fish are taken, something resembling the dolphin, called here lamponkeay.

* The cotton used is the growth of the island.

† The cotton cloths are chiefly of a coarse quality for the use of the inhabitants and for exportation.

‡ Black silk stuff is much used. An attempt was made some years back to make it in the island, but without success. It is chiefly imported from Sicily.

§ The stone for paving and building is exported in considerable quantities to Constantinople, to the Black Sea, Egypt, &c.

‖ The intrinsic value of the metals is included in the value of the wrought gold and silver.

D.—Page 121.

IMPORTS *and* EXPORTS, *in* 1835.

From Great Britain - - -	£128,373
North America (British Colonies) - -	4,716
Gibraltar and elsewhere - -	23,432
United States of America - - -	13,358
Foreign States - - -	400,503
Total value of Imports -	£570,382

Total value of Exports - £330,612

END OF VOL. I.

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